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THE POLITICAL NEW YEAR.

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WE are living in a period of rapid political transition. The most careful surveys of yesterday are belied by the accomplished facts of to-day; landmarks which have endured for centuries are beginning to shift, fundamental principles of international politics, such, for instance, as the "balance of power," are smiled at as chimeras, old nations are hurrying onward to Nirvâna and young States growing up to take their places, and the ground is being generally cleared for the new era, the nature of which it would as yet be premature to forecast. Of all European countries, Russia enters upon the new year under the most auspicious conditions, and before the bells of December next ring in 1898, it is quite possible that she may have taken possession of the longed-for ice-free port, have cut the Gordian knot of the Far East, and have realized, as a small item in her programme, those hopes and aspirations which a generation ago constituted the *Ultima Thule* of her ambition. Russia's actual movements and her conjectured intentions now form the alpha and omega of international politics. Hence the exaggerated interest with which even wild rumors concerning them are everywhere received.

There is no longer any doubt that the Siberian Railway will pass through Chinese territory—emphatically though

the report to this effect was denied a few weeks ago—and that branch lines will be constructed from various points of Manchuria and China proper, for the purpose of tapping the hitherto undeveloped resources of the Celestial Empire. Russia's interests in that vast and fruitful region will then exceed those of every other European State to an extent equal to her means of safeguarding them, which are practically unlimited. Without admitting for a moment the genuineness of the alleged Russo-Chinese Convention, the text of which lately reached us from Peking, marked with the intrinsic proofs of its undiplomatic origin, it is impossible to blink the fact that in future the influence of the Tsardom in China cannot be less than paramount. And nobody but a political *Candide* would expect it to be otherwise. Considering her military strength, which is yearly growing in numbers and in quality, her vast agricultural and mineral resources, which are being steadily developed by individuals as by the State, and the political advantages she reaps from the unity of her government and the homogeneity of her empire, one must be singularly obtuse or insanely optimistic to fancy that the post-Crimean chrysalis would never develop wings.

And if the change be not unnatural, neither would it seem to be undesirable.

ble, judging by the manner in which our Government has received it. Our statesmen must have foreseen what was coming and could have easily prepared for it. Yet they let it come as a matter of course. Here, if anywhere, they had their eyes wide open and knew what was coming. They may have had exaggerated notions of the "latent resources" of China a few years ago, but they certainly did not underrate the power, nor misunderstand the aims, of Russia of late. Since the close of the Chino-Japanese War, it was evident to the dullest apprehension that Russia was bent on protecting China, and it seemed probable that she would be found willing to share the responsibility and the spoils with one or two other neighbors. Whatever view we might form of the scheme, under no circumstances could we have thwarted it. But if its realization were prejudicial to the interests of the Empire, we might at least have striven to make our own influence felt in China to obtain such compensation as was possible for the inevitable change. The circumstance that our Government declined to adopt any such measure may be taken as conclusive proof that they disbelieved in its necessity rather than doubted of its efficacy, and that they at last recognize the rights of the Muscovite Empire to such political expansion as may be found to correspond to its geographical and military growth. We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that in whatsoever relations Russia may hereafter be found to stand toward China, the people of Great Britain will not have the slightest reason to complain. And this may be something to rejoice at.

But has our Government really let slip an opportunity of strengthening its influence in China? Judging by certain symptoms noticeable in our diplomatic action and inaction for some time past, it has. Still, the hypothesis, as such, would at most be merely probable. But the deliberate statement recently put forward by Sir Charles Dilke in a public speech, and hitherto unchallenged, makes it almost a certainty.* According to this dis-

closure, a definite proposal was made to our Government to enlarge our Asiatic possessions at the expense of China. Presumably this would have been at once the *raison d'être* and the first fruit of the Franco-Anglo-Russian alliance. The suggested scheme was, however, scouted by our Government with the ethical disgust with which the projected vivisection of Turkey was refused nearly half a century ago, and our attitude toward the Sultan and the Bogdykán* became virtually identical.

The motives of this refusal it is impossible to discuss, but the practical results are plain to all. None of the objections that may in future be urged against Russia's control of China must come from this country, whatever actual or possible markets we may lose in consequence. Having accepted the cause we cannot elude the effects. We have taken our stand on the question once for all, and we shall have to abide by our decision. Brute force will never give us any power to shape or moderate Russia's policy in the Far East, and the influence which joint possession might have conferred has, according to this statement, been definitely and emphatically rejected. This is a point which must be clearly borne in mind in future, should the nation ever be called upon for its assent to a sacrifice of men and money in order to obtain by violence and bloodshed what might have now been had for less than the mere asking.

Whether the story of the cession to Russia of a narrow slip of Abyssinian territory on the Red Sea be based upon fact or fancy is a question that may interest the daily journalist; to the diplomatist and political student it is immaterial. Arguments will not modify the trend nor protests retard the success of Russia's onward policy. Neither

confirmation of the statement with some slight modifications. A partition of China like that of Poland was not intended; no European State could have hoped to assimilate its share of such wholesale plunder. A "regulation of the frontiers" of the possessions of the three Powers was all that was suggested, and China was to provide the territory, Japan and Germany being left uncompensated.

* From another quarter I have received a

* The Emperor of China.

will the most cunningly-worded conventions, nor the most solemn promises of her own statesmen, restrict her field of action. "Political gravitation" is the formula that expresses at once the many-sided movement and its original impulse, and resignation is the feeling with which it has begun to be recognized by European statesmen, as a sort of natural law which there is no evading. To-day the attraction is felt toward the East, to-morrow toward the South, but its force is never wholly suspended. It is quite clear to everybody who possesses some acquaintance with political geography that, as Abyssinia has no territory on the Red Sea coast, her Negus can cede none to Russia. But the maxim that *nemo dat quod non habet* is binding only on the just. The generous have at all times disregarded it. At all events, with the exception of the American Continent, there is probably no part of the terrestrial globe of which we can say with confidence: "Russia can never hope to have any interests there." In the days of Lord Palmerston, nay, of Lord Beaconsfield, the political prophet who would have ventured to allude to a Russian protectorate of China as possible would have been laughed at as a dreamer. Six years ago the idea of her obtaining a port or a strip of territory on the coast of the Red Sea, or a voice in the destinies of Abyssinia, would have been regarded as a symptom of a morbidly wild fancy on the part of him who uttered it. To-day all these things appear natural, and some of them are welcomed as desirable by Conservative statesmen.

Truly the times have changed !

This utter indifference to "expansion" which less than half a century ago would have been treated as *casus belli*, is not the outcome solely of impotency, nor yet of sudden affection. Unconscious hopefulness is, at least, a contributory cause. A little reflection will show that this must be so. When we cheerfully speak of Asia being large enough for both Russia and Great Britain we are tacitly assuming that the natural expansion of the northern colossus may be kept within very wide but well-defined bounds by herself or her neighbors. And this is a delusion,

so much so, indeed, that if the political causes now at work remained uniform, it would be possible for any one to sketch roughly the vast changes which the next hundred years would witness in Europe and the world, and impossible for an Englishman to take much pleasure in the picture. But we feel convinced, in the innermost folds of our consciousness, that other factors will arise to lengthen the causal chain and modify the ultimate results. No class of men are given to Micawberism to the same extent as diplomatists. That the unexpected is certain to happen, is a dogma of their political creed. Hence they are ever expecting it. But whether the hopes which buoy us up in the present case, including that of Imperial Federation, are likely to become facts or remain fancies our attitude toward Russia must in every event of a necessity be friendly.

And what is true of ourselves holds good of our Continental neighbors. Ostensibly they may league themselves together for the purpose of thwarting certain of Russia's presumed aims, but secretly they outbid each other in offers for her friendship. They may insure themselves and each other at enormous cost, but they never feel safe unless they have privately re-insured themselves at St. Petersburg. Their whole policy is summarized in their relations with the empire of the Tsar. Alliance is the ideal; cordiality a boon and a blessing, and the recognized impossibility of attaining to either hovers like a storm-cloud over the unhappy community so situated. Much has been written in condemnation of Germany's secret treaty with Russia by our diplomatic moralists; but all admit that politically the move was inspired by an unerring instinct which is common to the Fatherland with half Europe. Austria has not been suspected of any attempt to "go and do likewise," but then Austria involves Hungary, and the very utmost that Hungarians could hope for or would wish is the maintenance of strictly "correct" relations with that Autocracy which would have gladly extinguished them half a century ago.

Italy has no such reasons for holding back; hence many people believe

she has been moving forward at a very fair pace. If there be any truth in the recent revelations *à la Bismarck*, published by the *Neueste Nachrichten*, her policy for a considerable time past has been based on the principle of insurance and reinsurance, trust and distrust, caution and precaution. According to this story, her statesmen, however confidently they may have hoped for the best, thoughtfully prepared for the very worst that could happen to their country, as far back as 1891, by negotiating for and obtaining the promise of Russia's good offices, in case Italy, worsted at the close of a European war, should be in danger of France's "protection." This statement may, of course, be at variance with facts, but so, for the matter of that, may be the official denial lately given to it. Personally, I am convinced that there is not a particle of truth in it.

But, as long as the fire has not actually broken out, an insurance may be effected in the best office; and the voices are many and loud in the Peninsula which now maintain that the Triple Alliance is by no means the best. The injury it has inflicted upon the youthful kingdom is, they affirm, enormous, while the benefits it has conferred are *nil*. Abyssinia, which was to have been the compensation for lost Tunis, proved to be a mere Serbonian Bog, and, when vast treasures of men and money were sinking therein, the Teutonic allies made no attempt to rescue them. The financial troubles in which Italy was caught as in a net, are also ascribed to friendship for Germany, to qualify for which the maintenance of twelve army corps was held to be a condition *sine quâ non*. Moreover, to fulfil this condition, the navy has been neglected; and, over and above all these misfortunes, the bridge that might have spanned the gulf between Italy and France, and led to a commercial arrangement with the Republic, was destroyed. The result was that Italy was left to fight her own commercial battles—the only ones she need fear—single-handed, while liable to be called on to espouse those of her selfish neighbors. And now, as if to add insult to injury, the Tsar has ig-

nored Italy during his travels through Europe, as if she were a second or third-rate Power. And last, but not least, the Vatican, it is maintained, is still putting spokes in the wheels of Italian policy, whether it be embodied in the schemes of the Cabinet or the wishes of the King. Thus the circumstance that the Crown Prince of the House of Savoy could find no bride among the old Catholic dynasties of Europe, and had to turn to the barren Black Mountain, is, without doubt, the work of the Vatican.

Those are some of the considerations that weigh with Italian patriots and induce them to reconsider the position of their country and to criticise its foreign policy. Whether they are all equally convincing is a matter for their appreciation, not ours. It is very evident, however, that Italians are rapidly turning away from the Triple Alliance, which in all probability will not again be renewed. Whether its place will be taken by a Franco-Italo-Russian combination, which might prove equally dangerous and nearly as costly to Italy, or an Anglo-Italian understanding which would restore the equilibrium of Europe for a time, it is impossible to foretell. The only things certain are that Italy's obligations to the Central European Powers, whatever their nature,* will continue binding for another six years, and that during that period the King, who is no mere inactive spectator of the strife of Parliamentary parties, will maintain *coûte que coûte* the twelve army corps, even though he had to dispense with the services of a dozen War Ministers like General Ricotti. Meanwhile the ground is being energetically cleared of the ruins of misguided Colonial enterprise.

The Marquis di Rudini, who has gained the confidence of the King by his assent given to the military programme of the Court, and has softened

* The terms of Italy's arrangement with Germany and Austria, having never been published, are unknown. It seems probable, however, that an attack by France on any of these States would be met by all three; while benevolent neutrality would be observed by Italy if war were declared upon her allies by any other Power.

the hearts of the French by his friendly advances to the Republic, has also inspired universal hopes of Italy's regeneration by his financial policy of retrenchment, and can therefore look into the near future without those serious misgivings which were entertained by most of his predecessors for a long series of years. He began in Africa, by signing the treaty of Addis Abeba with Menelik of Abyssinia, which is undoubtedly the bitterest—though possibly also the most wholesome—pill ever yet swallowed by Italy since Rome became its capital. His speech in Parliament on December 1 is the epitaph of African adventure. What more it is, one can hardly yet say, seeing that the Italian Premier's discourses bristle with qualifications, contingent restrictions, and oratorical quips and quirks which make his meaning unintelligible without the aid of an ingenious commentator. The sense and purport of it all seems to be that he is minded to give up the colony for good, renouncing all its possible advantages. He intimated that Erythrea could not be maintained as an agricultural colony—to the disgust of Signor Franchetti, who invested untold sums in colonizing it; he threw very cold water on the ardor of those who hoped that there were good times yet coming for Erythrea as a commercial colony, whereas to hold it merely as a military province would, he maintained, be politically and financially ruinous. If all this means anything at all it foreshadows the cession of the colony to the only European power who (by allowing Italian troops to march through Zeilah) did something to assist Italy in Abyssinia.* This is the first and most momentous step in the new line of policy. It loosens Italy's hands in Europe.

The next move in the same direction was the conclusion of a treaty with France in respect of Tunis. This document is more significant as a sign of what is coming than by reason of any changes it actually effects in European politics. Italy had for years

regarded Tunis as her own colony *in spe*. France, encouraged by Bismarck, taking time by the forelock, seized upon it and created very quickly a series of accomplished facts which drove Italy into the arms of Germany and Austria, and consequently into the ranks of France's enemies. This policy did not prosper, wherefore all traces of it are now being obliterated, and along with them will disappear the only serious obstacle in the way of a commercial treaty, and it may be a political understanding, between France and Italy. A commercial treaty with France would do much to infuse new vigor into the feeblest of the Great Powers. Meanwhile, what is feasible without it is being rapidly achieved by the Government.

The financial statement of Signor Luzzatti has been lauded to the skies by all Italian parties, all European peoples. It is so pleasant to be able to say complimentary things of a new Government with which we have no misunderstanding that, failing a good ground, people will often avail themselves of a flimsy pretext to utter them. Much of what Signor Luzzatti had to say was mere promises, which he alone cannot fulfil without the help of unforeseen events. Still it must be admitted that his statement was uncommonly satisfactory. It was well received in Monte Citorio. It was not seriously criticised by the Opposition. It was welcomed by the Exchanges of Europe. For the financial year 1897-1898 budgetary equilibrium has been established, and no new taxes have been imposed. And yet the military credit will be raised to its former high—too high—level, and several millions will be allotted to the sadly neglected marine.

But the best possible tribute comes from the money-markets of the world, which have proclaimed their confidence in the policy of Di Rudini and the promises of Luzzatti. The Italian rente is, and for some time past has been, rising; the premium on gold has been proportionately falling; Italy's foreign trade is uncommonly brisk and her credit is rapidly recovering. Continental countries consider that the balance of trade is favorable

* That no practical use was made of this permission is not the fault of our government; that it was conditionally given is now as well known to the Marquis di Rudini as it was to Signor Crispi at the time.

when their exports increase more rapidly than their imports. Now such is the case with Italy this year to an extent unexampled since 1887, when the commercial treaty between the Peninsula and France was still in force. In 1887 the exports amounted to 900,000,000 lire (£36,000,000). From January to October this year, for only ten months therefore, they reach the handsome total of 883,119,996, or 55½ millions more than 1895. If we take into account the fall in the prices of manufactures which has occurred during the past nine years, it is hardly too much to say that the present is likely to prove the most prosperous year during the decade. Without entering into the question, to what extent Crispi's Minister, Sidney Sonnino, deserves credit for the present remarkable change for the better, we cannot blink the fact that the change has been accomplished, and that, after Russia, Italy, of all Continental nations, has most reason to rejoice at the political and economical prospects of the coming year.

Germany, in spite of the various political *contretemps* which caused grave anxiety to the Kaiser's advisers toward the close of the old year, has numerous reasons to feel satisfied with the course events are taking at the beginning of the new. The severing of the wire between St. Petersburg and Berlin is not precisely one of them, but the chances are that the first opportunity that offers for repairing it will be utilized without delay. Certainly Bismarck and his supporters have done quite enough to persuade their successors of the paramount necessity of active friendship with Russia, and Barbarossa himself, were he to return from the dead, could do no more. The painful impression made by the disclosures of Prince Bismarck's organ upon Germany's political allies has not yet been smoothed away, but so far as Austria-Hungary is concerned, it is impossible that it should be followed by any practical consequences. With the Hapsburg monarchy it is now Hobson's choice—Germany or no ally.

Much too much would seem to have been made of the political libel case Leckert and Lutzow if, after all, the

secret police were acting of their own initiative, and not as the wire-pulled puppets of "some gigantic political personage." Still it was very interesting as a demonstration of the main-springs of important political acts which were universally ascribed to the political insight, foresight, and enterprise of the Kaiser himself; and it affords the enemies of the "new course" a pretext for asserting that if outside influences, such as the spite or favor of a mere Von Tausch,* could bring about the dismissal of Ministers Caprivi, Von Koeller, and Bronsart von Schellendorff, other equally irresponsible outsiders may have modified the course of Germany's foreign policy. This, however, is a matter which concerns Germans only.

Trade and commerce, which rightly constitute the backbone of the present political system of the Fatherland, cannot be described as declining, numerous though the artificial obstacles have become to their increase. Germany's trade with the Balkan Peninsula is an unimportant exception. The latest statistics show that while her imports from those States, including Turkey, have largely increased since 1889, her exports thereto have not only not augmented in number, but show, with the exception of Turkey, a considerable falling off. In the Far East things are very different; the briskness of German trade in those remote parts of the world excites the envy of Europe. In 1886 Germany exported goods for the value of 12,500,000 marks to China; in 1894 the value of her exports to that empire, in spite of the general decrease of prices, amounted to no less than 28,000,000. Nine years ago German manufactures were bought by Japan for the sum of 4,000,000 marks; in 1894, the Japanese had increased their custom to 17,000,000. And these commodities are being carried in German merchant vessels, which, in addition to the usual large trade profits, receive generous subsidies from the Government.† And as if

* The virtual Director of the German Secret Police, whose "system" has lately been exposed.

† The debates which took place a few days ago in Parliament on the proposal to continue

these results were insufficient, a well-organized expedition under the wing of the State is about to start for the Far East to report upon the ways and means of improving them.*

Competition with Russia and the United States is much more difficult than with this country, seeing that those Powers employ the same kind of weapons as the Fatherland, and handle them quite as deftly. Hence the friction and "misunderstandings" that occasionally result. Thus, for a considerable time the commercial treaty between Germany and Russia was interpreted by each side in a manner distinctly unfavorable to the other; and while Russia raised the duties on leather wares and other articles by confounding very different categories of goods, Germany restricted the import of cattle from Russia by manipulating the Cattle Disease Laws; and so complaints and recriminations succeeded each other in the newspapers, and petitions and representations were sent in to the respective Finance Ministers for months past. At present a mixed Commission is discussing the matter in Berlin, and it seems highly probable that the disputes will be satisfactorily settled.

With the United States a similar unpleasant misunderstanding has arisen which will not, however, be so readily removed. In the beginning of December President Cleveland issued a proclamation reimposing a tax of six cents a ton upon all German vessels entering the ports of the United States, and vessels of any nationality coming from any port of Germany. The object of the measure is said to be retaliation for the tax alleged to be imposed upon American vessels coming into German ports. But the plain fact is that commercial relations between the two coun-

tries have been anything but smooth for a considerable time past, and are becoming more difficult every week. America, by imposing a differential duty upon bounty-paid German sugar some time ago, began the trouble which may yet culminate in commercial war. Germany retaliated by excluding American cattle, on the ground that otherwise contagion from Texas fever might be introduced into the Fatherland; by keeping out American hog products lest they should propagate trichina, and imposed prohibitive duties on American glucose and petroleum; and thus reprisal provoked reprisal, and caused the animus between the two competitors to grow steadily more and more bitter. This last move of President Cleveland's is, therefore, symptomatic rather than intrinsically serious. A few months more of this tension and suppressed enmity may lead the way to commercial war pure and simple, such as existed between Germany and Russia, until the treaty now in force was negotiated by Count Caprivi.

The danger of a commercial war between the Fatherland and Norway and Sweden has also definitely disappeared; but it existed down to the very end of the year. Much as they quarrel between themselves, Norway and Sweden would seem to be at one as to the necessity and the means of competing with German firms, who overrun Scandinavia with commercial travellers, and then flood the Peninsula with cheap manufactures. For the Legislative Assembly of those countries passed a law imposing a commercial tax of 100 crowns a month—roughly about £60 a year—on all foreigners travelling in the interests of non-Scandinavian firms. In Sweden the measure received the force of law quite recently; in Norway it comes into operation on New Year's Day. As nine tenths of the commercial travellers in Norway and Sweden are Teutons, this restriction was reasonably regarded as an anti-German measure, and reprisals were called for and expected. The passport law was to be sharpened, and other difficulties thrown in the way of Swedes and Norwegians who should feel disposed to travel in the Fatherland.

a subsidy to a line of steamers to the Far East which was making considerable profits, were very characteristic of Germany's resolve to pitchfork her merchant marine, which has left the French far behind, into the place still occupied by ours.

* The conferences relating to this important expedition were held in the Ministry of the Interior. Among those who participate in the costs of the undertaking are the Ministry above mentioned, the German Board of Trade, the Government of Saxony, etc.

Fortunately, however, the press of Sweden took the matter up, showed that the competition carried on in the Peninsula was unfair, and got respectable German merchants to endorse the statement. In this way the danger was dispelled.

The French Republic has apparently excellent ground to feel satisfied with the position it occupies in Europe at the beginning of the new year. The two "enemies" of the French—Germany and England—have recently suffered various defeats and rebuffs diplomatic, commercial or other, while France is more buoyant and triumphant than ever before. The fact that the wire between St. Petersburg and Berlin has been broken, is, after all, an established fact, and that is very comforting so far as it goes. Less inspiring, perhaps, is the discovery that the root of Russia's friendship for France, which has thus been laid bare, instead of being found in the eternal fitness of things, or at least in the "Testament of Peter the Great," goes no further back than 1890, and was fertilized by Germany's deliberate refusal to continue her intimate relations with the Empire of the Tsar. It is also somewhat disappointing to reflect that the plan of reforms for Turkey, drawn up and proposed by France, should not have been accepted by her ally until it had been whittled away to a mere shadow of its former significance. On the other hand, there must be unalloyed pleasure in the anticipation that in a very short time France will have an opportunity of further cementing the bonds that link her to Russia, who is preparing, it is said, to float a new loan of several million roubles, and will, of course, give the preference to French capitalists.* And lest these strokes of good fortune should not suffice, her cup of pleasure will be filled to overflowing by the knowledge that President Faure will be the guest of the Tsar next summer, and that already the details of the visit have so far been arranged, that the apartments

in the Winter Palace are being gradually got ready for his reception.

France has also scored more than one diplomatic victory over this country; the most important of the series being the very remarkable judgment obtained at the Court of Appeal of Alexandria, against the "misappropriation" of Egyptian funds. It was fully expected, but is none the less surprising. Many of the French press organs characterize it as a Pyrrhic victory. It displays the absolute independence of Egyptian law-courts, for one thing, and this fact alone warrants a sweeping inference as to the general results of British rule in Egypt. Even Frenchmen are beginning to see that the law of political gravitation applies to England as well as to Russia. Thus the *Journal des Débats* recently published an article, the object of which was to show that if Great Britain had a tight grasp of Egypt before the recent decision, it has a still stronger grip since it was pronounced—a grip, in fact, that will never be loosened.

"Englishmen will establish themselves in the Soudan," says the *Journal des Débats*, "and will create commercial relations which will bring about considerable English emigration. At the end of a few years British interests out there will have grown to such large proportions that it will be impossible for the British Government, no matter which party is in power, to evacuate the country and leave English people to the mercy of a local administration. . . . These are the facts. They are not particularly pleasant to face from a French point of view, but it is none the less necessary to expose them frankly. It must be recognized to-day that Great Britain who occupied Egypt with no intention of staying, has modified her views, and has now no intention of leaving."*

To this Englishmen, who have an inkling of the state of the question, can only reply, *Tu dicis*.

The state of French trade is less satisfactory, according to those competent to express an opinion. M. de Kershant is emphatically of the number, and what he has to say (in the *Soleil*) is clear and unpleasant. "Germany has beaten us in the economical sphere, and last year she exported more goods than we did, the difference to her advantage being the immense sum of 770,-

* It is stated in Russia that as soon as this loan has been guaranteed by a French Government, a Russian delegate will be appointed to control the finances of Turkey, as the French have heretofore vainly desired.

* *Journal des Débats*, Dec. 10, 1896.

000,000 francs. The causes of this our industrial defeat are the same that led to the military catastrophe of 1870—viz., listlessness, negligence, apathy, and inexperience.” From this article it would appear that even in her own colonies France is beaten by German competition, and that the inhabitants of New Caledonia purchase German and English hats, purchase German and Italian cordage, ropes, etc., obtain their dress and hosiery in Hamburg; and so on to the bitter end. It must not, however, be inferred from this that the trade of France is absolutely falling off. On the contrary, it is improving perceptibly. All that M. de Kershant and his friends have been able to prove is that it might increase still more rapidly if Frenchmen were more enterprising. This is true. But why should they worry about business that brings in, say, five per cent on the invested capital, when they are obtaining thirty or forty per cent elsewhere?

Austria is a most interesting country to study, when one has mastered the preliminary difficulties, the name of which is legion. Unlike the other States of Europe, it possesses two political bodies, two wills, and one head, the result being peculiar and more puzzling than were the Siamese twins. Thus Austria and Hungary are united, commercially by means of a commercial treaty, politically by the Emperor-King and their common army. Still the practical question remains, which of the two is united to the other? Heretofore it has been threshed out only in the domain of foreign politics, where Hungary was allowed to be *facile princeps*. At present the issue is being tried in the domestic sphere; and the debates there though intensely interesting are not exactly edifying. Hungary contributes 31.4 to the imperial budget, Austria 68.6. This arrangement has been in force for a number of years, and now that the *compromise* under which it was made has to be renewed Austrians insist on Hungary paying a larger percentage, while Hungarians refuse to entertain the suggestion. One of the many results of the quarrel is that the treaty of commerce between the two countries will at Hungary's desire be abrogated in a year's

time—if things be not satisfactorily settled in the meanwhile. The chances, however, are 999 to 1 that they will be thus settled. At present the symptoms are becoming more favorable than before. The Hungarian Premier, Baron Banffy, having dissolved Parliament, has had far more supporters returned than the Government possessed before. In Austria, again, Count Badeni has soothed the passionate opposition of the Young Czechs,* who are become as tame as domestic poultry, while the German Liberal party,† the nucleus of every Parliamentary Opposition, is rapidly breaking up.

Austria's foreign policy has been fairly successful of late, and as it consists of a number of Chinese puzzles which would perplex Oom Krüger himself, the assertion that it has not proved a failure is in itself high praise. Its aims may be briefly summed up thus: the maintenance of the *status quo* in Turkey, and the establishment of cordial relations with the Balkan States, whose friendship and confidence it energetically strives to obtain. The first part of the programme seems guaranteed for the time being, and this is a consummation to feel proud of. Whether Count Goluchowski or Austria's good fortune deserves the credit for this result it is needless to discuss.

The second part of the programme is much more difficult. The Balkan States are inhabited by peoples of various races, each of whom is split up into various political parties, and of sections of the same Church which hate each other more cordially than if they were heathens and publicans. Austria-Hungary has to use petty means to overcome the petty and irritating opposition which it so frequently encounters, and does not employ them in vain. At the beginning of the New Year the Government of the Dual Empire can look back at the work already accomplished with satisfaction; all the Balkan States, with the sole exception of Bulgaria, have been attracted within the Austrian political system where they duly revolve. Servia, which some time ago, under Radical government,

* Bohemians agitating for Home Rule.

† It had little right to the name “Liberal.”

went off at a tangent in the direction of Russia, is now hand-in-glove with the Hapsburgs, having lately demonstrated her political sympathies by sending her young king Alexander to Vienna. Roumania has, for years past, been the staunch friend and, one may add, the prospective ally of Austria in spite of the irritating little differences that crop up now and again between her and Hungary owing to political aspirations of the Roumanian subjects of the latter State, who refuse to be comforted or Magyarized. These misunderstandings have now been cleverly removed, and the relations of the two countries rendered more cordial than they have ever been since the death of John Bratiano.

This is doubtless a result to be proud of. But it is nothing in comparison with the consummate skill shown in the work of drawing greedy little Greece—who for long seemed amenable to no human influence—within the magic circle of the Austrian political system. This feat must be mainly ascribed to the perfect personal tact of Kaiser Franz Josef himself, who perhaps to a greater extent than the Tsar, is his own Foreign Minister. The Dual Monarchy has also, of course, a *quid pro quo* to offer to the Balkan kingdoms and principalities—the copper coin of international canvassers—which though of very limited value is extremely welcome to those struggling States. In the case of Greece, the *pour-boire* assumed the form of a promise on the part of Count Goluchowski to take every opportunity to advocate the solving of the Cretan question in the sense of annexation to the tiny realms of King George; and so rapidly did the friendship between the two Governments ripen that the Greek Premier, M. Delyannis, has lately had to deny from his place in Parliament the rumors circulated by people devoid of all sense of the humorous, to the effect that his Cabinet had joined the Triple Alliance.

Among the “tokens of good will” which the Dual Monarchy can occasionally afford to offer the rulers of the Balkan States, her co-operation in Turkey generally, and in Macedonia in particular, is one of the most welcome.

They all hope to inherit a considerable portion, if not the whole of Macedonia. It is the one thing necessary to the realization of their several plans and aspirations. Without it the Daco-Roumanian kingdom, which every loyal subject of King Charles daily sighs, prays, or pays for, would prove a dangerous chimera. Again, Macedonia is the sole hope of the Serbs, who in their anxiety to establish their claims to the province, and thus found the great kingdom of Serbia, oscillate like a pendulum between Austria and Russia. On the other hand, if ever a nation had a claim to “unredeemed” territory, that nation, say the Hellenes, is Greece, which has only to point to any school history of the Empire of Macedon to have her claims allowed. Then comes Bulgaria, who confidently founds her rights on the dialect spoken by modern Macedonians, on the abortive treaty of San Stefano, which would have re-established the Great Bulgaria, and on the friendship of Russia. Until armies and heavy guns, or the diplomacy that is backed by them, has finally settled the question, all that the kingdoms and principalities of the Peninsula can do is to increase the number of their adherents by means of schools, churches, and money. Hitherto Bulgaria has been foremost in this peaceful struggle, owing mainly to the statesmanship of Stambouloff and the co-operation of Austria. Of late, however, things have changed considerably, and as politics as much as religion will be affected by the issue, a few words on the subject will not be out of place.

Before 1870 all the Christians of Turkey in Europe were under the wing of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, who was in some sort the Pope of the East. Hymns, sermons, and lessons in churches and schools were in the language of Chrysostom, irrespective of the nationalities of the children and congregations. The Bulgarians first broke loose (in 1870), were ecclesiastically anathematized by the Patriarchate and civilly blessed by the Porte, which fancied it was acting on the principle of *Divide et impera*. A Bulgarian Exarch was appointed, whose domain extended over the entire coun-

try now ruled by Prince Ferdinand, over the Servian districts Nisch and Pirot, and over the diocese of Veles in Macedonia. Besides this an imperial firman was issued, laying down the conditions on which any other districts might shake off allegiance to the Greek Patriarch and come under the protection of the Bulgarian Exarch; a vote of two thirds of the Christian population being declared sufficient. This system worked smoothly as long as Stamboulloff was in power. By discouraging risings in Macedonia he soothed the Sultan and strengthened the Bulgarian Church to such an extent that it became the rival, and almost the equal, of Greek Orthodoxy. When he died all progress came to an end. Austria turned her back upon Bulgaria, and no further Macedonian districts—no matter how unanimously they accepted the ecclesiastical yoke of the Exarch—were relieved from their allegiance to the Greek Patriarch.

Noting this significant play of cause and effect, the Serbs suddenly remembered that Austria was their friend, not Russia. But the Roumanians, who had never forgotten this fact, were first in the field, and showed it lately by creating the dignity of "Metropolitan of All Roumanians resident in Turkey." How many sheep there are to occupy this new shepherd it is not easy to say, but the number of Roumanian, or, as they are called, Kutzovlachian, schools in Macedonia and Epirus is roughly eighty with a total of 7000 scholars. This schism is a serious blow for the Patriarch of Constantinople, who can hardly be blamed for losing his head a few weeks ago when the turn of the Servians had come for a slice of the ecclesiastical cake. From political motives, the Sultan, it appears, had promised young King Alexander to have a Servian appointed Bishop of Uskub as soon as that see should be vacant; for reasons much less ideal, the Greek Patriarch is said to have given a similar undertaking. Inasmuch as the majority of Christians in the north of Uskub are Serbs, the promise of the Sultan and the Patriarch was reasonable, especially as there was no prospect of their having to fulfil it for years to come. In

Macedonia, where the coffee is said to be very deleterious to health, the Greek Bishop of Uskub—who consumed a good deal of it—died very suddenly; and in a few hours, so to say, the Patriarch, forgetful of his obligations, appointed a Greek to succeed him. Then began the trouble which may lead next spring to new risings in Macedonia and new concerts of harmonious Europe, and is already causing the King of bankrupt Greece to talk of reorganizing his "army." The Serbs barricaded the church doors, celebrated divine service in hurried Slavonic, protested in a riotous sort of way against Greek Christianity, and threatened secession, which in Church parlance is schism, unless the appointment were cancelled and a Serbian good pastor entrusted with the feeding of the pugnacious sheep. The consequences of this little *contretemps* it is still difficult to foresee; but it is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the little clouds on the Eastern horizon which may at any moment bring forth a storm. The struggle between religion and nationality in the East is obviously coming to a crisis, and nationality bids fair to get the best of it. Religion has never had much of a chance against politics in the kingdoms of this world.

This ecclesiastical change would act in time as a complete solvent of the Turkish Empire, if that decrepit institution were not already dying a suicidal death, which even Russia finds it impossible to avert and difficult to postpone. With unexampled Christian charity, the nations of Europe have forgiven and forgotten the massacres which would not be tolerated for a month in any other part of Europe or the world. Whether they will go a step further now, and supply the Turk with the funds necessary for national subsistence, remains to be seen. It is a fact that, without foreign financial aid, the political edifice cannot possibly hold together much longer. France, whose financial interests in the Levant are very considerable, is reported to have drawn up a plan of financial reform which would entail the presence in Constantinople of a Russian member of the Control. The Tsar's Govern-

ment, acting on M. Witte's* advice, has declined to accept the scheme as a whole, but may, it is thought, send a financial delegate to Constantinople as soon as the new Russian loan† has been floated with French aid. Meanwhile, Turkey is making it very clear that no guarantee she may offer for any money advanced from without is worth a Smyrna fig, unless the matter be taken in hand and administered by a foreign State with the energy demanded by the circumstances and prohibited by Russian interests.

This is evident from her conduct toward the Tobacco Régie, which got on fairly well for a time, but has now a tale to tell that will scare off all would-be private creditors. The Ottoman Government is accused by this body of a gross breach of faith, and members of the Turkish Debt, as well as other impartial foreign witnesses, declare themselves able and ready to prove the charge. Thus the over-taxed peasants are told by Turkish officials that if they want to raise money, the cheapest and best way of doing it is to grow tobacco and sell it to the Régie, which is bound by law to buy every leaf of the "weed" in the country. As a matter of fact, the Régie denies any such obligation. But the protest is platonic; the company must purchase the tobacco, as otherwise it will be illegally but profitably sold. Indeed, smuggling in all its manifold shapes and forms is directly encouraged by the authorities. Warehouses for contraband tobacco exist in all the big cities of Turkey—a very capacious storehouse in Constantinople, for example; but the Government not only takes no measures to seize the smugglers, but punishes the servants of the Régie who do. One of the consequences of this criminal indulgence is the falling off in the Régie's receipts, which this year are £270,000 to the bad. The Public Debt Commission suffers considerably in consequence.

And this is merely an episode in a story as long as that about the ant and the grains of corn. All sources of in-

come in Turkey are well-nigh dried up, all chances of private prosperity by honest means are removed. The hen that laid the golden eggs has been killed, and there are none to take its place. Fear and distrust have paralyzed trade and commerce; Moslems lack the enterprise, Armenians the audacity, to become rich or even well-to-do. Large numbers of merchants have been killed; others arrested, many banished, and thousands forced to emigrate. The number of Armenians who have thus been lost to Constantinople alone is credibly estimated at 25,000 of all classes. This loss has caused a serious change in the conditions of supply and demand not only in the food market, but also on the labor exchange. Labor is become more costly, prices have gone up, and in inverse ratio solvency has decreased; even trade in the interior has practically ceased between Constantinople and Anatolia. It is alleged to be quite possible that the foreign Ambassadors may yet establish order in the Empire. But they can hardly be expected to produce gold, and the poverty-stricken inhabitants cannot live upon "Heaven's first law." Food is not to be had without an outlay of money—which is the one thing necessary and lacking in the Turkish Empire.

Another country sorely in need of funds just now is Spain, whose efforts to hold on to Cuba and the Philippines would richly deserve the epithet of gallant, and command our respect and admiration, were her methods as free from blame as she would have the world believe. Cuba is her most precious foreign possession—one of the last remnants of her vast colonial empire, her sole qualification to be still treated as a political power. When she loses Cuba, Spain will play a rôle as insignificant as that of Portugal or Norway. The manly, nay, the heroic spirit that now animates that once powerful people in this their last desperate struggle with the Nemesis that invariably overtakes erring nations, strongly appeals to the Anglo-Saxon nature. That little Spain should possess energy and resources enough to maintain 200,000 soldiers in Cuba, 31,000 in the Philippines, 6000 at Puerto

* The Russian Minister of Finance.

† This is only a rumor current in financial circles in St. Petersburg.

Rico, and 128,865 in the Peninsula is, indeed, a matter for wonder.

But all our sympathies are estranged by the ways and means chosen by the mother country to perpetuate the union. Misgovernment, of course, is an old, though not obsolete, accusation. Cruelty and treachery have now been added, with a degree of probability which constitutes a *prima facie* case. General Weyler was as unable to hold his own against the rebel chief Maceo as Martinez Campos had been. Loss of the command was to have been the punishment for his incompetency, and January 1 was the date fixed for the infliction of it. But, in the nick of time, Maceo died under circumstances which many Americans deem suspicious. His loss is very serious to the insurgents; but if, as many think, it was the result of such treachery as even war can no longer condone, it may prove a far more terrible loss to Spain than to her misgoverned colony, and may invite the interference which it seemed destined to render needless. In any case, as Spain is striving to obtain tangible results before Mr. McKinley enters the White House, blood will continue to be shed, poor peasants will be taxed to supply the means of shedding it, trade will be paralyzed, disease spread, famine fostered, race hatred intensified, and the war may last as long as the Chancery suit "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*," unless ended by outside interference.

The proffered mediation of the United States was the golden bridge over which the Spanish Ministry should have hastened in search of peace with honor. Neither the home rule demanded for the island nor the manner in which the proposal was made has anything humiliating for Spain. Indeed, the Liberal party in the Peninsula had already advocated autonomy for Cuba, nay, had embodied the measure in a Bill to which the Cortes itself gave its full approval; and even the present Conservative Government proclaims its intention to resort to the very measure which President Cleveland has recommended in vain. But Señor Canovas del Castillo will wait until the insurrection is first stamped out. Whether the American people

can possess their souls in patience so long is another matter. If it should be proved that Maceo was murdered there will probably be an end to their patience and likewise to the union of Cuba with Spain.

The insurrection in the Philippines is another of the forms in which Nemesis is overtaking the country of the Holy Inquisition, and it would be a blessing if it, too, could be wound up by some benevolent outsider—say by Japan, for example, who, like Barkis, is ready enough. The origin of the rebellion is monstrous misgovernment. Taxes upon taxes were imposed upon the helpless inhabitants, and squandered by their oppressors. The poll tax and business tax were among the most oppressive; but the last straw was the sending of priests into all the provinces to play the part of political agents for a salary of 900 dollars a year. In no part of the world is the clergy so powerful or so rich as in the Philippines. The higher ecclesiastics are almost exclusively Spaniards, gloomy fanatics who would have been in their native element had they been born in the halcyon days of Peter Arbuhez. The Church dignitaries possess more real power on the islands than the actual head of the Cabinet in Madrid, and the civil officials of the civil and military services have to yield them the lion's share of the spoils. Education, legislation, administration, in a word everything, is practically in their hands. Yet they have mismanaged matters to such a degree that many of their own favorite pupils are now the leaders of the rebels.

The joint responsibility of Church dignitaries for the system of unbearable oppression in the Archipelago explains why it is that the outbreak has been ascribed not to the faults of the Spanish governing classes, but to Freemasons and the Japanese! But it is difficult to offer any explanation of the abominable monster-massacres that turn those Nature-blessed isles into reeking shambles. The English and native Press of China and Japan contains details of cruelties by the Spaniards, to match which we must hark back to the butcheries of Armenians last autumn. The *North China News*

asserts that in the course of a single week 900 natives—including many women—were executed for complicity in the rising. This Neronic spectacle took place in the barrack courtyard of Manila in the presence of a specially invited public, composed of the *fine fleur* of the Spanish official world, including thirty-six charming ladies, who made the best of this substitute for a bull-fight.

These reports may be grossly exaggerated, seeing that the sympathies of the Japanese are on the side of their Malayan brethren. It is devoutly to be hoped that they are. But such facts as have been ascertained are not of a nature to inspire confidence in the Spaniard, lay or clerical. Numerous refugees arrive weekly in Hong Kong from Manila, and the stories they tell are harrowing. The Spanish monks, dissatisfied with the conduct of General Blanco, who wisely forbade executions that were not preceded by a court-martial trial and condemnation, complained to General Echaluca on his arrival in Manila. Blanco had issued a circular in which, among other things, he recommends the Governors to practise moderation and leave nothing undone to calm the excitement. This document was condemned by the monks as "a disgrace to the Spanish name." Deterrent examples were called for, and Echaluca's co-operation was requested in vain.

Whatever may be the outcome of Spain's present colonial wars from a military point of view, financially the country is going to rack and ruin, and has already advanced too far to recede. Spain's debts at home and abroad amount to at least 7000 million pesetas,* while her colonial obligations are estimated at a round *milliard*. In the budget for 1895-6, 319 millions were set apart for the payment of interest alone, although the entire revenue amounted to no more than 758 million pesetas. The military expenses are still increasing month by month and week by week, but the tax-paying capacities of the Spanish people are exhausted.

The year 1897 can bring nought,

therefore, but evil tidings to Spain and Turkey, both being beyond the pale of political salvation. Italy, on the contrary, has stopped short on the broad way of perdition in the very nick of time, and during the new year may make still further progress and draw largely on her marvellous powers of recuperation. It is to be regretted that the Marquis di Rudini should have increased the military budget by several million *lire* while insisting upon economy in all other branches of the administration. That he has allotted the bulk of the expected surplus to the needs of the navy is only what was to have been expected. Heavy naval expenses all round are one of the characteristics of the political new year. Thus in the provisional naval budget for 1897 about £4,000,000 sterling will be set apart for the purpose of raising the Italian marine to a higher level of efficiency. On the other hand, M. Edouard Lockroy in the French Chamber has asked for £8,000,000 to put the French navy in a position to meet the "emergencies" that may arise in the near future, one of them being a war with Great Britain. The naval budgets of Europe have been rising steadily during the past quarter of a century;* thus since 1874 Germany alone has increased her naval expenditure from £1,941,060 to £6,467,097; the United States placed twenty-three war vessels (representing a displacement of 118,184 tons) in commission during the past four years. But henceforth the expenditure seems destined to go up by leaps and bounds. This year Secretary Herbert asks Congress to arrange for the construction of more battleships of a new type, and twelve torpedo-boats. Sweden and Norway are making heroic exertions to carry out a costly naval programme. Germany's latest budget contains a proposal to increase the naval vote by about 50,000,000 marks, and it is no secret that the Kaiser would have made it 100,000,000 if he could. And Germany, Italy, and Austria together spend less on their sea forces than

* In 1863 they were represented by £120,000,000. In 1896 they were estimated at £216,000,000.

* A peseta is equal to a franc piece.

France alone, who is not yet satisfied with results, and refuses to be comforted until she has constructed vessels enough to enable her to hold her own against England, as if England were condemned by some irrevocable decree of fate to remain an inactive spectator of this feverish naval revival.

So far, then, as it is possible to cast the horoscope of the New Year, its principal characteristics would seem destined to be—the continued expansion of Russia, the further decline of

Spain and Turkey, trouble between the former Power and the United States, possibly also between Spain and Japan, the convalescence of Italy, the crumbling away of the Greek Orthodox Church, accompanied by the recrudescence of troubles in Macedonia, the sharpening of the conditions of commercial competition among protectionist nations, and an enormous increase in naval expenditure all over the world. *Absit omen!—Contemporary Review.*

TWENTY YEARS OF REVIEWING.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IF a person about to deal with Reviewing had no further desire than to amuse his readers or his audience at the least cost to himself, he could hardly do better than make a cento of extracts from authors on the subject of reviewers. There would certainly be no lack of matter; and as certainly there would be no lack of piquancy in what there was. As Mr. Pendennis remarked of his uncle and Captain Henchman, that he was "sorry to say they disliked each other extremely, and sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear them speak of each other," so may it be said of authors and reviewers. Indeed, the comparison is more than usually appropriate, for as Captain Henchman and Major Pendennis belonged, after all, to the same class, so also do reviewers and authors.

However, it is not my present purpose to compile in this fashion, and we may content ourselves with two key-notes uttered in harmony by perhaps the two most dissimilar writers of genius in England in the early years of this century—William Cobbett and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Cobbett, in triumphant comment on his own "English Grammar," asserts that fifty thousand copies of it have been sold, "without its ever having been mentioned by those old shuffling bribed sots, the reviewers." And Shelley, in one of the cancelled sentences of the preface to "Adonais"—sentences cancelled, not out of repentance, but be-

cause he preferred to put the thing differently—informs us that "Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race." Putting aside "old"—which cannot, I think, be predicated nowadays of at least the majority of reviewers—and "sots," which is irrelevant and actionable—these two sentences from the most ethereal of great poets and the most prosaic of great prose-writers pretty well sum up the general indictment. Bribed, shuffling, stupid, malignant to worth and genius, neglectful of it when not malignant. That is what authors (when they are not reviewing, which often happens) say of reviewers.

But it is not all that is said. Persons, sometimes really impartial, sometimes affecting impartiality, and, at any rate, not merely abusive or indignant, ask what is the good of reviewing; whether any man who has real knowledge and talent would not be much better employed in creative, or at any rate substantive, work, than in simply commenting on the work of others; whether the habit of reading reviews does not provide an unhealthy substitute for the habit of reading the books themselves; whether the diversity of equipment to begin with, and the diversity of verdict in the end, do not make reviews almost impossible as instruments of instruction or edification of any kind? I have even known odder charges than these made, and

complaints raised that the reviewer, by extracting (yet, on the other hand, one meets with complaints that he does *not* extract), spoils the author's market, and in fact violates his copyright. In fact, the reviewer is in even worse case than a celebrated heroine of one of the poets, who hated reviewers worst in his own peculiar fashion, and who, to do him justice, had no very great reason to love them. He is a being whom "there are few to praise and not a soul to love."

I do not on this occasion hold any brief for the reviewer; but as it has long seemed to me that there is not only a good deal of passion in some of the things that are said against him, but a considerable deficiency of knowledge in very many of the things that are said, if not against yet about him, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to hear what a reviewer of pretty considerable experience, who has given up reviewing, has to say on the subject. I had had rather more than twenty years' practice in reviewing at the time I gave it up; and during the greater part of that period I think my practice was about as extensive and various as that of any of my contemporaries. I have written reviews in half a dozen lines and reviews in forty pages. I have reviewed books in classics, in mathematics, in history, in philosophy, in geography, in politics, in the fine arts, in the arts of war by land and sea, in theology, in cookery, in pugilism, and in law. I have reviewed "travels and novels and poems," at least as many as ever did the aforesaid Mr. Pendennis. I have, though very rarely indeed, and always under protest, reviewed books with the printer's devil waiting to carry away the sheets to press as they were written.

I once (by no offer or intrigue of my own, but simply because as many editors, unasked, sent the volume to me) wrote five different reviews of the same book. And if any one unkindly says: "In short, you were a reviewer of all work, and refused none," I can clear myself from that imputation. For I once refused to review a book in Syriac, because I did not know a word of that language; and I always refused to re-

view books on the currency, because I have (for reasons based on observation) made it a rule to refrain from understanding anything whatever about that subject. I can thus, at least, plead experience, and as I never wish to write another review of the ordinary kind, I can also plead complete disinterestedness.

In one respect I may be found disappointing, for I have no mystery of iniquity to reveal, no "Satan's Invisible World" to display. No doubt there are venal reviewers, and no doubt there are spiteful ones; there are, I presume, rascals and shabby fellows in all professions, vocations, and employments. If a man has strong private or party animus, and no very high sense of honor, he will no doubt make up his mind, as we know Macaulay did in Croker's case, to "dust the varlet's jacket for him" when he gets hold of a book by a person whom for any reason he dislikes. Nay, as there are many people who have the fortunate or unfortunate gift of being able to convert their likes and dislikes into ethical and intellectual approval or disapproval of a quasi-sincere kind, the dusting will, no doubt, often be done with a sense of action *ad majorem Dei gloriam*—with a conviction that it is a noble action and a virtuous one. But, once more, these curious self-delusions, as well as the more downright and unquestionable indulgences in evil-speaking and evil-doing, are not peculiar to reviewing. There may be a little more temptation to and opportunity for them there than elsewhere; but this temptation and this opportunity are reduced to a minimum if the editor has his wits about him and does his duty. Of course, if editor and reviewer are in a conspiracy there is nothing to be said; but, again, conspiracies are not unknown things in any relation of life, and yet, again, I do not believe that they are more common in reviewing than anywhere else. They exist, doubtless, in some cases; but in most they are simply figments of a very well-known and only too common form of mania, and sometimes figments half-ludicrously and half-pathetically contrary to the fact.

The most curious instance of this

that I ever knew was as follows : There was once upon a time a not undistinguished man of letters whom we may call A.; and there was, contemporary with him, a busy reviewer whom we shall call B. B., with his name, reviewed, not by any means savagely, but with rather qualified admiration and some strictures, a volume of A.'s poems. Some time afterward he was told that A. was what is familiarly called a skinless person ; and not finding any particular amusement in tormenting, thenceforward, when a book of A.'s came in his way, praised it if he could, or let it alone. On one occasion B. received through an editor a letter of thanks from A. for an anonymous review of his. But after A.'s death, which happened some years later, B. learnt that A. had been under the constant idea, and had frequently declared to his friends, that he, the said B., had been "hounding him anonymously throughout the press for years"! Of course nothing can be done with or for such *Heauton-timorou-menoi* as these. No praise is ever sufficient for them ; all blame is undeserved, interested, malignant. But in cases of real personal enmity or friendship, or of very strong disapproval on religious or political or other grounds, I think there is a very simple rule for the reviewer. If the book of a friend which you cannot praise, or that of an unfriend which you have to blame severely, comes to you—send it back again. The right of silence is the only one of the Rights of Man for which I have the slightest respect, or which I should feel disposed to fight for.

It has also to be remembered, when the subject of unfair and biassed reviewing is under consideration, that, at any rate nowadays, when reviews are very numerous, and when no single vehicle of them enjoys commanding reputation or influence, such reviewing does no very great harm. It is unpleasant, of course. If a man say he likes it nobody believes him, even though a gratuitous advertisement that one is not connected with certain journals may be a distinct compliment, and a kind of present. A once well-known member of the House

of Commons amused it not so very many years ago by avowing his terror of the "Skibbereen Eagle." It was, no doubt, not shared by his hearers ; but it may be doubted whether any one of them would not have in fact preferred, though only by a faint preference, praise in the "Skibbereen Eagle" to abuse in it. Yet it is hardly conceivable that the abuse can really damage any one ; and it sometimes, when unskilfully and extravagantly indulged in, creates a distinct revulsion in favor of the victim. It is certain that the dead-set made many years ago in certain quarters at the late Mr. Froude's historical work determined more persons than one to take a more favorable view of it and of him than they might otherwise have taken ; and I think there have been similar cases since. At any rate, to my mind, deliberately unfair and partisan reviewing does much less harm than the process known as "slating" for slating's sake, or than the old and constantly revived notion that an author is mainly, if not merely, something for the critic to be clever upon. But of that we shall speak presently ; some other matters must come before it.

For it will probably not be undesirable to inquire before going any further what a review ought to be, as a not useless preliminary to the discovery what ought to be the nature of a reviewer, and whether reviewing is a benefit or a nuisance *per se*. And in this inquiry we may start by clearing up a slight confusion which, like other slight confusions, has caused no slight error. I take it that a review in the general sense is addressed to, and intended for the benefit of, the general congregation of decently educated and intelligent people. There may be a special kind of review which is addressed to specialists, and which must be written for them by themselves. A scientific monograph, which purports to tell what further progress has been made in some particular department of chemistry or physiology, cannot in the proper sense be "reviewed." Its results can be abstracted ; its conclusions, if they are disputable, can be argued for or against ; corollaries or riders can be indicated or suggested

by the expert. But as such a thing is never, except by accident and once in a thousand times, literature—as even when it is literature its literary character is accidental—it does not lend itself to review. For, once more, a review, as I take it (and the taking is not a private crotchet but a mere generalization of actual practice and fact during the two centuries or a little more which make the life of the review), is a thing addressed to the general body of educated people, telling whether it is or is not worth their while to make further acquaintance with such and such a document purporting to bear their address. As the circle of knowledge which is supposed to be open to the general reader and to come within the range of literature widens, the circle of reviewing will widen, too. But it will always remain true that the way in which the author has done his work is the main if not the sole province of the reviewer. Has he formed an allowable, an agreeable, a fairly orderly conception of his subject? Has he shown decent diligence and accuracy in carrying this conception out? Does his book, if it belongs to the literature of knowledge, supply some real want? Does it, if it belongs to the literature of power or art, show a result not merely imitated from something else? Has it, if a poem, distinct characteristics of metre, word-sound, style? Does it, if a work of argument or exposition, urge old views freshly, or put new ones with effect? If it is a novel, does it show grasp of character, ingenuity in varying plot, brilliancy of dialogue, felicity of description? Can you, in short, “recommend it to a friend” for any of these or any similar qualities? Or can you even recommend it—the most disputable and dangerous of the grounds of recommendation, but still perhaps a valid ground in its way—because you like it, because it affects you pleasantly or beneficially, because you gain from it a distinct nervous impression, a new charm, or even, as Victor Hugo put it, a “new shudder”?

A review which observes these conditions will, whether it answers the questions in the negative or the affirmative, probably be a good review, always

keeping in mind the inestimable caution of Hippothadée to Panurge *si Dieu plaist*. On the contrary, there are certain other questions and conditions which will almost certainly make any review conducted under their influence a bad review. Such questions—for it would be more than ever impossible to put them all—are as follows. Do I—to begin nearest to the debatable ground with which we finished the last list—Do I dislike this book, without being able to give myself or others any distinct and satisfactory reason why I dislike it? Do I like or dislike the author, his opinions, his party, his country, his University, or his grandmother? Does the book run counter to, or ignore, or slight some published or private opinion of mine? Is it, without being exactly contrary to, different from something which I might have written or should have liked to write on the subject? Is there something else that I like better? Does it display more knowledge than I have, and so make me feel uncomfortably at a disadvantage? Is it about something in which I take no particular interest? In such cases the proviso of Hippothadée will have to be turned round, and we shall have to say that unless Heaven pleases very specially, it is likely to be a very bad review indeed.

For the reader will not get and cannot get from it a trustworthy answer to his legitimate question, Is this, on the whole, and on the author's own conception of his task—the said conception being not utterly idiotic—a fair addition to the literature of the class which it intends to reach? He will only get an answer to any one or any combination of a large number of other questions which he has not asked and to which he does not care in the least to know the answer. He has asked, Do you as a judge think that I ought to read, or may at least with chance of profit and pleasure read, this book? He is in effect answered: I, not as a judge but as a most unjudicial advocate or even party to the other side of the cause, wish you not to read this book or to think badly of it if you read it. But I have put on the judge's robes, and deliver my opinion from

the bench or a substitute for it, in hopes to make you accept my pleading as a sentence and my evidence or assertion as a verdict.

It is this danger which, not always in appropriate words or with very clear conceptions, is urged by the opponents of reviewing; and no doubt it is in a certain measure and degree a real one. We shall see better what this measure and degree is by shaking out the subject into some different shapes and lights.

Reviewing, like everything else, has a tendency to fall into certain vogues, into certain channels or ruts, where it continues for a time, and then shifts into others. The most common, the most obvious, and apparently to some views of the subject, friendly as well as unfriendly, the most natural, is that of "slating," as modern slang has it, though the thing is very far from modern. The principle or mock principle on which it depends was never put with a more innocent frankness than in the *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur* of the "Edinburgh Review"; and though when it is thus stated it becomes almost ludicrous to a really critical critic himself, there is no doubt that it reflects the idea of the critical profession as conceived by outsiders, and even as practised by a large part of the profession itself. We have only, it is true, to carry out the analogy suggested by the phrase to see its absurdity. Her Majesty's judges do not deem it their duty to regard the entire body of her Majesty's subjects as guilty till they are proved innocent; nor even those who on *prima facie* suspicion are brought before them. The "Edinburgh" motto would at least seem to infer that every book is to be regarded as bad until it is proved to be good. And further, as the functions of a judge of court are limited to condemnation or acquittal—as he is admittedly travelling rather beyond them even when he observes that the defendant leaves the court without a stain on his character—so it would seem that positive praise, that the assignment of decorations or titles of honor, is not part of the function of the critic at all.

Yet, absurd as this notion is, ill as

it will stand the slightest examination, there can be no doubt that it is frequently entertained, and by no means uncommonly put in practice. We have all read—it would appear that even some of us have enjoyed, though I confess it always seemed to me from my youth up that there was no drearier reading—monotonous series of "slashing" reviews, in each of which some wretched novel, deserving at worst of a dozen lines of merciful and good-humored raillery, was solemnly scourged round the town in two columns of labored cavilling and forced horse-laughter. And we have all read likewise—some of us let it be hoped with a devout prayer to be kept from imitating it—the pert yet ponderous efforts at epigram; the twentieth-hand Macaulayese of "will it be believed" and "every schoolboy knows"; the uplifting of hands and averting of eyes at a misprinted date, and an imperfectly revised false concord—in short, all the stale tricks and stock devices of the "slater."

Of course there are books which well deserve the utmost extremity of criticism; and nobody can have practised reviewing long without having—not in the least on his conscience, but on his memory—instances in which he has had to do his duty, and has been well entitled to ejaculate *Laissez passer la justice de Dieu!* But the conception of the ideal review as a Judge Jeffreys doubled with a Jack Ketch is, as has been said, quite ludicrously narrow; and it turns, like so many other things, upon a mere fallacy of equivocation, the double meaning of the word judge. The critic is a judge; but he is a judge of the games as well as of the courts, a caliph or cadí rather than a Lord Chief Justice or a Lord Chief Baron. He can administer sequins as well as lashes, and send a man to ride round the town in royal apparel as well as despatch him to the gallows. Or rather, to drop metaphor, his business is in the main the business of judging, not the man or the merits of the man so much as the work and the nature, rather than the merits or demerits, of the work. If he discern and expound that nature rightly, the exposition will sometimes be of itself high praise and

sometimes utter blame, with all blends and degrees between the two. But the blame and the praise are rather accidents than essentials of his function.

Partly from a dim consciousness of this, partly, no doubt, in reaction from the excesses of Jack Ketchishness, reviewing very often wanders into other excesses or defects which are equally far from the golden mean. It is sometimes openly asserted, and perhaps more often secretly held, that it is the critic's chief duty to praise—that he ought to be generous, good-natured, eager to welcome the achievements of his own time, and so forth. This, no doubt, is a less offensive error than the other; it is even a rather amiable one, and it has the additional attraction that, as it is much more difficult to praise, at least to praise well, than to blame, there is the interest of seeing how the practitioner will do it. But, after all, it *is* an error; and I am afraid, though a less superficially offensive, it is a rather more dangerous, error than the other. It is seldom that real harm is done to any one—except, perhaps, to the critic himself—by over-savage reviewing. Excessive praise does harm all round: to the critic (at least if he gives it sincerely), because it dulls and debauches his own critical perceptions; to the public, because the currency is debased, the standards of literary value tampered with and obscured; to the author most of all, because while his human weaknesses will of themselves prevent him from being injured by the blame, they will help the praise to spoil him. Especially dangerous is the form of praise—very common just now, as it is in all periods when a great literary generation is just fading away, and its successors are shining with rather uncertain light—the form which insists that our side or our time is the equal of any other. I saw the other day that a critic in whose original work I take great delight, and whose criticism is always careful and generous, speculated on the beatitude which future generations would attribute to him in that he had seen in one week, I think, the publication of four masterpieces. I shall say nothing of these masterpieces themselves; I have not read them all, and I defy any-

body to outgo me in cordial appreciation of some of the work—I mean Mr. Kipling's—to which "Q" referred. But I cannot help thinking that it is a little dangerous to indulge in such a "Nunc Dimittis." If the critic, say thirty years hence, finds his admiration of his Four Masters unchanged, or even heightened, it will be time to tempt Time himself by such an utterance. But Time is as dangerous a person to tempt as Providence; and that "wallet at his back" contains among its other alms for Oblivion (or, worse still, for an occasional memory of contempt) no small number of these admiring encomia on the unequalled happiness of particular periods, and the mastery of particular achievements.

Yet again, reviewers, afraid of or disinclined to mere blame, and having no taste or no opportunity for mere praise, very frequently take refuge in a sort of wishy-washy, shilly-shally attempt to keep clear of either, or else in a mere "account rendered," which is rather an argument of the book than a review of it, and yet as different as possible from the argumentative exposition above commended. I have seen it frequently complained—sometimes by partisans of the "slating" or the "gushing" review respectively, but also by others—that the shilly-shally kind is particularly prevalent nowadays. Perhaps it is, and for reasons of which more later. It is certainly not a good thing. If a man has not time, or knowledge, or ability, to sum up decidedly what a book is, and how it is done, he had better be sent about his business, which is evidently not reviewing. If it is the fault, as no doubt happens sometimes, and perhaps in these days rather often, of the book itself, then that book had much better not be reviewed at all. But I confess I think myself that, except in the case of scientific works, as above referred to, with official reports and other books that are no books, the mere *compto-rendu* is the worst review of all. It argues in the reviewer either a total want of intellect in general or a total want of understanding of the particular matter; it fills up the columns of the paper to no earthly purpose; it disappoints the just expecta-

tions of author, reader, everybody, except, perhaps, the publisher, who may like to see a certain space occupied by a notice; and it is a distinct insult to the eyes before which it is put. If I were an editor I should ruthlessly refuse to insert reviews of this kind, no matter who wrote them.

And yet it is a question whether they are worse than another kind which is very popular with editors and the public, though it may be rather less so with authors. This is the kind, or rather group of kinds, for there are many sub-varieties, of the review which is not what the Germans call *eingehend* at all—which simply makes the book a peg, as the old journalist slang, by this time almost accepted English, has it, on which to hang the reviewer's own reflections, grave or gay. To this practice in the longer Reviews, which appear at considerable intervals, there is no great objection. It has given us much of the best critical and general work of the century. Quarterlies at least can never hope now, and could never hope to any great extent, to introduce books to readers for the first time; and, besides, the prefixing of the title of a book or books to such articles is a perfectly understood convention. But in a review proper, a review which, presumably, the reader is to see before he sees the book, and which is to determine him whether that book is worth seeing or not, the practice seems to me to be improper, impertinent, and very nearly impudent. When the late Mr. Anthony Trollope made Post Office inquiries on horseback, simultaneously (or at least on the same day) using the horses which he kept for the purpose as hunters, it was perhaps the furthest recorded instance of making the best of the two worlds of business and pleasure, duty and off-duty. But Mr. Trollope did make the inquiries; nobody, I believe, ever charged him with remissness in that. The reviewer of the class to which I refer keeps the horse at the expense of the author, and uses him for the pleasure of himself and the reader only.

Nevertheless, in the more unfavorable examples of all these varieties, even of the first to some extent, I think

we shall find that Ignorance as usual is more to blame than malice, and not Ignorance of fact so much as what we may call Ignorance of Art. I am sure that my late colleagues in that art, at least those of them who are worth considering, will not find fault with me for this admission, which indeed need galling no one who does not feel that he deserves galling. We have all been in the same boat, and I am only, so to speak, coaching from the bank. I do not think that reviewers deserve a good deal of the evil that is said of them; but I do think that something of this Ignorance of Art is, especially in beginners, rather the rule than the exception. Of ignorance of fact I shall say little. It exists of course. I remember some one—it was Mr. John Morley, I think—being once magisterially taken to task by a critic for using such an affected word as “incarnadine,” the critic thereby, I need hardly say, showing a slight ignorance of another author—not Mr. Morley—whom we are all at least supposed to know. I have much more recently seen a plaintive and ingenious expostulation with an author for speaking about the subject of his book in a way showing considerable familiarity with the matter, but not illuminative to the critic, when, as a matter of fact, the author's remarks showed a very distinct *un-familiarity* with that matter. But though a reviewer should certainly know Shakespeare, and though it would be at least well that he should not review a book about, let us say, Syriac without knowing it, it is, as I have already said, a blunder to require specialist knowledge in all cases. A good sound education in the tongues and the liberal arts, with the knack of putting one's self at the special point of view by resorting if necessary to the best standard authorities, combined with some portion of the critical talent and some knowledge of the critical art, will do infinitely better than specialist knowledge, which not infrequently hampers that talent and interferes with the practice of that art by interposing “idols” of more kinds than one. But the education and the experience in the Art itself are indispensable; and it is a question whether

they are not rather often dispensed with.

It is the less invidious to admit this as an open question, or even to answer it in the affirmative that, as things go, a man can very rarely help himself. I am as sure that there is an Art of Criticism as I am sure that there is no Science of it. But until very recently, when in more Universities than one or two the institution of Honors Schools in English Literature has led to something like a systematic study of literary criticism, there has not been in England, or Scotland either, anything of the sort. The Professors of Poetry at Oxford—by an honorable tradition which the names of Warton, Keble, and Mr. Arnold have made not only honorable but illustrious, and which the present holder is maintaining, have done what they could; but the opportunities of that Chair are scanty and passing. The Scottish Chairs of Rhetoric have had more opportunity, and excellent work has been done in them; but until the institution of Honors they have been hampered by the necessity of levelling down to a pass standard. Even abroad there has been much less done than seems to be fancied by those who think that all things are better ordered abroad than at home. The famous French professors, from Villemain downward, have not, as a rule, escaped that curious note of parochiality—of seeing all things in *French* literature, which marks the nation: the Germans, incomparable at philology, are notoriously weak on the literary side of criticism. It is true that the Oxford School of *Literæ Humaniores*, which has acted, for a hundred years, better up to its name and to the genius of literature than any teaching machine of any University in the world, has always taught men a little directly and a great deal indirectly in this kind. But the direct teaching has been very little; and I understand that it has rather lessened than increased of late years. And the constant shortening of University training, with the multiplication of examinations, has done positive harm. I question whether, limited as was his reading, and too often narrow as were his views, a man

who left Oxford or Cambridge in the seventeenth century, after the usual seven years' course, was not much better qualified as a reviewer than he who now leaves them after four or at most five. He had mastered the "Rhetoric" and the "Poetics," which, grievous as are their gaps and huge as are the blinkers which were on Aristotle's eyes, still contain the root of the matter. He had read no small quantity of good literature; most, if not all, of it with no direct purpose of examination. Above all, he had had time to think about what he read, even if he had not actually thought. Dryden, no doubt, was Dryden—a man of genius, and of not very quickly developing genius. But if he had written the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" at two-and-twenty, and just after scrambling through his trips, instead of after seven years at Cambridge and as many more of reading, and a little (not too much) writing in London, I do not think the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" would be what it is.

For, after all, study of literature, range in it, opportunity of comparing different kinds, of remembering the vastly different estimates held of different works, or even the same work at different times—are of even more importance to the reviewer than formal teaching in criticism. The latter will save him a great deal of time and trouble, will put him and perhaps keep him in the right road; but it will not accomplish the journey for him. The journey itself must—except in those cases of exceptional genius for the art which may be neglected, as they occur in all arts and are not common in any—be performed; and it is only at the end of it, or rather (for that end never comes) at a fairly advanced stage of it, that a man becomes a really qualified reviewer.

It will follow from this that the number of really qualified reviewers can never be very large; and from that again that it is quite possible to have at any given time rather more reviewing than is altogether expedient. It would perhaps be wiser to say nothing on this head; for, to alter my old friend the "Oxford Spectator" a little, "the large and well-armed tribe

of reviewers" is ill to offend by one who has himself renounced their weapons though he remains exposed to their aim. But I confess that I think there is at the present moment a little too much reviewing, and I may say so freely, because I shall not be suspected of any trade-union jealousy. No doubt books have increased, and readers have increased, in the last thirty years. There are more libraries; the great multiplication of clubs and the increased habit of supplying them with new books must be considered; there may even be more book-buying. But I am not sure that these things of themselves necessitate a larger proportion of reviewing; and reviewing itself has certainly increased rather out of than in proportion. At the beginning of the last third of the nineteenth century there were in London four or five weekly reviews at the most which had any repute; reviews in the daily London papers were quite uncommon things, and betokened perhaps special merit, certainly special favor; while out of London there was hardly any daily or weekly journal throughout the United Kingdom which carried much weight in reviewing, and there were extremely few that attempted it, at least on any large scale. I need not say how different is the case now. The number of weekly papers has increased; the great and deserved vogue of the "Pall Mall Gazette" at the very beginning of the period of which I speak made reviewing a special function of the newer London evening papers; while, rather owing to the example of the great English provincial newspapers and of those of Scotland, than at the initiation of the London dailies themselves, almost every morning newspaper which aims at any position now at least attempts a complete review of the books of the week, in allotments varying from some columns to some lines.

This might, on the face of it, look as if, to quote Dryden's words as those who dislike reviewers might quote them—

"The sons of Belial had a glorious time."

I am not so sure of it, either from their own point of view or from others'. In

the first place, there can, I think, be no doubt that the individual review, and even the "chorus of reviewers," indolent or otherwise, has lost some of its old authority. There are so many reviews that even the simplest person who believes in the newspapers, if such a man there be, cannot attach absolute importance to any one of them; they come out so thick and so fast that any mark made by a single one on that elastic target the public apprehension is quickly effaced by others; and the variety of their utterances, where these utterances are distinct at all, cannot but do them some harm. And if they lose some of their effect from these causes which are not their own fault, they perhaps lose more from others which are. If there is any truth in what I have said above—if the old adage, "it is hard to be good," applies at least as much to reviewers as to others—then this extreme multiplication of reviews, this increase in the rapidity with which they are required, must have some slight effect of damage on the review itself. A reviewer is made at least as slowly as an A.B.; and we all know what comes of manning fleets, not even with pressed men, but with casual volunteers. It is true that the evil is to some extent mitigated by the fact—well enough known to experts—that though at one time it was rather uncommon for a man to write in more than one paper, any man who establishes a reputation for reviewing in London may now, if he chooses, write for a dozen, and is nearly sure to be asked to write for a dozen. But this in its turn does some harm. I have hinted that I do not think the practice of doubling reviews, if carried out honestly and industriously, so abominable as some people think it. But I must own that there is something in what was once said to me by the late Mr. Harwood, who kept himself in what would seem to these days almost incredible abstinence from publicity and self advertisement during his long tenure of the editorship of the "Saturday Review;" but who was known to his contributors as a marvel of experience, patience, good sense, and assiduity in his office. He had already sent me a book when I received

it from another editor; and I called upon him to ask whether he had any objection to my duplicating. He was good enough to say, "No, I don't mind *your* doing it; but I am not fond of it as a rule. If the reviews are unfavorable, it is scarcely fair to the author; and if they are favorable, it rather deceives the public." It cannot, I think, be denied that there is a good deal of force in this. Moreover, it will necessarily happen that if a man has a great deal of reviewing work thrown on his hands, and if, at the same time (as the conditions above enumerated make almost certain), his editors would much rather have short slight reviews from him than long and careful ones, he will—I shall not say scamp his work—I think very few gentlemen of the press do that—but, let us say, do what is required of him and no more.

On the other hand, the great mass of reviewing cannot possibly be done by these few men, and it is doubtless done by others. The result, of course, varies inevitably in quality, from work as good as the most practised hand can turn out down to that class of work which is described by a catchword very rife just now among men of letters, I believe, as "done by the office-boy." And I have been told, and indeed partly know, that this evil is attended by another, which, though a little delicate to speak of, is very serious. Those who have studied the history of newspapers and periodicals know that the extreme disrepute into which newspaper writing generally, and reviewing in particular, fell at the end of the last century coincided with an "office-boy" period—in other words, with a period when it was handed over to wretchedly paid hacks of all work, or even to volunteers, who, for vanity, or spite, or pastime, or what not, would write without any pay at all. These were the days of Southey's "seven pounds and a pair of breeches" for six months' reviewing—I cannot be certain of the exact figures, but it was something about as absurd as this. The establishment of the "Edinburgh," with its hard-and-fast rule that everybody was to be paid, that everybody was to take his pay, and

that the pay itself was to be fair, was the turning point from this state of things, and until quite recently reviewing of the better class, if not a magnificently was at any rate a fairly well-paid profession. People will grumble at anything, of course. But for my own part I do not think that any one but a very great man can consider himself underpaid when he receives, as used to be the average, three pounds ten shillings for work which should on the average take him an evening to read, and not the whole of the next morning to write. For I think that a review should never be written on the same day on which the book is read. The night brings counsel; tones down dislike to a reasonable disapproval and rash fancy to intelligent appreciation; substitutes order and grasp for chaos and want of apprehension. But this is a digression, and we must return to £ s. d. I am told, once more, that with the rapid spread and rise in numbers both of reviews and reviewers, the average payment of the latter has gone down very considerably, and that, with the constant supply of workers and the apparently reduced demand for the best work as compared with quantity of work, it is likely to go down farther.

This is as it may be; and at any rate I see nothing improbable in it. For (and this is a point to which I have not yet come, and it is one on which I should be sorry to be silent) reviewing is very fascinating work, and its very fascination increases its perils of all kinds, not least those of which we have just been speaking. To a person who really loves literature and knows something of it, who has a fairly wide range of tastes beyond mere books, and takes some interest in life likewise, I know no occupation more constantly delightful. I never myself got tired of it—with a slight exception, I must admit, in the case of the lower class of novel—in the course of twenty years' unceasing practice. The words of that *locus classicus* of reviewing, the middle part of "Pendennis": "As for Pen, he had never been so delighted in his life; his hand trembled as he cut the string of the packet and beheld within a smart new set of neat calico-bound books—novels, and travels, and poems"

—remain true (except, perhaps, as to the trembling of the hand) of some of us to the last. To find such a package by your table at breakfast; to be fortunate enough (which seldom happens to reviewing man) to remember that you have got no horrid fixed engagement to spoil the fair perspective of the day; to dip into the books before you settle which you will formally read first; to select that temporary sultana; to diverge from her and look along your shelves for an older favorite which may settle some point, or suggest a comparison, or fill up a gap in your memory; to ejaculate "What an ass the man is!" when you disagree with him; or nod approval when he puts your sentiments neatly; to find luncheon-time coming just when the books have given you an appetite for something else besides authors, and to relapse upon them, not unaided by tobacco perhaps, when you have done—these are pleasant things and good. I do not say, Be it mine often so to spend my days, because change is good, and it is a mistake to reopen closed accounts. But I do say most heartily and sincerely that I have never in any kind of work enjoyed days more than such as these, and that a very large proportion of days of ostensible pleasure seem to me very dreary things in comparison.

Sometimes, too, these generally pleasing labors become something more than merely pleasing, and the reviewer, like Lockhart's Wandering Knight in his "ride from land to land," his "sail from sea to sea," finds fate more kind at last. He may, when scarcely out of his apprenticeship, open upon such a matchless stanza as—

"As a star sees the sun and falters,
Touched to death by diviner eyes,
As on the old Gods' untended altars
The old fire of withered worship dies."

He may a little later discover in the "Voyage of Maeldune" how half a century of constant poetical production need impair neither a poet's mastery nor even his command of new measures and methods. He may, after for years delighting in another poet's verse, see how Mr. William Morris, like Sir Walter Scott, though not with like welcome from the vulgar, could close the

volume of poetic romance only to open that of romance in prose. He may hear almost simultaneously the raising of two such swan-songs as the prologue to "Asolando" and "Crossing the Bar;" and he may discover, as at last in "Catriona," the only grace that had been missing to make perfect the work of the most brilliant of his younger contemporaries. These things are but a selection of the good fortunes that fell to the lot of one reviewer; and doubtless the lucky-bag is not closed for others.

I should therefore be sorry—very sorry, indeed—if the occupation which has given me so much pleasure, in which I have learnt so much, which has helped me to pay, as it were, double debts, by doing a momentary duty and adding a little to more permanent stores of knowledge and habits of practice, should go out of fashion. I hope it may never cease to be one in which a man may engage without loss of self-respect, and with that feeling which, though none but prigs parade it, necessarily accompanies all honorable occupations, that the work is of use to others as well as of honor and of decent profit to one's self. I can see no reason why any such evil day should come, even if prospects be at the moment a little downcast. There is still plenty of excellent reviewing to be found; and if it is rather more scattered than it should be, there is no reason to despair of seeing it once more concentrated. The general reviewing of England, after improving immensely between the beginning of the century and that fatal period of 1830 to 1835 which Wordsworth from another point of view celebrated in the very last effusion of his really great poetry, fell off astonishingly for some twenty years and more, and only began to improve again about the middle of the fifties. It has had vicissitudes since; and if it is not—I do not say that it is not—at its very best to-day, there is all the more reason for hoping that tomorrow may see it better.

That the disuse of reviewing, or its relegation to the sort of valueless *rê-clame* or puff to which it has sunk in more than one country, at more than one time, to a chorus of unintelligent

exaltation of our noble selves, to a jangle of inconsequent snarls, merely intended to gratify spite and the appetite for spite, or, worst of all, to a Dead Sea of colorless writing "about it, and about it," with little outbreaks of temper or vanity or caprice diversifying it here and there—that any such decline and fall would be in many ways a disastrous thing, I have no doubt. It would deprive authors—and let it be remembered that the author who is at no time a reviewer, or the reviewer who is at no time an author, is an almost unknown creature—not merely of occasionally valuable censorship, but of very commonly valuable practice. It would leave literature, to a far greater extent than is commonly understood—

"Helmless in middle turn of tide"—

drifting about anyhow as the popular breeze chooses, without protest and without correction; and it would leave the public absolutely guideless. Reviewers, according to their unfriends, are but one-eyed guides; yet the one-eyed are kings in the kingdom of the blind, and it is inevitable that the public should be very nearly blind in the case of books, if not wholly so. It simply has not time, if it had the other necessities, for reading everything; it wants to be told, and ought to be told, what to read, not perhaps without the addition of a few remarks how to read it. That is the function which a good review ought to perform.

Whether the review be good enough or not depends, I verily believe, more on the editor than on the reviewer, just as the triumphs of an army depend infinitely more on the general than on the soldier. A bundle of even individually good criticisms will have little weight or authority if they be simply pitchforked together; if the principles enunciated on one page or in one week's issue be set at nought in another; if animus, mannerism, and other plagues be allowed to get the better of fair dealing and sober sanity. And it is very seldom that an editor will be able even to get such a bundle together unless he picks his men carefully, unless he keeps them as far as possible to himself by good pay and

plenty of work, unless he manages to indoctrinate them with *esprit de corps*, and to get them, like other soldiers, to do what he wants and not what they want—the most absolute liberty of conscience being of course reserved. No man ever writes his best against his conscience unless he has got none at all—which is a bull, but of the nobler breed; and a man who has no conscience very seldom has much else that is worth having. And while a good editor will never wantonly or idly alter his contributor's work—while he will certainly not alter it from a childish fancy for writing everything into his own style, or adjusting everything to his own crotchet—no good editor will ever hesitate to alter, and no contributor who is worth much will ever object to seeing altered, things which do not suit the attitude or policy of the paper, which show signs of undue private grudge or excessive private favor.

Lastly, I may say that as a general rule a good editor will take care to allot books for review according to his own judgment, and not according to the requests of reviewers. Of course there are cases where the two coincide. But the plan which I have known to be practised, and which is, I believe, even rather common, the plan of not "sending a book out," as the technical phrase goes, till somebody asks for it, seems to me an exceedingly bad one; and that which, if not common, certainly has existed, of letting contributors come and pick and choose at their pleasure from the review bookshelves, seems to me utterly suicidal. The allotting of a book of any consequence—there must always, of course, be a certain ruck to be left to the judgment, not of the office-boy, but of some reviewer of rather unusual trustworthiness and general knowledge—should be a matter of distinct deliberation, a deliberation from which the reviewer himself is, as a rule, better excluded, and from which, unless he is very unwise, he will certainly not resent his exclusion.

Fewer reviews; greater concentration of power and authority in those which are given; something like despotism, provided it be vigilant, intelli-

gent, and benevolent, on the part of the editor; better training in the history and methods of criticism, in general literature and knowledge—this may serve as a summary of the things which may be reasonably demanded in the review of the future. As for the reviews of the present and the past, in which I have taken a part, I think they have been not exactly perfect, perhaps in some cases rather far from perfection, but a good deal better than they have seemed to some, and bad, if bad at all, in ways rather different from those for which others have reproved them. That they have, as they most undoubtedly have, served as a staff to many stout aspirants, if also as a crutch to many useless cripples, in letters is, both as a plea and as a reproach, rather apart from the merits; but the good side of it cannot be quite ignored. That without them the public, which does not know too much of literature as it is, would know a great deal less is, I think, undeniable. And, as has been seen, I am even rash enough to think that they have in strict criticism done some good; that they have, as a rule, set their faces against prevalent follies and faults; that their strictures,

even when harsh, have been wholesome in particulars. I admit that the work they undertake to do is exceedingly difficult work; that it demands qualities not very often found in the workman, and perhaps qualities rarer still in his captains of industry. I think there might be improvement in these respects. But the great merit of even the worst review that retains some shred of honesty—and with others, as I have said, it is unnecessary to deal—is, that however blunderingly, however unsuccessfully, it at least upholds the principle that there is a good and a bad in literature, that mere good intentions will not make up for bad performances. In short, the review in its very nature, and inevitably, insists that Literature is an Art, and the man of letters an Artist; that to admire bad art is a disastrous and terrible thing, almost worse than the production of bad art itself; and that while to produce the good falls not to all—falls perhaps to few—to admire it, to understand it, to rejoice in it, is the portion of every one who chooses to take a very small amount of trouble, and the exceeding great reward of that trouble itself.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A BRILLIANT IRISH NOVELIST.

BY G. BARNETT SMITH.

ALL the characteristics of the Irish race seem to have been blended in William Carleton, who has not inaptly been designated "the Walter Scott of Ireland." He was brilliant and wayward, tearful and whimsical, strong in his affections, and passionately attached to his family and the homeland. If it be true what Shelley says of the poets, that "they learn in suffering what they teach in song," it is equally true of the life and writings of Carleton. The intense and full-veined humanity which permeates his works is in a large measure the outcome of his sympathetic heart. The Irish peasant never had a more tender and compassionate interpreter of his complex nature, with all its moods—moods now jocund and

sunny as the spring, and now sombre and pathetic as the autumn.

It is the privilege of genius to be erratic, and Carleton used the privilege to the full. To a great extent he did for the Irish peasantry what Scott did for his own fellow-countrymen, but it would have been well had he resembled Scott in his personal as well as his literary character. The conformation of his head resembled Scott's, a fact of which Carleton was inordinately proud; but those sterling qualities which enabled Scott to wage as manly a struggle with adverse fate as is to be found in the whole annals of literature, were too much wanting in Carleton. He was, in truth, far more akin in nature to Burns than to Scott. He was full of

sensitiveness, loving yet erring, as glorious as he was contradictory, now on the heights and now in the deeps. He had no more idea of managing men than he had of managing himself. He was constantly in hot water with his publishers, and then, unhappily—and no doubt in consequence thereof—he made the acquaintance too frequently of poverty and potheen. Sorrow marked him for her own, and yet, in spite of all his faults, he was in many respects a fine fellow, and one full of noble impulses.

It is, however, in his literary aspects that the world is chiefly concerned with him, though we shall also find something in the man to interest us. There was nothing classic in his writings; occasionally, indeed, there was an independence of grammar calculated to disturb the shade of Lindley Murray. But if his language was not always correct, it was *living* to a degree. There was nothing of the Dryasdust element about it. His sentences were warm, vivid, palpitating with energy and emotion. Although he might not be able to turn a period with men like Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, neither could such wielders of a model diction emulate his Titanic rendering of the passions, or his bursts of rugged and perfervid eloquence.

Carleton's life, like his genius, was flecked by strong lights and shadows, though it must be confessed that the shadows predominated. This is made apparent by his *Autobiography*, recently published by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who also contributes a second volume, completing the novelist's life from the point at which Carleton's narrative breaks off. Mr. O'Donoghue has rendered a service to Irish literature by this work, which has long been needed, and Mrs. Cashel Hoey may likewise be commended for the spirit of her introductory essay on Carleton and his Works. Neither of these writers has endeavored to make a hero of Carleton. His failings were too pronounced for that, so he is painted as he ought to be, like Cromwell, with all the warts on. Yet we are probably more deeply interested in the biographical record on that account. We have had so many biographies of perfect

men published recently, that it is quite refreshing to meet with one in which the subject of it is confessedly by no means a paragon of all the virtues.

A County Tyrone man, Carleton was borne at Prillisk in 1794. His birth-place was a flat, uninteresting town-land, with very few inhabitants, and all poor. William was the youngest of fourteen children, and as his parents supported the whole family on a small farm of fourteen acres, they could scarcely be said to wallow in luxury. But hardship is a good school if its lessons be rightly learned, and Carleton had some compensations. He used to say that his father's memory was a rich and perfect storehouse of all that the social antiquary, man of letters, the poet, or the musician would consider valuable. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency, and was acquainted with all kinds of folk-lore. His mother, too, was famous for her musical talents. No doubt all this had a great influence upon the imaginative and impressionable youth. The earliest of Carleton's tutors was a man named Pat Frayne, the master of a hedge-school, who appears as Mat Kavanagh in *The Hedge School*, a sketch in which Carleton bears testimony to the savagery of hedge schoolmasters generally. He further laments that "Ireland about this period was in a sad and most pitiable state in consequence of a dearth of schoolmasters. Education was utterly disregarded by the successive administrations of the day, and the unfortunate people consequently had no schools to which they could send their children. It was this condition of education in the north which occasioned so many poor scholars to be sent to the south, especially to Kerry."

Carleton has many reminiscences of the domination of the Orangemen, who were all-powerful at this time in the North of Ireland. He complains bitterly that "to find a justice of the peace *not* an Orangeman would have been an impossibility. The grand jury-room was little less than an Orange lodge. There was then no law *against* an Orangeman, and no law *for* a Papist." Though he subsequently became a Protestant himself, he never ceased to in-

veigh against the evils of Orangeism, while he maintained an equally severe attitude toward the excesses of Ribbonism.

The young Irishman had his share of love affairs as a boy and as a youth, and to one of his ideals he remained true for many years, although he had nothing to feed his passion upon as far as the young lady was concerned, and his affection was blighted in the end. Another sorrow overtook him by the death of his father, who seems to have been a man of the most generous instincts and of deep piety. The priest who administered to him the last rites of the Church declared that, during the whole course of his long life, he never witnessed so edifying a death-bed. His remains were attended to the graveyard in Clogher by the largest funeral concourse ever remembered in the parish. The loss of his father was a bitter blow to Carleton, whose favorite he was. Besides this, the stern realities of life now opened out before him. Carleton had been for a time under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Keenan, of Glasslough, and he made considerable progress in his studies, especially in classics. On the removal of Dr. Keenan to Dundalk, he was compelled to return home. His parents had intended him for the Church, and sent him as a poor scholar to Munster. He had travelled as far as Granard when he interpreted an ominous dream as a command to turn back. The incidents of this journey gave rise to the tale of the *Poor Scholar*.

The young traveller was made a Ribbonman at Cloghelim, and it appears that the whole Catholic population, with the exception of the aged heads of families, was affiliated to Ribbonism. In fact, it was almost impossible, as well as dangerous, to refuse the Ribbon oath, so widely had the system spread. This was in the year 1814. Carleton remarks on this matter: "I am not a friend to any of these secret societies, because they were nothing but curses to the country. The Orange system is a curse to the country, and will be so long as it exists. It is now comparatively harmless, but at the period of which I write it was in the very height of its ascendancy, and seemed to live

only as if its great object were to trample upon 'Popery.' The truth, however, is, if there can be an apology for Ribbonism, that it was nothing more nor less than a reactive principle against Orangeism, of whose outrages it was the result. In my works I have depicted both systems to the marrow, without either favor or affection, as the phrase has it. I never entertained any ill-feeling against the people on either side; it is their accursed systems which I detest." The greatest battle which ever took place in the North of Ireland between the Ribbon and Orange factions, occurred at the Lammas fair of Clogher, and it has been faithfully described by the novelist, under the title of "The Party Fight and Funeral," in his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*.

Lough Derg, or the Red Lake, situate in the county of Donegal, was a place famous for its legends and superstitions, and for the pilgrimages made thither by pious Catholics from all parts of the country. Like the rest, Carleton visited this spot, and his description of it under the title of "The Lough Derg Pilgrim" constituted his *début* in Irish literature. The sketch appeared in *The Christian Examiner*, edited by the Rev. Cesar Otway. It detailed with photographic accuracy every single penal step of duty—and there were a good many of them—which had to be taken there. It was this pilgrimage and the reflections occasioned by it, added to a ripper knowledge and a maturer judgment, which made Carleton leave the Roman Catholic Church. Many of its doctrines he had already conscientiously felt he could no longer subscribe to. But although he now became a Protestant, neither his heart nor his affections were ever estranged from the Catholic people, or even from their priesthood.

When in his early manhood, Carleton was a handsome fellow, some six feet high, a splendid dancer, and, of course, a great favorite with the dark-eyed Irish colleens. He was also a distinguished athlete, and his running, jumping, and wrestling powers were the admiration of thousands. One of his feats was spoken of as "Carleton's leap," from the time of his twenty-first

year, when it was performed, until his death.

About the year 1815, Carleton fell in with a copy of *Gil Blas*, which made a deep impression upon him, filling his imagination with a romantic love of adventure. He now longed for contact with the world, and going forth upon fresh journeyings, he entered the family of Piers Murphy, a farmer in county Louth, as a tutor. It was while on these travels that he learned the particulars of a fiendish Ribbon tragedy, which he afterward incorporated in his terrible sketch of *Wildgoose Lodge*. Such a narrative of bloodguiltiness and revenge has rarely been penned.

On throwing up his tutorship, Carleton resumed his travels, and we actually find him taking a ride in an empty hearse as far as Dundalk. From thence he proceeded on foot to Dublin, with two shillings and ninepence in his pocket. He was put to the greatest straits, and had the most erratic experiences in connection with board and lodging, getting them anyhow, and sometimes not at all. On one occasion he took off his shirt, the only one he had, and washed it in the river, afterward drying it in the sun. The same process was gone through with his shoes and socks, and other articles of attire. At one place he attacked a giant and a bully, who was the terror of the district, and reduced him to order by the superior power of his "fives." Halting for a time at a village called Newcastle, in the county of Dublin, he set up a hedge-school, and lived among the farmers, who treated him with every respect. Most of his pupils were ragged, half-starved children, but there were also a few youths of a better class. The thing was a dead failure, however, and had he depended for subsistence upon the profits of the school, he would have starved. His income would not have clothed him even. Falling into deep despondency, he gave up the school, and collecting the few fees due to him he set out for Dublin.

In the Irish capital he had very varied and painful experiences, in which occasionally the ludicrous element mingled. For example, offering himself as assistant to a bird-stuffer, he was asked what he proposed to stuff

birds with, and ingenuously replied, "Potatoes and meal." He determined to enlist, and addressed a letter in Latin to the Colonel of a regiment, who dissuaded him from his purpose, and shortly afterward Carleton obtained some tutorships. When things became a little brighter he attended the Dublin theatre, where could be seen and listened to at intervals, the Siddonses, Kean the elder, Miss O'Neil, Young, Macready, and other celebrities. He paid a visit to Maturin, the novelist and dramatist, whose *Melmoth the Wanderer* has recently been once more attracting attention. Its author was an irreclaimable sloven in his attire, and as irretrievably vain about himself and his works. In Dublin, Carleton became acquainted with Jane Anderson, sister of one of his pupils, and after a time he married her. He seems to have been deeply attached to her through life, and she made him an admirable and devoted wife, bearing with his foibles and eccentricities when she could not remove them.

With his wife and their first-born child Carleton removed to Mullingar, where he opened a school. But it was such a poor business that it scarcely provided food and shelter for them. Happily, he obtained some additional income by writing articles for the *Westmeath Guardian*. In time, too, the school increased rapidly, but Mrs. Carleton, who was very young, could not long bear her share of the duties which the school entailed upon her. We hear something of an arrest for debt which Carleton suffered at Mullingar. Soon after his release, finding there was little more to be done at Mullingar, he left that place, having secured the appointment to a school at Carlow. Eventually, however, he returned to Dublin, where he threw himself into literary work, pursuing the career of a man of letters until his death.

Continuous were his contributions to the *Christian Examiner*, the *Family Magazine*, the *National Magazine*, the *Dublin University Magazine*, and other periodicals. He wrote a number of poems, in addition to his multitudinous stories, but his poetry lacked spontaneity, and was much below his best prose in merit. One exception only

can be made to this judgment, and that is with regard to his ballad, "Sir Turlough, or the Churchyard Bride." This powerful poem is worthy of a permanent place in the national literature. In Dublin Carleton met with many well-known men, who became friends of his—including Lever, Marmion Savage, John Anster, Sir Samuel Ferguson, etc.,—and fame came to him rapidly in connection with his own writings; but it was not unalloyed sometimes with worry. For instance, soon after the publication of his *Fardorougha the Miser*, it was dramatized without his consent, and produced at a Dublin theatre. The version was so ineffective that it annoyed Carleton, and the result was an unpleasant correspondence between himself and the adapter, a lady named Magrath. He had a notion of writing for the stage himself, and would probably have attempted an adaptation of his own novels.

The lucky English novelists of the present day would be surprised to learn what small sums were netted by the celebrated Irish novelists in the earlier half of the century. The consequence was that many of them found themselves frequently in straitened circumstances. It was so with that remarkable writer, John Banim; and in 1833 Carleton took a prominent part in the inauguration of a fund for him. A few years later he wrote to Michael Banim, sympathizing with his brother in his sufferings, and revealing something of his own troubles and necessities. In 1830 a number of Carleton's sketches were collected into a volume, and published under the title of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. Several editions were called for in three years, and a second series appeared in 1833. His sketches of the peasantry were followed, in 1834, by a collection of *Tales of Ireland*. In some of the tales he obviously described his own feelings and early experiences. As some evidence of his literary fecundity he stated himself that "there was not a publication of any importance in his time to which he did not contribute." The greater number of his sketches were at one period or another published in volume form. In 1841 there appeared a collection of tales by Carleton,

pathetic and humorous, containing the sketch entitled "The Misfortunes of Barney Branaghan," one of the most popular of his productions.

The *Nation* was founded in 1842, and Carleton wrote for it. He was careful to eschew politics, yet, nevertheless, he soon became associated in the public mind with the politics and conduct of the paper. This was unfortunate, but as everybody was aware of the Nationalist principles upon which it was founded, it would have been well if Carleton had not given his name to the paper. As Mr. O'Donoghue remarks, "Carleton never was a Nationalist, and was quite incapable of adopting the principles of the Young Irelanders." Gavan Duffy said that, "with all his splendid equipment of brains, he was incapable of comprehending them." Yet, all the same, it was the pressure of the Young Irelanders which caused Carleton to write books of a really Nationalistic character. His biographer remarks: "The only excuse that can be offered for this tergiversation is that he was so often hard pressed for money, and was indeed in such a chronic state of pecuniary embarrassment, that in the nature of things he was forced to rely upon one party or the other, and consequently wrote for either or both. He might perhaps have done this in a less fierce and partisan manner, but it was next to impossible for him to write moderately or calmly. His vigorous personality is in all he wrote."

One of his most elaborate works, *Valentine McClutchy, the Irish Agent; or Chronicles of the Castle Cumber Property*, was written for the *Nation* originally, but it was published in volume form instead in 1845. It was a terrific onslaught upon the landlords and their agents, and it is really difficult to believe that such loathsome reptiles as McClutchy and Solomon McSlime ever walked abroad in human form. This book showed Carleton under one aspect. The other side of the question is to be read in *Rody the Rover; or the Ribbonman*, in which the machinations of secret societies were exposed. A Dublin publisher having projected a series of books under the title of *The Library of Ireland*,

Carleton came forward to supply a gap caused by the death of Thomas Davis. He produced, in the course of a few days, his *Paddy Go-easy and his Wife Nancy*, one of the freshest and raciest of his works. The Irish famine supplied him with the materials for his *Black Prophet*, published in 1847. It was succeeded by *The Emigrants of Ahadarra* and *Art Maguire*. In 1849 appeared *The Tithe Proctor*, and in 1852 *The Red Hall ; or the Baronet's Daughter*, afterward republished under the title of *The Black Baronet*. This was followed by *The Squanders of Castle Squander*, and at a brief interval by a volume of shorter collected tales. The last considerable works from his pen were *Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn*, as a novel probably the best of his works, issued in 1855 ; *The Evil Eye ; or the Black Spectre*, published in 1860 ; and *Redmond, Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee*, published in 1862. But for many years there appeared periodically volumes of his collected sketches. Many of Carleton's works were translated into French, German, and Italian. But it is singular that there is as yet no collected edition of them in English, the various novels and sketches having appeared in one form at intervals in Dublin, and at another in London. Many are now entirely out of print, and it would surely repay some enterprising Irish or English publisher to publish the whole of Carleton's writings in one uniform edition.

In spite of all Carleton's literary exertions, he was nearly always in pecuniary difficulties. Accordingly, when Banim died, in 1842, he made an application to Government to be placed on the Civil List in his place. Sir Robert Peel replied, regretting that he could not award him a pension, but he gave the novelist generous help from his own purse. The question of the pension was not allowed to rest, however, and it was strongly mooted again in 1847. A very powerful memorial was drawn up in his favor, and signed by nearly all the legal, political, clerical, scientific, and literary celebrities of Ireland. In fact, all creeds and classes, parties and professions were represented. The points insisted upon were

Carleton's great literary services to Ireland, his inadequate income, his many necessities, and the fact that he had a large family of ten children. Maria Edgeworth wrote a most valuable letter, speaking in flattering terms of Carleton's works, and adding that it gave her complete satisfaction to append her name to the memorial, feeling sensible that she was thereby doing honor to her father's name and her own. The memorial could not long be resisted, and in June, 1848, Carleton was granted a pension of £200 a year on the recommendation of Lord John Russell. The official communication stated that the pension was granted as an acknowledgment of the high position which Carleton had attained in literature, and the distinguished ability with which he had illustrated the character of his countrymen.

So far so good ; but Carleton's troubles were not over. He owed £300, which he bound himself to pay within three years, and as he now insured his life for £1000, while his children were growing up without being able to relieve him of part of his burden, he was soon in as crippled a condition as ever. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast." It was always springing up in Carleton's, but there was never any fruition. He hoped for himself, he hoped for his children, having dim ideas that influential friends would find openings for them. But none such ever came, and yet he could not bear to have his feelings lacerated by parting from them. Meantime, although most Irishmen rejoiced over his pension, there were some who bitterly commented upon it, and charged him with being a political apostate in order to obtain it. One man of letters—the reputed original of Dickens's Pecksniff, and a small-souled creature whether he was or not—attacked Carleton at a later period on this very score. He had the audacity to say that "he never obtained, never earned the applause of his countrymen, or the respect of those whose respect was worth having in Dublin, the city where he dwelt." Yet this same writer was obliged to confess that Carleton was "a powerful writer, a marvellous delineator of Irish character." His further statement that

the greater part of his pension was spent in low dissipation is absolutely untrue. He might be sometimes convivially inclined, and undoubtedly was, but there were other reasons at work to account for his chronic difficulties: he never made more than £150 a year by his pen, frequently not that; he was generous to a fault; and he had the constant cares of a numerous family pressing upon him.

In 1850 Carleton paid a visit to London, where his fame had preceded him. He made a great sensation, and he was royally entertained by the head of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co. and others. People placed him next to Sir Walter Scott in genius, and they were most anxious to make his acquaintance. He spent a very enjoyable evening with Thackeray, whose works he greatly admired, as Thackeray did his own; and he also made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt and other literary notabilities. But this pleasant visit was greatly marred in consequence of a protracted quarrel with McGlashan, his Dublin publisher. McGlashan seems to have behaved very badly, and to have acted the part of a dog in the manger with regard to Carleton's manuscripts. Not long afterward two of his daughters went out to Canada, while two of his sons emigrated, one to Canada and the other to New Zealand. All these and other untoward circumstances affected Carleton's sensitive nature deeply.

It is a relief to turn from his troubles, and to find him thoroughly enjoying the Shakespearean impersonations of Helen Faucit, when she visited Dublin in 1856, accompanied by her husband, now Sir Theodore Martin. Carleton wrote certain criticisms of a most discriminating and penetrating character upon Miss Faucit's acting. In these criticisms, not his judgment only, but his imagination and poetry, came into play. His excellent account of Lady Martin's *Lady Macbeth* will be found in her well-known work, *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*. He also saw her as *Iolanthe*, in her husband's play, *King Renè's Daughter*; and in describing this impersonation Carleton spoke of it as "one unbroken scene of tenderness and beauty from beginning to end—an anthem of the

heart, which fell upon the ear and sank into the spirit with a charm, the force of which no words can convey." Carleton had admiration for genius wherever he found it, and there is something noble and touching in the way in which he honored John Hogan, the sculptor, while living, and vindicated his memory when dead. Hogan died heartbroken and in dire poverty, in consequence of the cruel neglect of his genius by his wealthier countrymen, and Carleton wrote an eloquent letter asserting his great qualities and arraigning society for having killed in the flesh another of its immortals.

Carleton's own end was now not very far off. In June, 1867, he wrote to a Belfast publisher, telling him of growing physical infirmity, of pecuniary embarrassments, and of illness in his family. Though broken down by his troubles, he made an effort to do some work for an Irish periodical, and he also braced himself up to the task of writing the story of his life. In 1868 he removed from Rathgar, where he had been residing for some years, to Sandford, another Dublin suburb. The rector of Sandford was the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh (now Protestant Bishop of Ossory), and with him Carleton contracted a friendship honorable to both. Although he had long been indifferent to all forms of religion, he now became a regular attendant at the services of the church; and he at length confessed to Mr. Walsh that religious doubts with which he had been distracted had vanished away, and that he had placed his trust in the merits of his Saviour.

The terrible disease of cancer of the tongue manifested itself in Carleton at this time, and soon destroyed his articulation. Yet he struggled on with his *Autobiography* until January, 1869. He breathed his last on the 30th of that month, and his last dying wish was soon realized by the granting of a pension of £100 to his widow. His keenest anguish had been felt when he feared that his family would be left wholly unprovided for. His closing words took the form of a request that the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh would officiate at his funeral. In fulfilling that melancholy office, Mr. Walsh said,

in the course of his address: "How little did I dream when as a ravished boy I pored over Carleton's sketches, that it would one day be my privilege to read to him those words of deeper, because eternal, interest, which were to become the solace of his pain, and the joy of his dying hours, and to see more interest awakened in his mind by the story of redeeming love than ever was kindled in my own by his thrilling narratives. . . . There is much in William Carleton's writings to instruct and delight us. There are some things which we might wish altered or forgotten; but if the best lines that he recorded, and these feeble words which have sprung from them, may lead any of us nearer to Him in whom he found his peace, then his death will prove of more value than his life, and his last words more than all the rest." It is satisfactory to know that Carleton's daughters, who still survive him after the lapse of twenty-seven years, have had provision made for them as the result of an appeal for public subscriptions.

It is not too much to say of Carleton, perhaps—as I remarked upon him years ago in a brief sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—that he is one of the truest, the most powerful, and the tenderest delineators of Irish life. Indignant at the constant misrepresentations of the character of his countrymen, he resolved to give a faithful picture of the Irish people; and while he did not spare their vices he championed their virtues, which were too often neglected or disputed. But he did this with exaggerations, for he carried the principle of "thorough" into everything. If he took a dislike to a man he laid on the lash without stint, as in his scathing, but not altogether just, criticisms of Charles Lever. It was surely possible to exalt Banim without unduly depreciating Lever. When he declared that there was more difference between Banim and Lever than there was between the legitimate drama and pantomime—between John Kemble and a buffoon—he showed a hostility which could not be justified. But there were no half measures with him—he was a good lover and a good hater.

As a novelist, Carleton was superior in one respect to either Dickens or Thackeray. He could draw women better. So far as I remember there is not a weak creation among all his female characters. They are living, breathing, loving creatures—women capable of inspiring a deep affection, and at the same time worthy of it. Where is there a nobler being in fiction than Helen Folliard, the heroine of *Willy Reilly*? The way she cheers her lover in all his difficulties, remains true to him through unexampled trials, and finally testifies in his favor when he is tried for his life, has something truly sublime in it. Similar praise is due for the way in which he draws many other heroines.

I find in all Carleton's writings something of the forceful energy and dramatic intensity which characterize the novels of Charlotte and Emily Brontë. His people palpitate with life. From the moment they appear to the last glimpses we have of them we see real men and women, and not phantoms. Look at *Fardorougha*, the *Miser*, one of the most powerful works of fiction ever penned. The struggle depicted in the breast of Fardorougha is absolutely Titanic. The passion for gold, and the equally strong passion for his son, Connor, the child of his old age, contend for the mastery, and the strength of the conflicting elements is terrible to behold. Even when his son is in danger of his life, avarice withholds the means of his defence, and then when affection gains the upper hand, the old man is pitifully rent by the two passions. In the hour of death the passion of avarice momentarily reasserts its power. The story would be unbearable for its gloomy burden of sorrow were it not for the two women characters in it. The beautiful love passages between Nora O'Brien and Connor are scarcely to be matched anywhere, while the noble devotion of Honor O'Donovan, the wife of the miser, stands almost unique. Yet she was no creature of the imagination, but, as Carleton says, "a likeness faithful and true to the virtues of thousands whose glowing piety, meek endurance, and unexampled fortitude, have risen triumphant over some of the severest

trials of domestic life." The novelist is right in claiming the conspicuous virtues of truth, purity, and religious principle for the wives and daughters of the Irish peasantry.

There are noticeable qualities in *The Red Hall*, where the character drawing is again especially strong. The cruel, vulgar baronet, Sir Thomas Gourlay, is a vivid but detestable portraiture. His whole soul is bent on making his daughter Lucy a countess, though he knows that there is not a viler creature in existence than the man to whom he promises her hand. By a series of the most frightful persecutions he forces her to yield assent, but happily before the nuptial knot is tied the supposed earl is discovered to be an impostor. The discovery that all his plans have fallen like a pack of cards stuns and bewilders the baronet, and there is nothing more dramatic in the whole of Carleton's works than the closing scene of this novel. The baronet has had all his scheming in vain, and he has taken poison too soon to learn that his daughter finally married the man of her choice, who is the real nobleman, so that she becomes a countess after all. I cannot agree with Mr. O'Donoghue in somewhat underrating this story. On the contrary, I find it one of the best and most readable of Carleton's works.

Valentine M'Clutchy is another of Carleton's novels which no other man could have written. The sharp contrasts between virtue and vice are very striking, and there are some scenes which are overwhelmingly painful. One would wish, for the credit of human nature, that they had never had their counterpart in real life. The novel must have come as a crushing blow upon the author's Orange friends. The eviction carried out in the cabin of the O'Regans, when the dying husband is besought by his agonized wife to give up his last breath before the myrmidons of the law enter, is, so far as I know, unexampled for its sadness and pathos. In this case, as in many others, Carleton wrote with a purpose, but he always claimed credit for his impartiality in scourging the evils of both the Catholic and Protestant systems. In the Preface to *Valentine*

M'Clutchy he fearlessly asserted that all the horrors of Orangeism and landlordism which he described were in no whit exaggerated, any more than were those of the opposing side in his other works, and he added, "I have been so completely sickened by the bigoted on each side, that I have come to the determination, as every honest Irishman ought, of knowing no party but my country, and of devoting such talents as God has given me to the promotion of her general interests and the happiness of her whole people."

Those who have formed erroneous estimates of Carleton may well listen to him for a moment upon himself and his literary labors. While he did not claim the passionate eloquence, "the melancholy but indignant reclamations," of John Banim, he did claim to be moved by less of party spirit and prejudice than Banim. He sought to give fair and just estimates of his countrymen, wheresoever and under whatsoever circumstances he found them. The want of a fixed system of wholesome education was one of his chief complaints. The hedge-schoolmaster was a poor substitute for this. Such a miserable education as he was able to impart was "sufficient almost, in the absence of all other causes, to account for much of the agrarian violence and erroneous principles which regulated the movements and feelings of the peasantry." Then the lower Irish were for a long period treated with apathy and gross neglect by the only class to whom they could rightly look for sympathy and protection. "Hence those deep-rooted prejudices and fearful crimes which stain the history of a people remarkable for their social and domestic virtues." Carleton adds to these observations: "In domestic life there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanized as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm, and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender and strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations his grief is loud, but lasting; vehement, but deep; and while its shadow has been checkered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclu-

sion, at his bedside prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth, after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is sometimes almost beyond belief." Such is the being, with all his conflicting emotions and aspirations, whom Carleton set himself to depict, and it is safe to affirm that neither before nor since his time has the task been accomplished with so much success.

Undoubtedly one of Carleton's leading claims to permanent remembrance is that he gave faithful representations of an Irish peasantry which is now fast dying out. The old race is almost extinct, and a new one is rapidly taking its place. This makes the novelist's

pictures of life all the more valuable. But beyond and above this there is the ineffaceable stamp of genius upon his writings. The Irish peasant appears in his habit as he lived. Every character that he has drawn is strong, distinct, individual. It is this or that man or woman and no other. Not Rembrandt could put in deeper lights or shadows when required, nor Teniers more minute or life-like touches. For this reason the best of his works at least must prove abiding. They deserve to be treasured as a precious memory, not only by all Irishmen, but by the whole of the Anglo-Saxon race. —*Fortnightly Review*.

THE MARCH OF THE ADVERTISER.

BY H. J. PALMER.

No man can occupy the editorial chair of a representative daily newspaper for forty-eight hours without being made aware that the thirst for free advertisement has become one of the master passions of mankind. It is not so much that there is a shabby desire to shirk the mere money cost of advertising. The great idea is to secure the advertisement without appearing to have any hand in it—to procure its insertion in the pick of the news columns as though it were an item to which the discerning editor attached much value, and had himself been at the pains to obtain. These thrilling pieces of intelligence commonly arrive under cover of confidential notes which express a modest hope that they will be found to be of interest. On no account is there to be any indication in print of their source of origin. All the odium of the snobbery, the bad taste, or the trading puffery of them is cheerfully left to settle upon the editorial head. The degree to which this pursuit of masked advertisement has grown of late years will be understood when I say that fully 50 per cent. of my daily letters come from persons in quest of some such favor—from Mr. Jeremiah Bounder, M.P., who wants the world to know that he has been

shooting with the Duke of Forfarshire, to the professional advertising agent who coolly forwards an ornate recommendation of some quack or company "whose advertisement is to appear in your columns." The self-respecting editor usually drops these communications one by one into the waste-paper basket, and they are no more seen. For myself, I have fallen into the habit of slipping them into a drawer reserved for the curiosities of journalism with which I propose to entertain a cynical old age. I confess, however, that when I hear Bounder, M.P., chaffed at a private dinner party about the use he made of his ducal invitation, and in reply protest that he is "excessively annoyed to find it got into the papers," and that it is "impossible to keep those newspaper fellows out of one's private affairs," I feel tempted to "sneak on him" there and then. For there is generally some fourth-rate parochial print ready to minister to the vanity of the Bounder tribe.

But it is with some graver matters of commercial advertising that I wish to deal. The Newspaper Press has been for upward of a century the most powerful engine at the disposal of those who wish to bring their wares before the public, and it will probably remain

so. To the advertiser the British Press chiefly owes its prosperity. In some degree it owes to him also its high character, for it has derived from him the firm financial basis which has enabled its conductors to pursue a policy of independence and of incorruptible fidelity to the public interests. It has had something to sell in the ordinary way of business to a commercial people, namely, access to the consuming public, and it has never had any difficulty in finding customers for the facilities which it affords. The value of these facilities is, of course, governed by the degree of circulation and influence which the newspaper may acquire, and this in turn is determined by the measure of confidence and satisfaction which the public feel in it. There is no reason for ascribing the high character which is generally conceded to the representative British Press to any exceptional virtue on the part of those who own or conduct it, although undoubtedly its roots have been, like those of some other national institutions, nourished by the blood of martyrs. Its glory primarily springs from the fact that it was planted in a commercial soil, and if that condition should ever fail, the most profound believer in the honor of the Press might well hesitate to affirm that its high principle would remain unimpaired. The British Press does not pretend to do more than reflect the spirit of the British people, and so long as the nation as a whole continues to reserve its confidence and support for those who serve it faithfully, it will find no general deterioration in the great qualities that have been developed in its Press. In the exercise of these qualities one fundamental rule has been observed by the conductors of the Press—and let me say here that in speaking of the Press I wish to be understood throughout as referring to what I have called the representative Press, which deservedly enjoys the confidence of the public for the proved integrity with which it fulfils its mission. It has been, I say, a fundamental rule to draw a sharp line between advertising and journalism—to make it perfectly plain to the reader what is advertisement and what is news or editorial

matter. This rule has not prevented an editor from publishing descriptive articles or news paragraphs which, although in effect most valuable advertisements of the matter treated, have been written in frank and honest commendation of some invention, or enterprise, or commodity of legitimate interest to the public. It frequently happens that occasion arises for action of this kind, just as occasion arises for unsparing criticism of other schemes or commodities which are submitted for the public verdict; and it is a matter of entire indifference to the journalist whether the object of the commendation or the criticism be advertised on the next page or not. The typical British journalist is strong enough to disregard every consideration but that of the honest service of his readers. He has justified their confidence for generations, and whatever he may say in the way of approval or of warning derives all its influence from that fact.

During the last year or two there has been a very marked expansion of advertising enterprise, and an equally striking change in advertising methods. To those who are in close contact with newspapers the transformation wears the aspect of a revolution. Four or five years ago, perhaps less, it would have been impossible to induce the leading morning journals in London and the provinces, with one or two exceptions, to accept on any terms whatever an advertisement calling for the use of large capitals across their columns, or even for the setting of a trade advertisement of two-column width. To have admitted any such bold display would have been regarded as the height of typographical impropriety and as a sign of weakness and decline. Yet to-day the *Times* itself is ready, subject to certain conditions, to clothe advertisements in type which three years ago would have been considered fit only for the street hoardings; while even that once intolerable monstrosity, the picture block, is now cheerfully accepted by journals of the highest standing to emphasize a full-page advertisement.

These things are of such recent introduction that they still send a cold

shiver down the backs of those who have been accustomed to the doctrine that the advertiser, however lavish in outlay, must be made to conform to the old canons of typographical neatness and artistic effect; and in newspaper history the year 1896 will be said to have witnessed the successful revolt of the advertiser from the stifling bondage in which he had been enchained for over a century. And, as commonly happens in cases where restriction has been founded upon prejudice and usage rather than upon solid reason, as soon as a breach had been made the whole line of resistance collapsed at once. There is scarcely a section of the wall left standing.

It is not difficult to trace the immediate causes of the change. Perhaps the most practical of them is to be found in the fact that a new era in the construction of the rotary printing-press has dawned in England within the last three years. Until then it was practically impossible for any daily newspaper of large circulation to add to its size. All the morning journals except the *Times* were machine-bound and could not turn out, except with fatal slowness, anything larger than an eight-page paper. They were thus compelled to put the whole contents of their sheets into the smallest possible compass, and the daring advertiser who ventured to ask the price of a whole page had to be told that he must be content with much less. But the printing engineers came to the rescue. They devised presses capable of turning out ten and twelve-page papers at double the speed at which the old ones produced eight pages. This relieved the situation and enabled the newspaper proprietor to give an extra page or two to the reader and a further extra page or two to the advertiser. Fortified by signs of reviving trade and by the growing evidence of the solid value of bold advertisement, the latter promptly availed himself of the opportunity, with the result that while the increase in the size of the paper sold for a penny has been costly, it has been much more than repaid by the largest advertising revenue the British Press has ever known.

Thus every class directly interested

has profited by the changing of the old order. The reader has had nearly double his former quota of news, the newspapers have gained in revenue, and the advertiser has got the prominence to which undoubtedly he is entitled whenever he is prepared to pay for it. The question of the relationship of advertisements to news, alike as to proportion and as to prominence, of course remains, as before, a question of degree, and it will be settled, as before, between the advertiser and the newspaper, with the reader as the silent arbiter. The latter has no reason to be dissatisfied with the existing balance of things as it is adjusted in the first class organs of the Press. Certain clear and intelligible rules are observed. The reader still knows where to find what he wants. He has not to hunt for his news in the crevices of truncated columns broken into irregular order to satisfy his natural enemy. If he should ever be reduced to that humiliation he will not be slow to let his favorite organ know his views, and its judicious conductors will in turn prescribe fresh limits for the advertiser. The reader will always be the predominant partner.

That, however, is not quite the whole philosophy of the matter. The advertiser, having scored an important and honorable victory, does not in all cases seem to be entirely content with it. He is showing a disposition to carry his encroachments further, and upon somewhat delicate ground. He has got it into his head—perhaps it would be more exact to say some of the agents he employs have put it there—that a newspaper is nothing more than an advertising machine. It is not always enough for him that he is free to make whatever use he likes of the space plainly set apart for his purposes. His own recommendation of his wares leaves him something to desire, and he is beginning to hanker after a recommendation bearing the imprimatur of the journal he is pleased to patronize. He is not above asking the price of the masked advertisement to which reference was made in the open passages of this article, and he is pursuing this line of enterprise by methods so subtle and deadly, and has already

achieved so distinct a measure of success, that the time has come to invite the serious attention of both the newspaper manager and the public to the threatened breach in what should be an absolutely inviolable principle.

The danger which threatens the well-worn glory of the Press in this country is not bribery in any direct sense, but bribery by advertisement, and the disposition of the modern advertising agent to say, "Here is an advertisement which must not appear among other advertisements, but must be set in news type, be classed with news, and be, in fact, indistinguishable from ordinary news; and in consideration of its being so treated I am prepared to pay at a special rate." This paragraph or descriptive notice will probably be clothed in the flowery diction which the advertiser's hack conceives to be the accepted standard of literary style, and will skilfully lead up to the actual pill which the reader is desired to swallow as embodying the veritable recommendation and opinion of the editor of the journal in which he reposes his trust. There are perhaps twenty or thirty morning papers—the very cream of the British daily Press—that would contemptuously refuse any such advertisement, and that may be absolutely trusted to see that no such tricks are played with the public. They no doubt cover between them the bulk of the morning paper reading public throughout the kingdom, but, after all, they are a minority of daily newspapers, and, if we include evening journals, for every newspaper manager that says "No" to the alluring proposals of the advertising agent there will be half a dozen to say "Yes." If it were desirable to cite chapter and verse—which of course it is not—I could name as easy victims to this corroding innovation journals which, although not coming within the pale of the highest class, are yet rightly regarded as papers of reputation and enjoy public confidence accordingly. In the midst of their financial or other news may be seen almost any day laudatory paragraphs more or less directly commending to investors company schemes about to be floated or companies already in existence—paragraphs

which are supplied by an advertising agent, who either pays for them or promises in return the preferential insertion of remunerative advertisements relating to the same or other companies. Occasionally there is a feeble and wholly ineffectual attempt on the part of the paper so selling its editorial influence to qualify the effect by inserting three or four figures at the foot of the paragraph as a hint to all concerned that it is a registered advertisement. The ordinary reader knows nothing of the significance of this device, which is a sham, and is intended to be a sham, for the whole object of the advertiser is to deceive the public into the belief that the editor is commending the speculation.

One part of my purpose is to show to both the newspaper proprietors and the advertisers who are parties to the system not merely that this deceit is cankering the Press, but also that unless they can bring down every great journal in London and the provinces to their level it is for both of them a suicidal practice. The device is comparatively new, and as yet newspaper readers have scarcely had the chance to be on their guard; but in no long time they will learn to distrust alike the newspapers which thus sell their journalistic virtue and the schemes that are puffed in them. There is probably not the slightest danger of the greater journals thus stooping to purchase advertising favor, and they may be expected to draw to themselves the readers whose confidence has been abused by their weaker contemporaries. Both parties to the deceit will then be placed in the position of actors playing to an empty house. So far as the advertiser is concerned he is already doing that to a degree which he probably does not suspect. If one half the ingenuity and industry that are bestowed upon this poor game of trick advertising were brought to bear in the shape of searching investigation into the real value of the different newspapers for advertising purposes, and especially for advertisements addressed to particular classes, the advertiser himself would save a vast amount of misplaced money. The extent to which costly advertisements are given

to papers absolutely worthless for their purpose is astounding. Sometimes it is due to force of habit and total ignorance of the changes which time and competition effect in the relative value of different papers, as in the notorious case of the torpid firms of publishers who, having forty years ago been drawn to advertise freely in a then first-rate provincial morning paper, continued to send their announcements for years after it had become third-rate, and even down to the point of its inglorious death—steadfastly refusing all the while to give their confidence to the great journals that had superseded it. Speaking generally, the better class of advertising agents are quite competent to take care of the interests of their clients in these respects, and traders with money to spend on advertising cannot do better than place themselves in the hands of reputable firms who have proved by results their title to confidence. The waste of money spent on advertising arises chiefly in two cases—first, that of the knowing person who arms himself with a newspaper directory, or a select list of newspapers bequeathed to him by an ancestor, and flatters himself that he will save something by becoming his own agent; and, secondly, that of the man in a hurry who is tripped up and secured by the first adventurer claiming to be an advertising agent he meets. “Agents” of this latter type are increasing. Their chief care is to discover, not the journals which afford the largest publicity, but those out of

which they can make the largest “pie” in commission.

The advertising agent has, in turn, some reason to complain of recent encroachments upon his province, and, in the interests of journalism and of advertisers alike, he is entitled to support in resisting them. One great news agency upon which the British Press universally relies for its chief supplies of general news has always steadily declined to ally itself with the business of advertising in any shape, and nobody can doubt the wisdom of that policy. There are, however, news agencies which associate the distribution of advertisements with their primary business as news collectors and vendors, and while it is undoubtedly quite possible to preserve a clear distinction between the two functions, the system is manifestly liable to abuse. Beyond that proposition it is not necessary to go. The dual obligation of the Press to the public on the one hand, and to the advertiser on the other, is so delicate in its poise that it is exceedingly undesirable that any business method calculated to disturb it should be employed. The responsibility of the advertising agent to his client is as well defined as that of the newspaper to its readers, and the safeguard of both is perfect freedom of action on either side. The sale and purchase of news as between the two throws a cross interest athwart the relationship and tends to impair the independence of both.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE INDIVIDUAL ALWAYS THE UNIT.

BY HORACE SEAL.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in a review* of John Stuart Mill's lifework, and in a critical estimate of its permanent usefulness, among other matters discusses the value of his contributions to Sociology. After rightly deciding that Mill's Individual, apart from logical convenience, or for purposes of analysis or classification, is

relative only, and that we cannot find or imagine a normal human being living a complete and continuous human life, apart from his organic social surroundings; he then proceeds to discourse upon the right of the Individual as against the Community, and also to adjudicate upon the fundamental question, as to whether the Family or the Individual is the smallest substantive body or unit of the social organism:

* *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1896.

"To talk, in social science, about the 'rights of Individuals,' or the separate life of Individuals, or the independence of Individuals, or the conduct that solely concerns the Individual, unless we are using these terms as convenient hypotheses of abstract analysis, not as real, permanent, substantive facts of nature, is as incoherent as to talk of 'the rights' of the nervous system, or the separate life of a detached nerve or organ in the dissected body. In social science, the smallest substantive organism of which society is composed is the Family, not the Individual. A Family, as such, has a rudimentary organic life of its own; but an Individual has not. A Family on an isolated island can conceivably continue a normal, but very low type of human life, physical, moral, intellectual, and progressive, and can transmit somewhat that can be called the germs of human civilization from generation to generation. An Individual cannot do this, and therefore is not, normally speaking, man at all. The unit of society is the Family, not the Individual, which is an abstract artifice of analytic classification. And the social science which starts with Individuals, not with Families, is based on a radical sophism."

Now, putting aside for the present the comment on "the rights of Individuals" in the first sentence, we will proceed to examine the matter contained in the second sentence onward, to the finish of the paragraph.

Merely remarking that we should find it very hard to imagine a normal Family transmitting "somewhat that can be called the germs of human civilization from generation to generation," apart from a social environment, we shall first begin our examination of the proposition that "the unit of society is the Family, not the Individual," by asking what is the difference between a certain society called the "State" and other groupings of Individuals within its limits? The answer to this question is, that a State differs from all the groupings or societies within its limits by not only containing them, but by governing them; whereas these subordinate societies rule over their own members only, and can formally withdraw without losing their

nationality. This preponderating society, whose central government solely possesses the legislative and administrative powers over all the societies combined is a political one—that is, always from the beginning an aggregation of all the Individuals within its limits for purposes of offence or defence against external enemies, and for internal convenience and safety. The subordinate societies (clubs, leagues, local governments, manufactures, large firms, such as Shoolbred's and Whiteley's, universities, schools, prisons, hospitals, workhouses, etc.), on the other hand, may or may not be political, but those that are so have no legislative or administrative powers of government over the State, but, like the Primrose League, are rightly called political bodies when they busy themselves with, and influence the construction and policy of, these powers.

Therefore it is not a fundamental fallacy, as our critic calls it (p. 424), to use Society and the State as if they were interchangeable terms, for the things themselves are clearly identical. The State is a political, social organism, as the French Academy is a literary one, the Royal Academy an art one, or Whiteley's a trade one, with the difference that the State includes these others, whatever their composition. As these included societies are subordinate to the State, they should be called organs; but unfortunately for the biological analogy, they are not only organisms but social organisms equally with the State, which is, however, a social organism *par excellence*, with a difference in fact. There is, indeed, no animal organism that we are aware of (parasites are indeterminate and indefinite creatures, and hardly apply here), which contains other organisms, but only organs, whereas these contained, governed, subordinate bodies are organisms which only partially govern their own members while subject to the legal limitations of their container. Now, this only shows how awkward anatomical and physiological language becomes in the long run, and how it cramps and embarrasses thought on a difficult subject.

The social organism called the State, then, the only one known to history

down to the present time, was always a political one—and it will remain so, until utopian environments and ideal conditions come into operation. In our opinion, Mr. Harrison, in his own mind, has been mixing up the State with the central government (constitutional or otherwise), which may permanently or temporarily hold power in non-agreement with public opinion, that is, with the majority of its subjects; but, of course, this is quite a different thing.

We must now hasten to show that the smallest substantive organism of which the State is composed is not the Family, but the Individual. In early times, when the germ of the modern State* is first recognized in a gradual grouping together of tribes or smaller communities, more or less homogeneous, we nowhere discover the Family, but always the Individual as the political unit. And if we want a good example of such an individual, our old friend, the *pater Romanus*, is handy; who, among other things, was always the political representative of the Family—in fact, the unit of the State. That the *pater Romanus* is supposed by Letourneau and others to have possessed more absolute power over his Family than other heads of Families belonging to communities of other races does not detract from the fact in general of the head's social and political separation, or rather jutting out from his Family as the unit, and unconsciously, of course, as its representative. The Family so represented, inclusive of slaves and hangers-on, possessed neither voice nor vote in the

government, except indirectly through the central mouthpiece of the head—was unknown, both in fact and theory to the constitution (if we may so call it) of the community or evolving State. This *regimen* survived until the time at last arrived, after an interval of about 2000 years, for their several enfranchisement, with the exception of the women. Just as before the Reform Bill of 1832, ten-pound householders did not count, were not political individual units, so women are now unknown to the British Constitution, and are only represented by their fathers, brothers, or husbands. At the present time a large majority or minority, as the case may be, of the individuals or units, as bachelors, only represent themselves; but all through history, the Individual is the unit, not the Family.

As to the deliverance of contemptuous dismissal in the first sentence of the paragraph upon "the rights of the Individual;" it is a biological truism, that every nerve, cell, or small organ, when alive and undissected, possesses an individuality of its own, which constitutes its rights as against aggression on the part of the whole biological organism it belongs to. Even slight undue pressure upon any one single nerve cell, or organ, by the whole body, through design or accident, is resented by the said nerve, cell, or organ not doing its normal work—"striking," in fact.* So it turns out sociologically by this comparison, that the Individual possesses rights as against his State, and the difficulty only lies—a very big one—in laying down their limits.

On this occasion of a clever man quite losing his way in the sociological forest, it will be interesting to discover whether it is due to the ordinary blundering of a thinker who is not a specialist in this department of research, or to a cause including more than any one particular thinker within its broad embrace. We fancy that in assigning

* Seeley's *Organic State*: see Introduction to "Political Science," First Series of Lectures, II. and III. Considering the author's reputation, these lectures (II. and III.) are disappointing, though pregnant with thought. His genius seems to have led him truthward, in spite of a want of grasp of his subject, owing to an apparent innocence of Darwin and the theory of evolution. Most of the science these lectures contain was evidently hammered independently out of his own brain, and truisms are often naïvely mistaken for discoveries. There are some grave errors; for instance, such theocracies as the Muhammadan Empire and the Turkish State, which were mostly formed at the point of the sword, were not organic but inorganic States, if ever there were such.

* The late Sir J. Russel Reynolds's (in his address to the Medical Association, 1873) insistence upon the importance of the growing perception that the special organs of the body have general functions with which we have as yet a very imperfect acquaintance, strengthens this truth.

it to the latter, we steer truthward, and that the fallacious assumption, usually and generally taken, of the complete identity of the State with the human body is the offender.

For decades accustomed to run riot in the rank pasturage of far-fetched metaphor, we have not only habitually trodden upon the skirts of science, but also upon those of logic and style; accustomed to prate of the nervous, the circulatory, the sympathetic systems of a Social Organism, and delighted with a language soon to slip into mere jargon, while forgetting the points of difference *plus* the unknown ones, we have not only mistaken rhetorical falsehoods based on analogy for sound induction, but have also for the purposes of brief explanation dragged metaphor, which is a transference of the relations between one set of objects to another, into detail and excessive elaboration; and thereby, for every additional detail, increasing the improbability that the correspondence of the whole comparison is sustainable.

Our ill-use, with the consequences thereof, however, of analogy, whose value, even when faint, is that it may suggest observations and experiments with a view to establishing positive scientific truths, should not drive us to throw the blame on Mr. Herbert Spencer's shoulders. This would be shabby indeed! The Sage might retort with Puff in the *Critic*, "Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it." Still, an aside now and then to us inferior mortals, with human nature's tendency for overtreading a path of least resistance to knowledge (and this it decidedly was up to a certain point), would have reminded us in time that

"Est modus in rebus,
Sunt certi, etc."

Now, let us try to find out how Mr. Harrison probably arrives at the conclusion that the Family was the unit of the Social organism. It must have been somewhat in this way, we fancy. Pondering on the numerous cells within an animal organ, by a not uncommon inversion of the usual mental process, their supposed resemblance to

the many individuals included within a Family was permitted to interfere with, to obtrude upon, the actual structure of the thing compared, the State; and as it turned out, the unknown points, and those of difference, were kept out of sight by the known points of resemblance.

The State, in fact, had to be unmercifully tucked into the procrustean bed of metaphor and simile, but the *fundamenta relationis* being too narrow, it could not be done. The idea of the Individual as a cell, on the other hand, was evidently avoided from the latter's not containing from the beginning of things any contents which would match with those of the Family and its adjuncts (slaves, etc.); but, of course, it was unforeseen by our critic that either with the Family even compared with an organ, or the Individual with a cell, he would in the end stumble upon an inextricable dilemma. For if the Family were an organ, how could the individuals composing the same be compared with cells, congenital with the organ, *as thus they would be units before they were wanted*, when indeed, as we have seen above, the *pater Romanus* was the sole political unit? Or if the individual were a cell, where were the contents of the cell to come from, *when they would be wanted as units*, to set off against the bachelor, slaves, etc., of later times? Extemporized out of the connective tissue, perhaps, or intercellular substance? But this would be outside the cell, and therefore not resembling the members of a Family. Or from the fissure of this cell? But this would involve the transformation and bursting up of *pater Romanus* into a number of individuals. But this is impossible; so absurdity on absurdity!

It is important here to add, that in exposing the defectiveness of a supposed parity of reasoning, the simile should fail in an essential point. According to the authority of Minto,* "If the object to which we infer is known to possess some property incompatible with the property inferred, the general resemblance counts for nothing. The moon has no atmosphere,

* *Logic*, p. 370. *Rhetoric*, ch. ii. § 7.

and we know that air is an indispensable condition of life. Hence, however much the moon may resemble the earth, we are debarred from concluding that there are living creatures on the moon, such as we know exist on the earth." Whately also urges "the importance of considering attentively in each case, not what differences or resemblances are intrinsically the greatest, but what are those that do, or that do not, affect the argument." Now, we think that we have proved above, that the comparisons of the Family with an organ and of the Individual with a cell fail in essential points, and therefore our argument complies with both Minto's and Whately's tests.

While, then, the biological organism has been useful for purposes of general comparison and illustration of the State, the pursuit of the analogy must not mislead us as to the different nature of the two sets of phenomena and their fundamental unlikeness; and when we approach the study of the federal grouping of States, and have to fall back biologically upon an anatomical monstrosity, a many-headed State, we shall be thankful to have restrained in time our rhetorical exaggerations.

Inference, indeed, from analogy, is but an uncertain guide, and, as Jevons* advises, "we ought, in fact, never to rest satisfied with mere analogy, but ought to try to discover the general laws governing the case;" and also Minto,† "the degree of probability is much nearer zero than certainty;" and is it not Burke who especially warns us against "those analogies between bodies, natural and politic, which, though they may sometimes illustrate arguments, *furnish no argument of themselves?*"‡

Rather let us join with Heine, in his humorous prayer, "Heaven defend us from the evil one and from metaphor." And let us also remember that metaphor is compressed simile, and all the more dangerous in its temptations to us for being so. Lastly, we conclude this criticism of a criticism by confidently asserting that the proposition "the social science which starts with individuals, not with families, is based on a radical sophism" is itself sophistical and entirely fallacious; and that this "long result of time" is not a case of "the individual withering," but that the Individual has been, and will always be, we hope, the Unit.—*Westminster Review*.

THE BLIGHT ON THE DRAMA.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

A LITTLE more than a year ago—toward the close of 1895—the English drama seemed to be prospering and promising mightily. Three or four authors of established repute were producing vigorously, and, in the main, progressing; two or three younger men were coming gallantly to the front; never in our day, at any rate, had the outlook been more encouraging. We had talked for years of a renaissance of the drama—we now began almost to believe in it. The end of the nineteenth century seemed to be bringing us, what we had not possessed since the beginning of the eighteenth, a dramatic literature. Goldsmith and Sheridan formed the isolated rearguard of what is loosely termed the Restora-

tion School. They were stragglers, some sixty years belated, consummating, not initiating, a tradition. Our living playwrights, if not Goldsmiths, or even Sheridans, in individual genius, seemed at least to have their faces turned toward the future, and to be marching in the van of a movement, not bringing up the rear.

Gradually, as the winter of '95 closed in, this cheerful outlook darkened. A blight seemed to have fallen on our budding hopes. October 16th, when *The Benefit of the Doubt* was produced at the Comedy Theatre, was the last

* *Primer of Logic*, p. 110.

† *Logic*, p. 369.

‡ *Writer's italics*.

really inspiring evening vouchsafed us by the Fates. Here was an original play of sterling and brilliant ability—the maturest work Mr. Pinero had yet done—launched, as it seemed, on a long career of success. What could be more auspicious? A fortnight later, heralded by that priceless advertisement, an American “boom,” *Trilby* was produced. It was clear that we were in for a craze, an infatuation, always a disturbing factor in theatrical life; but, after all, who could quarrel with this innocent fairy-tale for grown-up children? Presently we began to hear disquieting rumors about *The Benefit of the Doubt*; it was not the success it promised to be; it was to have but a short run. Then Mr. Alexander, at the St. James’s, produced *The Divided Way*, a very able but unequal and depressing play by Mr. H. V. Esmond. It had not the slightest chance of attracting the multitude, and as a matter of fact it failed completely. Still, it was pleasant to find so much talent in a new writer. After a run of ten weeks, *The Benefit of the Doubt* was taken off. In any other city in the world, sixty performances would have been reckoned a quite satisfactory success; here, with our huge rents, huge salaries, and huge expenses of all sorts, the play was esteemed little better than a failure. Thus 1895 closed discouragingly; and in the first weeks of ’96 the blight set in definitely and malignantly. Months before I had received from America, with Mr. Wilson Barrett’s compliments, sheafs of cuttings from the St. Louis papers—or was it Cincinnati?—announcing in giant headlines, “A DRAMATIC REVOLUTION,” and all sorts of other marvels, which the critics of Cincinnati (or was it St. Louis?) regarded as necessarily ensuing from the production of Mr. Barrett’s magnificent new drama, *The Sign of the Cross*. The very first batch of cuttings that reached me contained reports of eulogistic sermons, and interviews with local clerics of all denominations; and every week brought from some new city a further outburst of pulpit puffery. The cleverness of the thing was unmistakable. At the cost of a few free admissions Mr. Barrett secured the en-

thusiastic co-operation, in place of the more or less active hostility, of the most effective advertising agency in the world, and thereby “tapped” (as it has been picturesquely put) an immense and impressionable new public. It was clear that a happy instinct had guided him, both in selecting the right moment for the experiment and in devising the right play wherewith to attempt it. One felt curious to see this miracle-working and oracle working drama; but for my part, though the clerical enthusiasm did not inspire me with the liveliest confidence, I can sincerely say that it awoke in me no active prejudice against *The Sign of the Cross*. On January 4th it was produced at the Lyric Theatre, before an audience liberally sprinkled with clergymen, and was greeted with frantic applause. The clergy, from the bench of bishops downward, played their part with the utmost docility; there was no effective protest in the press; and the “great religious drama” has, as we know, run through the whole year to crowded houses, it being apparent, observers tell us, that a large proportion of any given audience consisted of people who had never been to a theatre before. Had it appealed exclusively to the theatrical inexperience and literary incompetence of the religious public, the mischief would not have been so great. But there can be no doubt that its vulgarity, puerility, and brutality have had an unholy attraction for the ordinary playgoer as well. Here was a craze ten times more hurtful than the acutest *Trilby* mania—a phenomenon that could not but strike a chill to our hopes of progress.

With *The Prisoner of Zenda*, a pleasant but empty romanticism took possession for the whole year of the St. James’s stage; while *Michael and his Lost Angel*, a strenuous and able love-tragedy by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, failed to maintain itself at the Lyceum for more than ten days, and was followed by the Coppée-Davidson *For the Crown*, interesting but—not English. One of our foremost literary managers, Mr. Hare, had deserted us before the disastrous year began; and now another, Mr. Comyns Carr, was forced to quit the field. The Comedy was

given over to nauseous farce; the Garrick, after both Mr. Jones and Mr. Grundy had made brief appearance on its bills, was submerged in the flowing tide of musical comedy. This gigantic "bore" has swept over theatre after theatre in the course of the year. Here is a list of musical comedies produced at West End theatres alone, to say nothing of others which have been seen at suburban houses: *The New Barmaid*, *The Geisha*, *The Gay Parisienne*, *On the March*, *Biarritz*, *Monte Carlo*, *Newmarket*, *My Girl*, *The Belle of Cairo*, *The Little Genius*, *The White Silk Dress*, *Lord Tom Noddy*, *The Circus Girl*. At no time have there been fewer than four or five such pieces running simultaneously; and although we shall presently have to look a little more closely into the conditions of their success, there can be no doubt that they have attracted to themselves, and diverted from the more serious drama, an immense body of playgoers. For the rest, we have had three important and interesting Shakespearean revivals—*Henry IV.*, *Cymbeline*, and *As You Like It*. The usual Adelphi, Drury Lane, and Princess's melodramas have run their more or less successful course; a pantomimic French farce, without music, has been immensely popular at the Vaudeville; and divers other farces, original and adapted, have been produced at other theatres, many of them imbecile, some of them offensive, none of them either notably clever or notably successful. Finally, the Haymarket, opening under a new management, has been given over to a confused adaptation of a cape-and-sword romance.

One original English play of a certain modest merit has been produced and has succeeded—Messrs. Parker and Carson's *Rosemary* at the Criterion. That is the whole dramatic harvest of 1896.

May we not say, then, that a blight has fallen on our nascent or nascent English drama? Our dramatists of proved intelligence and skill are silent or find no hearers; our younger writers knock in vain at the managers' doors; the stage (a few revivals and adaptations apart) is entirely devoted to trivial and ephemeral, if not brutal

and degrading, spectacles; our two dozen theatres, in the course of a twelvemonth, produce one new play which may, at a pinch, be held to touch the confines of literature. Where are the hopes of yesteryear?

They are very much where they were, I fancy; for, to trifle with you no longer, this pessimistic opening is purely rhetorical. A blight there has been, no doubt—a curious and regrettable depression in serious drama. But I hope to show good reason for believing that it has been in great measure a matter of pure chance, and that such permanent causes as have helped to bring it about are likely, in the nature of things, to be equally helpful in bringing about a reaction.

The three signs of the times for which we have to account are these: (1) the failure, or comparative failure, of certain serious and able plays; (2) the extravagant popularity of school-boy and school-girl romances; (3) the exorbitant vogue of musical farce, and its encroachments upon the domain of drama. Let us take these phenomena in their order.

In order to prove, or even to make it seem probable, that the public has tired of serious drama, as such, we should have to point to one or two plays for whose failure no adequate reason could be assigned, except a revolution in public taste. But I have heard of no such plays. In all the five cases which come within the period under review—*The Benefit of the Doubt*, *The Divided Way*, *Michael and his Lost Angel*, *The Rogue's Comedy*, *The Greatest of These*—there were reasons in the plays themselves, or in the circumstances of their presentation, amply sufficient to account for the lot which befell them. *The Benefit of the Doubt* suffered from the fatal disadvantage of a weak last act. It came within an ace of wrecking the play on the first night—the audience, which had received the first two acts with eager enthusiasm, grew more and more restless as the third act proceeded, until I, for my part, sat on thorns lest their impatience should find open expression. Disaster was averted for the moment; but I have not the slightest doubt that succeeding audiences experi-

enced the same uneasiness, and that consequently the general impression which got abroad—the tea-table criticism which really decides the fate of a play—was in this case unfavorable. Moreover, three of the most important parts were very unfortunately acted; and in a play in which the responsibility is so evenly divided, even one piece of bad acting makes havoc of the general effect. Surely, then, we need not assume a revulsion in popular taste in order to account for the short run of a play which had so much against it. *The Divided Way* was the promising but crude and imperfect work of a beginner. It could scarcely have succeeded had the public been never so avid of serious drama. As for *Michael and his Lost Angel*, which also had the inherent disadvantage of dwindling toward the end, it cannot be said either to have succeeded or failed. It was, as old Downes says of one of the lost angels of the Restoration playhouse, “erept the stage” with unprecedented haste and under inexplicable conditions. At the time of its withdrawal there was at least an even chance that, in spite of certain faults and drawbacks, it would have taken hold of the great public. Mr. Jones’s other play, *The Rogue’s Comedy*, was a clever but slight piece of work, designed, I fancy, rather for Mr. Willard’s travelling repertory than for a long London run. It was scarcely to be classed as serious drama, and its failure (if it *did* fail) meant as little as its success would have meant had it succeeded. Mr. Grundy’s play, on the other hand, *The Greatest of These*, was serious enough in all conscience, and strong and moving to boot. But it was old-fashioned in style, and produced on one of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal’s flying visits to town, under circumstances which excluded in advance any likelihood of prolonged popularity. Here ends the roll-call of serious modern plays produced since the setting in of the alleged blight. What lesson, then, can we learn from it?

Simply that a play of this class must be pretty uniformly strong and pretty evenly well acted, and must be given a reasonable chance at a theatre in vogue, if it is to win the rare prize of pro-

longed popular success. This moral is neither new nor dispiriting, though the conditions are doubtless undesirable which force every author to make prolonged popular success the one goal of his endeavor, and leave no halting-place between that and failure. Not until the public has wantonly rejected a uniformly strong play, evenly well acted at a popular theatre, can we admit that there is any valid evidence of a general distaste for serious drama. No such play happens to have been presented within the period in question; and those plays which have been presented have met with as good fortune as could at any period have been predicted for them. The one exception was Mr. Jones’s *Michael*, which was not rejected by the public, but sacrificed to reasons of state before the public had had any chance of making up its mind about it.

We find, then, that the public has not rejected any serious play without good reason, or at any rate sufficient excuse. But, on the other hand, it has undoubtedly flocked to plays the reverse of serious, whether romantic dramas or musical farces. Does not the vogue of *Trilby*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and *The Red Robe* show that people are tired of the realities of life, its passions and its problems, and yearn for ideal emotions in picturesque surroundings?

No; I do not believe in any such exclusive yearning. *Trilby* we may put aside at once; it proves absolutely nothing except that a popular book and an American “boom” are the best possible advertisements for an agreeable and amusing, farcico-fantastic play. Nor does the success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* mean anything more than that an ingenious, interesting, and picturesque story will always find willing listeners. Can any one seriously argue that Mr. Rose’s play would not have been equally popular if it had been produced two, three, or four years earlier? I venture to say that if it had followed close on the heels of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, or had been produced in place of Mr. Pinero’s play, its fortune would have been precisely the same. It is the ingenuity and charm of Mr. Anthony Hope’s story,

and Mr. Rose's happy knack in dramatization, that have brought about the "romantic revival;" and, given equally good acting and an equally popular theatre, they might have created it in 1891, 1892, or 1893 just as easily as in 1896. Not that the "romantic revival" is entirely an illusion. It exists in the imagination of managers and critics, and that is enough to give it a certain reality. No doubt it was the "romantic revival"—or, in other words, the success of *The Prisoner of Zenda*—that induced the new Haymarket management to open with *Under the Red Robe*; and it was the conviction that this was the sort of play the public wanted that induced the critics to laud it as they did. I confess that the popularity of this play, which has nothing like the originality or charm of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, does seem to me to indicate a certain infatuation on the part of the public. But, after all, its staying power has yet to be tested; it has not yet run as long as *The Prisoner of Zenda* by many a week. And if, instead of following up the "romantic revival," Messrs. Harrison and Maad had elected to open with a strong play by Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones, a play possessing the inherent qualities which in other years would have secured success, does any one imagine that the "romantic revival" of 1896 would in any way have impaired that success? I say that such an idea is the veriest superstition. Let Mr. Pinero produce a play as uniformly strong and as well acted as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and we shall have a "realistic revival" to-morrow.

Two productions (or three, if we include *Trilby*) do not make a "revival" of any given style; but thirteen productions of a particular class within a single year undoubtedly constitute an invasion. How, then, are we to interpret the invasion of musical farce? Are we to sit down in sackcloth and ashes, and declare that since the public has gone a—philandering after *Geishas* and *Gay Parisiennes*, there is an end of the English drama? Nothing of the sort. This craze on the part of the public is enormously exaggerated, and so far as it really exists, it is by no means to be regarded as

altogether unjustifiable and deplorable. There is a great deal of real cleverness in some of the musical farces of the day. The plot and dialogue are apt to be wretched enough, but the lyrics are often exceedingly ingenious, and the comic acting sometimes shows genuine observation or individual fantasy. Nothing is entirely to be deplored, except the success of sheer blatant stupidity. *The Sign of the Cross* is, to me, a far more depressing portent than *My Girl* or *Monte Carlo*. True, there is always a more or less aggressive savor of vulgarity in these plays; but who is visionary enough to dream of eradicating vulgarity from the entertainments of a theatre-going public of (say) a million and a half? Not I, for one. We may protest when the vulgarity passes reasonable bounds, or when people who ought to know better are found giving it active countenance. But, after all, clever vulgarity has its compensations; it is only stupid vulgarity that ought to be hateful to gods and men. "La délicatesse d'esprit," say the Goncourts subtly, "est une corruption longue, longue à acquérir, et que ne possèdent jamais les peuples jeunes." The Elizabethan public was a "peuple jeune"—if some of us could have lived in that age with our present "délicatesse d'esprit" we should probably have written down a good deal of Shakespeare as vulgar, and not always cleverly vulgar. There are no doubt more people nowadays than there were then who have acquired the "longue corruption;" perhaps, though this is not so certain, they may even be more numerous in proportion to the whole mass. But there are vast numbers in every grade of society who have remained practically as "young" as the Elizabethan public; and it is as unphilosophic to complain because playwrights cater for these simple souls, as it would be to attack the moral character of Messrs. Swan & Edgar because some of their customers insist on wearing tasteless frocks. One may express one's preference for reasonable good manners, but it is only when vulgarity sinks into a deliberate brutality and baseness that serious denunciation is called for.

Thus I cannot regard musical farce

in itself as an altogether deplorable sign of the times. The disproportionate space it has occupied in the year's bill of fare is of course to be regretted. But I venture to suggest that this is a symptom, not of an inordinate craving on the part of the public, but of a self-destructive mania in the "syndicates" who have crowded into a delusively promising field for speculation.

We outsiders are apt to assume naïvely that everything that is floridly advertised, and especially everything that runs its six months or so, is, as the saying goes, "a little gold mine." Alas! theatrical gold mines, like those of Capel Court, are not always what they seem. A musical farce is an exceedingly expensive thing to mount and to run. It is worse than useless without at least one high-priced star; in some of these plays there have been four or five performers who draw extravagant salaries. Thus the houses must be continuously full to afford any considerable margin of profit, while it is the easiest thing in the world to drop many thousand pounds while "putting a good face on it" and waiting for the business to "pick up." At least half of the thirteen pieces enumerated have been obvious and practically admitted failures; and I think it very doubtful whether more than two or three of the seeming successes have been genuinely and largely remunerative. I have been assured on what I believe to be good authority that one of the most famous of musical farces (not included in the above list), which ran for at least a year with every appearance of prosperity, resulted in a net loss of £11,000. This may be exaggerated or even untrue; but it is clear that in running such cumbrous and expensive machines, there is always the risk of a sudden "drop" coming at an awkward time, and wiping out the profits of previous months. Musical farce, in a word, is a singularly precarious form of gambling; and its inordinate prevalence is a proof, not of popular infatuation, but rather of the fascination which this particular game possesses for the theatrical punter.

There is a large and probably increasing class of City men who are always willing to devote their spare mo-

ments and spare cash to a "flutter" in theatres. They hope to win, of course; but as this is not their actual business, they can afford to lose with a tolerable grace, for the sake of the excitement, to say nothing of the subsidiary charms of theatrical life. Now, to men of this stamp, musical comedy is especially seductive. They have not, and do not pretend to, any literary judgment, even such as goes to the selection of a farce or melodrama. They simply order their play, as they order dresses and appointments, from certain recognized purveyors. Then they put it on and "work" it, and watch its fortunes with the gamester's thrill; while it brings them into contact with theatrical society of the type to which their tastes most incline. If the worst come to the worst, the game is worth a longish candle in the shape of loss; and then there is always the glorious uncertainty whether the piece may not prove a little gold mine. This class of theatrical speculators is, of course, not new, but I am much mistaken if the allurements of musical farce, an invention of the past three or four years, have not added largely to its numbers. Thus a peculiarly attractive form of gambling has, I think, led to the piling up of stakes on the table, out of all proportion to the rational probability of gain. Musical farce has absorbed theatre after theatre, not because the public really demanded it with any such desperate avidity, but because a large number of speculators were inordinately eager to supply it. Supply, of course, in some degree begets demand. If at any given moment there are six musical farces inviting the idle playgoer, more people will go to see them than if there were only three—but not twice as many people, nor anything like twice as many. One or two of the six may be really and largely successful—that is to say, almost every one of the class to whom such productions appeal at all, will pay to see them. That class, however, will not be effectively enlarged, and audiences will be spread out thin over the remaining four or five theatres. In this way the excessive vogue of musical farce, not (as I suggest) among the public, but among the speculators, will

presently correct itself. The thing is new; its real commercial conditions are only now being ascertained. Two or three years ago, when the form was an absolute novelty, and when there were comparatively few in the field, profits may really have "ruled high" on the average. But about eighteen months ago the rush set in, and the past year has, I fancy, witnessed its culmination. I am far from prophesying the total disuse of the form; it has many capabilities, which may not improbably be developed in years to come; and even apart from such development, the inherent advantages of the form are sufficient, I believe, to assure its popularity for an indefinite period. But signs are not wanting that the craze on the part of the "syndicates" must shortly die down. When it does, the domain of musical farce will shrink to reasonable dimensions, and there will once more be room for the cultivation of other forms of drama.

Having now surveyed the whole field, let me sum up my argument. It is, in brief, that the theatrical public is so vast and various that it cannot be treated as an individual entity, governed (even roughly speaking) by a single will or a single appetite. Or rather, it is governed by one single and simple desire; it demands to be amused and interested, and does not in the least care how. Its critical watchword is that which Alexandre Dumas borrowed from Boileau, "Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux." Within certain obvious limits, it will take whatever is offered, so long as it is thoroughly good of its kind. Crazes may, indeed, be begotten by sheer advertisement, direct or indirect; but a general bent in the public mind away from one form of art and toward another, is at all times, to say the least of it, a questionable hypothesis. The fact that managers are apt, on the most trifling evidence, to imagine such a bent, and to shape their course accordingly, does give it a certain reality; but it is the managers and syndicates that begin the sheep-like rush, the public only follows, not always in serried order. In other words (as I am never tired of insisting),

there is no such thing as *the* public, while there is always *a* public for any production, of whatever class, that attains a certain pitch of vitality. It is true that by making a too unanimous rush in any one direction managers may altogether alienate, for the time being, one or other section of the public. The rush this year has been all in one direction, though it has broken into the three streams of garish frivolity, picturesque puerility, and pseudo-pious brutality. Thus that minor but far from negligible portion of the public, which looks for thought, observation, and emotion in the theatre, has been left entirely out in the cold. Of this there has been a curious proof in the eagerness with which people have rushed to Ibsen's *Little Eyolf*. Despite the masterly first act, this is not by any means the best among his stage plays; the last two acts are gloomy, depressing, and absolutely devoid of incident. Yet people have crowded to see it, simply because they were famishing for an imaginative thrill, an emotional experience. I have not the slightest doubt that had the play been produced two years ago, when it was first published, its attraction would have been comparatively trifling. People flocked to it, after this year of blight, as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Of course it would be an exaggeration to say that it has "drawn" as a play of Mr. Pinero's or Mr. Jones's would draw. But the fact that Ibsen, with such a play, can attract his thousands, indicates, if it does not absolutely prove, that there must be tens and hundreds of thousands who are tired of the ordinary theatrical fare of the day, even if their stomachs be not yet strong enough for Ibsen.

This whole argument may strike some readers as an unphilosophical effort to prove the stage exempt from the operation of the general laws which govern all other intellectual activities. "You cannot deny," the reader may say, "that certain tendencies, or fashions if you will, are clearly manifest, from time to time, in poetry, in fiction, in painting, in music. Why should the stage alone be unaffected by these shifting currents? If, for instance,

there is a 'romantic revival' in fiction, why should not the stage respond to a similar impulse?" It may be questioned, in the first place, whether even in these other departments of art, it is not the supply that begets the demand. I am strongly inclined to think, that "tendencies" first manifest themselves in the creative, not in the merely receptive, mind—that the artist imposes his will upon the public, not the public upon the artist. To take an instance on a large scale: it cannot be said that the world was craving for Wagnerian music-drama, and that, if Richard Wagner had died in his teens, some one else would have come forward and satisfied this pre-existent craving under slightly different forms. No! it was Wagner who craved for the world, not the world for Wagner. He found, of course, certain conditions ready made, but he created the "tendency" which has re-fashioned modern music. No doubt, even if he had not been born, the increased potency of musical expression which we owe to him would ultimately have been arrived at; but it might have been in the twentieth or twenty-fifth century, just as well as in the nineteenth. Artistic tendencies, then, begin in one or two artist-brains, pass from brain to brain among artists by a sort of infection, impose themselves from without upon the public, and are then followed up by the pseudo-artists, the mechanics, who, having no brains to originate anything, are bound simply to supply a demand. But even if this were an untrue—and of course it is a one-sided—representation of the case as regards literature, painting, and music, I should still maintain that the drama is practically isolated, and, if it obeys at all the tendencies which govern the other arts, obeys them so sluggishly and imperfectly that they may practically be left out of consideration. The English theatre, with its long unbroken runs, is a terribly unwieldy piece of mechanism, and necessarily insensitive to intellectual influences. Look, for instance, at our leading theatre, the Lyceum. There have been half a dozen marked fluctuations of literary fashion since the beginning of Sir Henry Irving's management; but have they, or any of them, affected

the Lyceum? No more than they have affected the Monument. It is true, of course, that certain influences do ultimately percolate from popular literature to the stage. For instance, if there had been no "romantic revival" in fiction, there would have been no *Prisoner of Zenda* or *Under the Red Robe* for Mr. Edward Rose to dramatize. But the "romantic revival" in fiction has been patent and recognized any time since 1885; it has taken all these years to touch the stage at all; and while it was at its height in the book-market, three or four years ago, the "realistic revival" (four or five plays all told) was at its height in the theatre. The moral is, I take it, that in our inarticulate and heterogeneous theatrical world there are no tendencies sufficiently definite and calculable to be worth talking about or acting upon. Such movements as appear on the surface are almost entirely begotten of the managerial and journalistic imagination. At no time does the public, as a whole, demand one form of play rather than another. Playwrights and managers who devote anxious thought to the question "how the cat is jumping," are simply wasting their mental tissue. The cat may be made to jump in any direction by a sufficiently alluring bait. Owing to a combination of pure chance with managerial superstition, no effective attempt has been made during the period under review to attract the public in the direction of serious drama. When another set of chances comes into play, managerial superstition will still be ready to intensify their operation, and we may look for a rush of realism. Thus the blight we have been studying will probably turn out to be a transitory and negligible phenomenon, important only if it should prove to have discouraged our serious playwrights and betrayed them into paltering with their ideal.

But though we need not be down-hearted as to the future, we may well regret the fact that there is no theatrical institution in England (save only the monumental Lyceum aforesaid) so firmly established on a sound artistic basis as to remain unaffected by the chances and superstitions to which we

owe this period of tedious triviality. It seems to me clear that the time is ripe for such an institution, and that it is not only a possibility, but a probability of the near future. "Ha!" cries the reader. "Here we have the old dream, or nightmare, of an endowed theatre cropping up afresh!" But an endowed theatre is not a dream; it is an existing reality; one may almost say *the* existing reality. A belief has somehow gained currency to the effect that the English stage is a self-supporting institution. Some are even of opinion that its strict subjection to the law of supply and demand, in all its divine simplicity, is the crowning glory of the British Drama. This is a mistaken theory based upon an imaginary fact. Take it all round, the British drama, or at any rate the London stage, is not self-supporting at all. Of all departments of commerce, the play-trade is that in which the law of supply and demand is most persistently suspended and defied. It is, of course, impossible to establish a detailed and authoritative theatrical budget; but I am very sure that if a complete profit-and-loss account of our two dozen West End theatres for any given season could be audited, certified, and published, it would make the devotees of the "cheese-mongering" theory of management open their eyes so wide that they would scarcely be able to close them again. If ever there was a "bounty-fed" article of commerce it is the drama of the West End theatres. The capital which goes into the cheese-trade is, so to speak, automatically regulated by the prospect of a fair return at current rates. There is no such charm in the act of cheese-mongering as to make people crowd into the market and lose fortune after fortune rather than desist from selling cheeses. But in play-mongering, or rather entertainment-mongering, there

are a score of allurements which set commercial sanity at nought, and attract capital out of all proportion to any reasonable hope of return. A few theatres, it is true, are, on the whole, fairly prosperous, though even they have their serious fluctuations, and probably do not pay a larger interest on capital than would be demanded in any other enterprise of equal precariousness. But if (say) six out of the twenty-four theatres may be set down as steadily remunerative, it can scarcely be doubted that at the remaining eighteen, taking one year with another, the losses far exceed the gains. No one who is behind the scenes at all will deny that incredible sums are squandered on the London stage with still more incredible foolishness. In other words, if the drama were not endowed, some seventy-five per cent of our theatres would cease to exist. The drama *is* endowed—spasmodically and stupidly, but lavishly enough in all conscience. Is it, then, so utterly incredible that one day or other a "backer" should be found to endow a theatre with brains as well as money? He need not have a very long purse—or, more precisely, he must have a long purse, but he will not be called upon to empty it. For it is quite a mistake to imagine that an endowed theatre would never become self-supporting. The endowment is required during the experimental stage, to start the enterprise, to establish it, and to give it time to create its public and form its tradition. That once done, it ought, in a city like London—or *they* ought in a country like England—to be entirely self-supporting. And the man who has the insight to recognize his opportunity and the energy to seize it, will rear himself an imperishable monument at a very slight expense—except of brains.—*Fortnightly Review*.

HAMPTON COURT IN BYGONE YEARS.

BY HON. MRS. R. C. BOYLE.

FOR some whose familiar knowledge of it dates back from a far-past childhood, the very sound of the name of Hampton Court bears a sense of old-world quiet. The noise of fountains falling in rippling rhythm, or the echo of the sentry's measured tread upon the flags, returns—and there is the smell of limes in blossom, and a feeling of old days gone by, and of all that made up for us the unforgotten past. The present writer's grandmother,* who died at the age of ninety two, inhabited apartments at the very top of the palace, and with her and her life there, the whole place is to me associated. Down her long stone stair of nigh a hundred steps she went, and up she climbed again, once a day at least, till a short time before her death in 1852. I knew her for some twenty years, and to me she was always very old. People said she was a pretty old lady, with her round dimpled face, and the arch look in her gray eyes. Youth, however, sees not the beauty of age, and vividly, as yesterday, I can still recall the bewildering disappointment when she gave me one birthday, her gift of a lock of snow white hair in a gold locket. The baby heart had coveted instead an auburn curl from the front that adorned her grandmother's brow! It was then that I heard with childish wonder the story of how her hair had turned gray in a single night, after receiving the letter which contained the news of her husband's death.† He had sailed to the West Indies to take up his appointment as governor of Tobago, and died of yellow fever just as the long voyage ended, and his ship had steered into port. In those days, my grandmother, as one of Queen Charlotte's ladies, was attached to the court of George III. In youth she had been very lovely, and this her portrait, by Romney, testified. Probably, scarce

any one is now living who remembers her figure as she used to be seen walking in Hampton Court Gardens. A little old woman, rather bent, yet with slow and stately gait. Her train of soft black mode silk she held up at the back as she walked. A white kerchief, and a black lace veil arranged over her close round cap, completed the picturesque toilette. Bonnet she never wore, excepting on Sundays for service in the chapel. At chapel, Lady A. (she was always "Lady A." to her family and friends) sat upstairs in the royal closet, or enclosed gallery, then the exclusive right of present or former members of the household. Here she made a point of beguiling the hour of service with the peculiar chronic long-drawn cough, in which she indulged to the exasperation of the whole congregation. Vainly they threatened to bring it before the Board of Green Cloth—the "Star Chamber" of Hampton Court;—Lady A.'s cough was indomitable. Little do I remember now of her real character. I know that she loved flowers, and kept myrtles on a wire stand; that she wrote beautiful prayers in the fly-leaves of her prayer-books; that she "quizzed" her friends (smart remarks were styled "quizzing" in her day), and that they did not always see the joke. I remember that in hot weather she would cool her carpets with a fine rosed garden watering-pot; that she had a passion for open windows, for silver plate, and also for beautiful books—and for cutting out of them valuable prints which she gummed into a portfolio. I remember also the rose-pink rouge which, though daintily applied every afternoon on one cheek, was so often forgotten on the other, and the quaint handwriting—hard to decipher, and well sanded over with glittering gold sand. I remember, also, her affectionate devotion to the Royal Family whom she served so long. I dearly loved my grandmother. By whomsoever else she might be feared, to the children she never was severe, and she never said she missed from

* Lady Albina Cumberland, daughter of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire.

† The eldest son of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist.

her store the *pâtes de guimauve* and jujubes, which we could not resist, though we sometimes tried.

In these days of imitated art, it is no small privilege to be able to see at the back of the mind's eye, distinct and clear as a Dutch painting, rooms like those at the top of the long stairs. Rooms furnished in the days before intuitive good taste had vanished. The drawing-room especially shines out to memory, distinct and clear in its minutest details. From the dark mahogany Sheraton or Chippendale tables, the Indian cabinets, bearing on their tops blue delft bowls filled with rose leaves; the bookcases and what nots carrying white Japanese crabs and vases, besides the old novels ranged in their endless volumes; and the China mandarin decently robed in faded velvet, reclining under a card-table near the door—to the high, square, small-paned windows, and green moreen window-cushions, there is not a jarring note to be described in the harmonious whole. Through those wide open windows—ever thrown wide except in dead of winter—came the continuous, ceaseless fall of the fountain below in the gardens: most dreamily delicious sound! Sometimes the fountain would go mad, and dance wildly up and down. Even in those intervals, the very splash of it was musical. In through the windows would steal warm wafts of sweetness on summer afternoons from the blossoming lime avenues. Leaning out, we watched the blue-backed swallows in mid-air under the windows, coursing up and down; or in late autumn, clustering about the gray stone mouldings. And then the view! From the palace centre, in lengthening, dark procession, radiated the straight lines of heavy-headed yews. Beyond the garden's water-boundary, the long canal and the avenues of Home Park made a lesson in beautiful perspective. On the left, a green vista led on a mile away, closed by the mottled old square tower of Kingston Church. Down to the edge of the canal at sundown, the whole herd of fallow deer would troop with velvet step to drink, then plunge in and swim across to the other side. At dusk we watched for the white owl, who rarely failed on silent wing to cross

from the left bank to the right. The distant end of the canal fifty years ago seemed to be a wood; now there is but a hard line of bald white buildings. The beauty of the ancient yew-trees (there were hollics, too), once the garden's pride, has deteriorated since then. It must be over a quarter of a century ago that they underwent a barbarous persecution. With the idea of improving their appearance, the authorities one day took the trees in hand. Some of them had grown to be great ivy tods rather than yews, so smothered were they in ivy. So the ivy was hacked and stripped off, only to find the gaunt straggling heads that remained, too old and too far gone to bush out again. Then the trunks were literally flayed; all the natural roughness smoothed away; and then, when laid bare and naked, it is whispered that they were scrubbed with soap and water! Poor yews! could such cruelty ever be forgot, even if advised by the first gardeners of the day? In the long ago, that is imaged deep in the magic mirror of memory, the Hampton Court yews were in the zenith of their full perfection of size and shape. Few in number, however, were the flowers in the plots surrounding them which bordered the close-shaven lawns. There were yellow crocuses in March, in double rank along the edges of the turf. Along the Broad Walk, as one goes toward the Flower-pot gate, China roses and heliotrope and dark crimson fuchsias, struggling with masses of blue convolvulus and mignonette, together made sweet confusion in the border. Here and there rose a tall dahlia, stiffly over-looking all. No great variety; but on the other hand there was then no carpet bedding! The reign of that form of floral tyranny did not till long after begin to vex the poet's soul. Virginian stock—lovely in the blending of its variegated hues—there must have been besides. For, as a little child, I once surprised a tiny flower of it on a window sill at the palace top. A bird must have somehow carried up the seed, and it had lodged in a cranny between the stones. The window was intersected by the great triangular stone pediment, which shut off half the daylight, lending an almost prison gloom to the

chamber within. The gloom, I remember, was heightened by the ornaments on the high chimney-piece: a row of dull grayish-colored, queer-shaped cups, which were made at the time of the famine to hold a little jam and look if possible like pastry, and so to save the flour.

It was Sunday, and during church-time the child was left alone in the room. It was dull and dark, so she climbed up to the window, and discovered with ineffable delight the radiant little lilac quatrefoil just outside! Afterward, the growing girl found again her childhood's "prison flower" in "Picciola's" well-loved pages. And now, long years after, regularly as April days come round, a little packet of Virginian stock seed is brought in by the gardener and laid on her writing-table; and the old woman goes out into the garden, and with her own hands sows the seed for remembrance, where best the sun and showers may nurture it. . . . Among the flowers of the Gardens, we loved best of all the "Star of Bethlehem." The plants grew wild about the roots of the limes near the Pavilion Walk, and season after season they appeared, and never missed. Starlike is that lovely flower; and yet, how wan and watery shine its gray-green petals! June is the month when it is due, when the harbinger of joy whose name it bears has long since paled in Eastern skies. The idea of something sacred seems not uncommon in names of plants of that race. *Ornithogalum arabicum* (pure white with centre of shining black) is in Spanish "Oyoz de Christos," or "The eyes of Christ."

On the narrower canal, whose clear waters girdle all that portion of the gardens lying nearest to Home Park (it used not to be called "The" Home Park), neither geese nor ducks were known; and the little duck-houses of these days were not in existence then. A pair of swans ruled in solitary state, or anon forgot their dignity by standing on their heads and grubbing among the weeds after the manner of their kind. A black swan was at one time permitted to bear them company. In the brown shade cast by trees upon the water, often might be dimly seen a dark length of lazy pike—moveless as

a piece of dead stick. Reeds grew sparsely where the rich turf met the water on the other side, next the park rails. It was reserved for modern taste a few years ago to dig this strip of grass, and make of it a kitchen-garden and a storeplace for manure. There, in the days before such profanation was thought of, near this cool, quiet spot, by the water, the palace ladies, on hot summer afternoons, would bring their books and work-baskets. Even on a Saturday, the van-loads of *cockneys*—an appellation then in vogue for the London people—would scarcely care to out-wend in that direction. The swans with ruffling plumage, swam up and down; and gossip told how one day the black swan, in passing by, stretched his long neck and snatched her silver thimble from a lady sitting on the green. She, equal to the occasion, seized the black thief by the throat, and ere the thimble had time to slip down the length of it, forced him to disgorge. Where the narrower canal, and the triple line of its bordering lime-trees end westerly, at an angle following the river's course, a broad green terrace walk begins. The Pavilion Walk bore a character of gentle mystery, which drew one's step that way as with a spell. All along the grass at intervals there stood great solemn yews. Such of them as still remain are full of dark grandeur, but time and neglect have broken up the long line, and their number is diminished.

On a crescent-shaped lawn beside the Water Gallery, and rounding to the Green Terrace, is an old carved stone pedestal. The statue or vase, in common with all those others that at one time decorated the gardens, had long been carried away to another place, or else destroyed. This gray stone, engrailed with lichen'd eld, was an enchanted stone—or so they said. If at evening one knelt down and laid the ear against it, the fairies talking might be heard. Many an evening have we, as children, lagged behind while our elders walked on, and stolen over the grass to crouch beside the cold gray stone. Yet, not for all our listening, did we ever hear one low whisper from a fairy's lips! It is true that in the thick fog of a November afternoon, a

chain of brown beads tossed over the high river wall has been known to fall at the feet of one walking alone there; and although received as a mystic gift, to change at once into a string of common horsechestnuts! And it is true as history itself! that no person has ever succeeded in the task of walking straight along that smooth turf between the willow-fringed 'Thames and the yew trees' line, with their eyes shut. It was thus without question in my grandmother's time; there is hardly leisure nowadays for such-like follies. Infinitely remote and far away did the tangled wilderness of the Pavilion Garden, at the far end, in those days seem. In "the Pavilion" lived an old Mrs. Moore. She was seldom seen abroad, nor did I ever see the walls of her house, nor ever penetrated more than once beyond the wicket into the garden. That once was enough! What appeared to be a red and white speckled calf rushed out and beset us from the moment we entered and the little gate closed behind us. Turn whichever way we would, the creature bounced out upon us from within dense dark thickets of sweetbriar and syringa. It did not pursue, but it harassed, like a malevolent elf, till at last we fled before it terrified. The wildest, ferniest region of the park skirted one side of the Pavilion Walk. How lonesome and how lovely it was! On late September evenings, after the hot, sultry day was done, the sunbrowned bents gave out a dewy perfume so subtle that the senses scarcely can recall it. Stepping through the dry thin grass, the fallow deer would cry to one another in the drouthy silence, calling one another's Christian names; names quite easy to distinguish. It was "Jack! Tom! Harry!" all over the place! "The time is long past and the scene is afar," yet even now the sound, as I think of it, is in my ear.

An ancient hollow oak, standing as for ages it had stood, knee deep in green bracken, was the friend of our youth, and frequent goal in long summer ramblings. The hollow was good for climbing up inside; and what unspoken joy to crawl out through the open rent, and, sitting on a giant branch, survey the world at ease! An old red brick building near by was the

Keeper's House. It is since pulled down, and no vestige of it remains. Nearly opposite the site of this old barn-like house, in the iron rails dividing the park from the Pavilion Walk, are set a pair of lofty wrought-iron gates. Others, smaller and not made to open, were formerly arranged at intervals along the railings. One of them, whose centre ornament is a harp, I saw again for the first time after many years in South Kensington Museum. Sad, it seemed, to meet thus, in the dulness and dust of London—the old friend so well remembered under the open sky, with wild grasses wrapped about its feet! Of the magnificent Great gates it is curious that personally I retain no recollection from the olden days—they seemed, indeed, to me, a new feature on revisiting the place in 1893. The brain that designed and the hands that made them alike are dust, but these grand specimens of iron-work need never know the touch of time. Change and decay are not for such as these, intended, as most probably they were—exclusively for royal use; yet they, or rather a portion at one side, are now open all day for the public to pass in and out of Home Park. Just in front of them, across the Pavilion Walk, a new right of way with steps up the wall, has for the last nine years given easy access from the barge-walk on the river side. Is it old-fashionedness, or may be some yet more unworthy sentiment, that leads one to resent this throwing open wide to all the world? The effect seems to have half-spoiled, in some sort even to have effaced, the old special grace and dignity. There is so little of repose in a public thoroughfare; and everybody, from a tramp to a tourist, may now pass without hindrance into Home Park, or through the gardens into the no longer sentry-guarded palace. None may hope to enjoy here, as in the days that are no more, the deep refreshment of solitude—of silence that scarce heeds the murmuring flow of the swift-running river, or music of gathering rooks in shadowy trees beyond. None shall any longer seek the "sacred quiet" of this secluded spot—

"Far estranged from maddening riot
And the busy haunts of men,"

musings, it may be, at times within themselves—

"When the ills of fortune grieve us,
When her short lived favors flee;
When the hollow-hearted leave us,
Oh, how sweet to fly to thee!"

Without any doubt there is a depressing sense of "People's Palace" about the Hampton Court of 1896. It is well that the people of a great nation should have ample resource for holiday playgrounds provided, and it was the gracious act of our Queen to grant these at Hampton Court to a public in those days comparatively small. But may not the sacrifice of beauty and fitness and time-honored associations be sometimes carried just a trifle too far? Is it not rather a dream than a happy reality—the belief that this going through beautiful gardens, picture-galleries, or noble buildings, will in itself work out an education or enlarge and elevate the minds of the many? Must it not be that the mind of a multitude set upon their day's outing needs long cultivation and preparedness to receive such teaching? And does a Board-school provide it? But questionings like these I am afraid are characteristic of the didactic dullness we know only too well in some of the light literature of the day! Let us, however, go straight back to the sweet, unfading memories of Hampton Court as it used to be. That deer-haunted west region of Home Park, from which we have wandered, was very wild and unfrequented. Save for perhaps now and again a solitary countryman making his way along the path to the keeper's lodge, rarely did one see a human face there. The shaggy, wide-horned Highland cattle—picturesque and fierce of aspect—seldom penetrated there. In this direction, somewhere near the cratches or cribs used to hold fodder for the deer in winter, lay a large square pond, reflecting a little group of cork trees, the *Alcor noque* of Spain, growing on its bank. It was a dreary piece of water, and on one day only do I remember its gray monotony disturbed. We were sitting in the cork tree grove, when on a sudden, all over the whole surface of the pond, were seen to rise up innumerable little fountains. They seemed to be about a foot or so in

height, and they played merrily for several minutes, then sank down and disappeared as suddenly as they came, and never were they beheld again! At that dim, distant date, no explanation seems to have been either sought or given. We—in our childish wisdom!—believed the strange sight had to do in some way with the big carp supposed to lie concealed in the mud at the bottom! Very dejected and poor-looking were the weather-worn cork trees of that forlorn grove. Their branches, thin and scanty, spread so high above the cattle line, that in my ignorance I imagined them to be a species of fir tree. Yet the uneven, rugged bark of them was a thing to arrest attention. It was true, typical cork. (Does any one now remember about Lord Somebody's butler, who travelling with his master in Spain appeared indifferent to all the glories of Granada and Seville, but when he saw the big cork trees of Madrid his butler's soul at once was fired with enthusiasm?) There are not many I believe in these days who care to plant them in England; they are out of fashion. In the seventeenth century, and earlier, perhaps, they seem to have been not uncommon in gardens near London. With lovers of beautiful trees the cork (*Quercus suber*) must always be a favorite. The fine warm color of its stem contrasts so well with the rich, ilex-oak-like foliage; and where soil and climate suit it, the tree is so well-built and handsome. There exists in the British Museum a letter written by the parish priest of a village in Buckinghamshire, which tells how, after dining with George Evelyn at "his Seate" near Burnham, he "went out in the garden to see the Cork Tree." That might be over two hundred years ago. The garden still exists, but the tree is no longer there. Many a cause besides natural decay may well make for the destruction of such a tree, however fine; yet possibly in this climate it may not be long-lived. It was somewhere not far from the dreamy pond and the cork grove that, as well as I can remember, the spot was pointed out where William III.'s horse slipped and gave him the fall which afterward proved fatal. Four trees (their species I forget), under-grown

and crooked, marked the place. The historical interest of an event so unimportant can scarcely still survive, and it is more than likely the exact spot may no longer be kept in mind. Can Time's oblivion ever cover thus the real tragedies of that era?

Of long-dead kings and their life at Hampton Court, many are the tales that might be told: the place is storied with them. Two kings only bear ever so slightly a part in these impressions of fifty years ago. There is first, a vague swift vision of William IV. and Queen Adelaide in a pony phaeton and pair of grays driving rapidly up the Broad Walk, toward the Flower-pot Gate. (Kings and Queens alone might do this.) And then comes another vision of a gay crowd assembled at the foot of the grand painted stairs—called the King's staircase—to see Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie pass by through the cloisters. I see still, the expression of the French King's countenance, beaming with the happiest good nature, and his brown hair curling up high on the top of his head.

These were but royal visits of a day, and never to be repeated.

In Home Park rabbits were unknown; but on summer evenings the "merry brown hares came leaping" on all sides. Sometimes in March a young leveret might be discovered, snugly niched between the projecting roots of a lime tree. Or a hare would start from its foim in the long grass, almost as one's foot touched it. Close by the slate-colored doors of the Hampton Wick entrance—woodwork used to be painted mostly either slate or white—in a sheltered corner grew—I had almost said resided!—the remnants of a pair of elms of enormous size, and most venerable age. Of either tree, the shell alone remained alive; yet, of such great vitality were these two hollow ancients possessed, that each had managed to branch out and bourgeon from the upper rim of bark, so that in the season of leaves they made a fair show of green. I never heard the life-history of these two elms. It is certain, however, that even so long as fifty years ago their great age was held in honor, for they were protected by a stout post and rail fence round each.

Around the two oblong ponds in the neighborhood of these living skeletons flourished a wild growth of willow and alder, where reed sparrows chirped and chatted through the day, and the water's edge was fringed with reeds and blue forget-me-not. Kingfishers flashed across, all gloriously azure-green, secure in those happy times from the edicts of a cruel fashion, and from the hands of the relentless milliner. Gallinules and a few less frequent waterfowl visited these pools. A heron fished in them unharmed; and swans made there their nesting-place, and there they yearly launched their gray-coat fleet upon the quiet waters. The park is in this part bounded by a high wall, on the other side of which extend a long range of paddocks. The Queen's state horses, the cream-colored Hanoverians, were bred there, and from a point of view on slightly rising ground, one might sometimes see a pale young colt or two at grass. Along a little plain between two avenues lay the path leading to the palace. It led along the ridge of a wide fosse or trench, made in William and Mary's reign for the military manœuvres held in the park. Along this plain in sultry August weather, at every step, hosts of churring, tawny, grasshoppers skipped aside, among the yellowing grasses and tiny starveling hair-bells. Overshadowed by the trees near the long canal, the way opened formerly into the gardens. The right of private keys for this gate was limited to ladies of the palace. Here, the narrow, half-moon canal was crossed by a white wooden bridge. Under it and on either side the bridge, upon the still surface, lay great water-lily leaves, crowned in their season with white lilies. In their season, too, bronze-green musk beetles, with long, curving antennæ, ran and slid upon the wet rounded leaves. Down through clear interspaces between lily stalks and wavering lengths of emerald weeds, one might watch the fish dart in and out with glancing gleam of gold, or bask on quivering fins, poised within some sunbeam lost in darker depths below. Leaning in fancy over the wooden balustrade, a dream floats back of other years, steeped in the faëry suns of long ago. The

calm of some old autumn hour returns, and for one short moment, To-day is not. . . . The great east front of Hampton Court lies within its broad, black shadow, wrapped in the silence of midnight. High up, in the very topmost rooms, well I know my grandmother sits near the open window. She is reading, or making up a cap. She always made her own caps! The time for relieving guard approaches, and a distant clanking in the cloisters soon will mingle with the fountains' ceaseless fall. The one old gentleman who has leave to fish in the Long Canal stands on the margin holding his rod over the water, and waits in patience. And now I think I hear voices coming across the park: happy voices, long since silent. They are coming nearer. The key turns in the lock and the hinges creak as the heavy gate swings open slowly. Under the trees a little drift of dry brown leaves stir with faint rustle. Suddenly the bell of the palace clock peals once—its silvery tones passing away with the awakened breeze into the far-off blue. . . . And so the dream breaks. The old bridge is gone; gone, too, are "the old familiar faces," and the voices of other days; and stronger still for that shadow of a dream is marked the dividing-line betwixt past and present. The modern bridge is lower down, in a position convenient for the public, and for the park-gate, which occupies now a somewhat gloomy corner, and is left unlocked all day.

Tradition holds that nothing lost in Home Park is ever again found. Yet could an X ray of rarer powers be discovered, revealing things hidden in the ground, it might be that a child's small treasure might come to light somewhere about here. Just one hundred and one years ago an old maiden lady, a family friend of the famous Dr. Bentley, died. She bequeathed to a descendant of his, "Lady A.'s" little daughter of seven, her whole store of precious things. There were jewelled *étuis*, enamelled watches set with diamonds, and many a thing such as folks in these days go wild over; and there were besides a number of beautiful little finger-rings, all strung on a bit of pack-thread. One day the lawyer in

charge of the bequest journeyed down from London to Hampton Court to deliver it over. The little girl was by ill chance allowed to keep possession of the rings herself; and one by one soon nearly the whole of them disappeared in the long grass where the children played, and were never seen any more.

The ghost of Sir Christopher Wren, if ever he revisits scenes that were ennobled by his architecture, must not seldom have to turn away grieved and disappointed. It is easy to imagine how he would shroud his face to shut out the eyesore of surrounding erections as in London—or as here and elsewhere the desecration of some of his most choice interiors. The pillared Garden Cloister of Hampton Court was no doubt designed as a fitting entrance or exit for the Court to pass through, to and from the gardens. And thus, unaltered, it remained up to so late as the 'sixties, or perhaps much later. Then, when the palace grew to be more and more "a People's Palace," this spacious, stately vestibule became a receptacle for the storing of garden chairs, piled up to the very ceiling almost. Shop counters were placed there, and photographs sold. Through and through every summer's day swarm the loud voiced crowds, to whom, if indeed perchance they know it, the name of Wren is as naught. The sense of quiet and good taste which belonged to the days of old, when everything was more or less in keeping as it were, is forgotten. The inner semicircular alcove leading from the Fountain Court to the Garden Cloister is built with arched recesses, or niches in the wall, which might have been intended for statues. There were no statues, but in one recess sat a poor old woman who sold fruit. Two big market baskets on the pavement at her knee were heaped with fruits according to their season. In June and July long narrow strawberry pottles, the same as painted in Sir Joshua's "Strawberry Girl." Later came punnets of greengages and plums and apricots. Especially fresh to memory are the old fruit-woman's plums. They were always a kind of red, unripe color, and about as hard as the stone plum with which Miss Edgeworth makes her parents worry poor Rosa-

mond of "The Purple Jar!" None the less, however, were they to us supreme as objects of desire. The old woman entrenched behind her baskets ceased one summer, and her image faded. Out of mind also, it may be, is now the far distant time when the water in the Fountain Court and also in the gardens uprose in one high *jette d'eau*. The strong, firm stream simply sprang into the air and fell with a certain indescribable rippling plash, which comes back forever at will to the ear of those who knew it. The full flow of the fountain then had not been frittered into flattened prettiness, which seems to so ill accord with Fuseli's grave and fast-decaying medallions of the Labors of Hercules, frescoed in grisaille round the cloistered square.* Equally out of keeping with the grand lines of the garden is the same low flattened form of the present day, carried out in the central fountain there. Far-famed for its crystal purity was the drinking water of Hampton Court. It was conveyed in pipes from the hill of Coombe Wood, a distance of perhaps three miles. Fevered sufferers in the neighborhood, lying sick and parched with thirst, have been known to pine for a draught of this pure water. Leaving the Fountain Court, one might wander under dark cloisters and thread the windings of dim passages, or come upon narrow doorways and glimpses unawares of little paved courts or crowded-up old bits of garden—ins and outs where sometimes it was hard to find the way. . . . Of less ancient date, in cool and gracious contrast to the so-called Dark Cloisters, are ranged the white pillars of the White Colonnade. Doors lead from it into apartments whose charm was their access to the Private Gardens, now in these days almost the loveliest and most delightful part within all the palace limits. The Bower Walk and the terraces and green alleys are still full of quiet

beauty; although, for the inmates, it may be, their charm scarcely equals what it was when there was an entrance fee of one shilling for strangers! And here it may be noted that in former days the palace had no ghost-haunted corners; visitants from another world were then unheard of. They might have been there, but no one spoke of them. Perhaps people believed them less—perhaps they were more afraid. Many things now are talked about or printed which then were scarcely breathed. The sole apparition ever known to cause a shudder or a shriek was "Cardinal Wolsey" when, followed by his wife, he noiselessly entered a room from nowhere! A sudden shadow darkening the carpet gave the signal for immediate flight from the room, whoever might be there at the moment. The shadow was a huge black spider, named by common consent after Hampton Court's renowned cardinal. The creature's size was abnormal—his stretch of leg prodigious. And his wife was certain to come after him, as though to enhance the horror!

Within the oldest of the old brick walls there is a garden court, about which nothing remarkable is known excepting the story of two acacia trees which once grew therein. Both were planted on the same day as very young saplings by two sisters who lived together for a great many years in the rooms belonging to this plot of garden. The trees (I knew them well) increased in size and flourished for years with the usual negligent grace of an acacia. Then the elder sister died, and her acacia, immediately after her funeral had gone past it, drooped and withered away. Years passed on, and then at last the other died, having reached a ripe old age. On the very day of her death the surviving tree—the one planted by herself—began to fail, and then it also perished. There existed surely some strange sympathy between the four separate lives, and the same mysterious thread of destiny seems to have bound the old sisters in their age with the pair of trees in the green vigor of their prime. One other tree I remember in its beauty. It was a great catalpa, which, in a sheltered eastern angle

* Since naming "Fuseli" as having frescoed the gray medallions, I have seen a copy of Mr. Law's Guide to Hampton Court, where Laguerre is named as the artist. I have no doubt of this being correct, but I prefer to leave it as it is the name of Fuseli, the error being one that is bound up with my own old impressions of the Fountain Court.

of the palace, overhung the garden wall (then guiltless of a public drinking water tap !), and made the shade beautiful with its thousands of purple-throated blooms. From old age, or from the effects of climate, this fine old tree has long since disappeared, and it would be hard to find another of such grand growth in any place in this country nowadays.

Time wanes, and we must bid farewell to these old beloved precincts. Few, doubtless, are those who will have cared to follow even thus far a lead so trifling, and one that takes us back half a hundred years ! Little use is it to prose any longer of how wide the contrast—how different the then and now ; of how the once prevailing atmosphere of repose and quiet is forever gone. Yet, not even for the joy of beholding Hampton Court once more

as it was in the glory of its prime, as it remained, unspoiled and regal, before Bank Holidays began ; before the iron horse had outrun the old-fashioned cockney vans from London ; even for a pleasure like this, who is there who would have the former years return, with their oppressions and injustice unredressed, their cruelties not wiped out, their unerased blots on humanity still staining the fair page of English life ? The old, unhappy things have mercifully vanished ; they are gone beyond recall. And if with them much that was beautiful is swept away, we must not lament too deeply, nor deem the price too high, though the obtuseness of modern taste and feeling may often have worked ill, or often ruin, with many a spot dear to the heart of some, as memory itself.—*National Review*.

"JO REGGELT!"

A HUNGARIAN LOVE STORY.

THE gypsies were playing at the Star Café, and everybody was listening enchanted : that is so delightful about the gypsies ; they satisfy every one, because every one can read his own interpretation from their music.

Only Béla Katkoff sat apart and scowled, and never cried "Brava !" His legs were stretched straight out in front of him ; his fists were plunged deep in his trouser-pockets ; and his hat was tilted so far over his nose that you could barely see the gleam of his hazel eyes. If you had seen them, they would almost have scorched you.

Some of the men from the club passed him as he sat with his chair half-turned from the crowd on the edge of the pavement.

"Poor devil !" they said. "It is plain to see what he suffers from. Little Irén is to be married to-morrow to old Lipik, and after Béla and she have considered themselves engaged for years, it is a trifle hard !"

"Why don't they make a stand ?" somebody asked.

"No good ! Irén has gone over to the enemy. Her mother has persuad-

ed her, and old Lipik is ever so rich. Girls are like that," added Dezső, the cavalry lieutenant, who was twenty-two, and knew the sex.

"She has left off answering Béla's letters, and the marriage is being rushed on at Siofók, where they have gone for the summer. Béla can only grin and bear it, now that Irén has given in."

"He is not grinning much, however he is bearing it," concluded the others, and they sat down at a distant table.

"The conductor of the gypsy band knew Béla Katkoff well : he had often played for him alone. The young man was in love, and the musician knew how to deal with such people.* Presently behind Béla's head, close to his left ear, there began a soft singing noise like the humming of bees in a hayfield, where the heavy heads of flow-

* When a gypsy player wishes to pay a special compliment to any one, he leaves his orchestra, and coming close behind the chosen person plays for him alone, in a tone inaudible to the rest of the company. The effect of this on the emotional Hungarian temperament is almost overpowering.

ering grass knock together in the sunshine: it was out in the country that Béla had first met Irén, and the miserable young fellow lifted his face a little and stared across the gaslit street, half expecting to see swinging fields of grass stretched before him: then the soft hum of insects changed to the far-away clear song of a lark, that shook and trembled, and fell close beside him in a rain of sweetness, and from that again, Irén's voice detached itself and cried, "Béla! Béla! are you coming?" as if she were waiting among the roses in the tangled old town-garden of the Gopal-utcza, where she lived with her parents when Béla courted her.

All this, and more, the gypsy played at his ear, for fiddlers have mostly warm hearts, and this one was sorry for the poor young lover who had often emptied his pockets of all their silver to pay the band for his pleasure. This time the musician did not wait to be rewarded, but stepped back to his orchestra, and began to play the Rákóczy March, with which all Hungarian concerts begin and end. He left his music to filter into Béla's brain, and by the time it had done so, the *café* crowd had dispersed, and the waiters, in a sleepy group, came and stared at the young man in the corner—as a hint that they, at least, were ready for their beds.

"Béla! Béla! are you coming?" that is what the fiddle had sung in his ear. He jumped up, knocking over his chair in his sudden hurry of decision, and scattering the sleepy waiters right and left. Yes! he was coming, to confront her on her wedding-day, to fling back her fair words and smiles and kisses in her false face, to make her his deepest bow, such as he made to the law examiners when they granted him his degree, and say, "Farewell, Miss Irén. I return you the heart that you once gave me; pray offer it to Arpad Lipik with the compliments of Béla Katkoff!" Something of that sort he would say to her on her wedding morning at Siofók: she deserved it for leaving him without a word. He stumbled homeward across the rough stones and wide deserted places of the sleeping city. Even Budapest was asleep at last, for the stars were paling

above the Danube and the dawn was nigh at hand. Ah! that lark, that lark! How it sang! dropping down from the heights of heaven into the heart of the dark city, a strange hour for a lark to be abroad before the sun, and to call "Come, Béla, come!" in shrill, clear tones like a girl!

Do you know Siofók? It is the sunny, smiling watering-place that basks on the shores of Lake Balaton, two hours' railway journey from Budapest. The smart people of the capital go there for change; and thither went Irén's parents for the summer months, when the heat in the Gopal-utcza and the attentions of Béla Katkoff began to cause them inconvenience. They hired a villa on the lake-side, a stone's throw from the handsome new hotel where old Lipik had established himself. Every day the family and the rich old widower met a dozen times, and Béla's letters had stopped unaccountably after the first week.

"What did you expect?" said Irén's mother, in answer to the girl's downcast air and sad questioning eyes, rather than to any words that she spoke. "You are gone, the house is closed, there are no dinners or suppers to be gained by philandering—you cannot look for sincerity from a hungry law-student, eh? But you are only eighteen after all, and cannot know everything. Look at Lipik," the matron continued, waxing warm, for here was a subject she could dilate on; "what a man—generous, well-to-do—Yesterday at the restaurant he put down a gold piece for the music, and—"

"And Gyargyivics left it on the table. He would not touch it," interrupted Irén, hotly; "the gypsies will not take money from those they do not love, and Lipik called them all vagabonds the other day after supper. I remember when Béla Katkoff gave them all his silver, one night that they played for me in the Park, they kissed his hands and told him he was their brother and their friend, and they were glad to benefit from him." And at the recollection, Irén, who had no proper pride, began to cry.

"Ah, wasting money with vagrants and worse, in all the *cafés* in the

town," said her mother, who was nothing if not illogical.

This sort of thing went on day by day, and Béla did not answer Irén's letter: naturally, in a few weeks her marriage with Lipik was announced.

The morning train came bustling into Siofók, while half the world was still drinking its coffee. Béla got out, and strode along the dusty road toward the villa of Irén's parents: he had never visited there before, and he asked the way of a peasant who sat munching by the wayside.

"The third white house on the left—where the flag flies," answered the man, with his mouth full of cold sausage. "There is a marriage there to-day—here's to the bride!" and he lifted the *kulacs* that hung across his waist, with a flourish to his lips.

Béla sped on. The lark had ceased singing in his ears now, albeit the meadows on either hand were full of them; he only heard, repeated over and over again, the smart speech that he meant to make to his false love: "I return you the heart that you once gave me; pray offer it to Arpad Lipik with the compliments of Béla Katkoff!" It sounded very cutting and to the point, and exactly as if some one else spoke it.

At the villa every one was busy, and the bride, with her white face, was dreadfully in the way. "Go to your room and stay there—lie down till I come for you," said her mother, and Irén was glad to obey, though she could not lie down, for all her little narrow bed was covered with the folds and flounces of the wedding dress and veil. She stood instead by the window—her bedroom was on the ground-floor, and just a yard above the garden; she leaned her forehead against the glass door, one side of which stood open, and thought of Béla's treachery and her unanswered letters, of how unworthy he was, and how dear! There were rose-bushes below the window—heavy *Maréchal Niels* that drooped their yellow balls awry, crimson-velvet *Jacque-minots*, and cream-white *Princes de Galles*—hundreds had been cut for the wedding, but hundreds bloomed still, and their scent went up like incense in

the warm sunshine, reminding the girl of the rose-walk, so sweet and still, at the back of the old family house in the *Gopal-utca*. The roses in the town-garden were old-fashioned, uncared-for, and poor, not perfect and proud as their *Siofók* sisters; but the scent of roses is the same everywhere, especially when one is young and in love! And there, among the rose-bushes before her, not a yard apart, stood Béla Katkoff.

"*Jó reggelt!*" * Irén; I have come to make a wedding present to Arpad Lipik," he began, "to return you the heart that you once gave me—"

"O Béla, Béla! why did you leave me? why did you not answer my letters?" sobbed Irén, who was taken by surprise, and had not prepared any sarcastic speeches. And then, somehow, Béla could not recollect a word more of what he intended to say, but had jumped over the low window-sill, and held her, shrinking and shivering in her little white dressing-gown, in his strong eager arms. What is the good of concocting sarcastic speeches for one side of the conversation only?

"It is mamma who has done this," Irén said presently; she still stood with Béla's arms about her, but the door was locked, the window-blind drawn down, and they had time to consider what they should do. "I wrote, you wrote, and the letters never reached either of us—and then—O Béla, they were too strong for me!" and she hid her face.

"They were nearly too strong for me too, and I am a man," said Béla, magnanimously. "If it hadn't been for the gypsy music at the *Star* last night, I should have believed you false, and let you go forever."

In his excitement he forgot altogether that he had travelled down from Budapest in a rage, and to this day he has never remembered the real facts; but perhaps the explanation of that is, that when you are in love, all your feelings get very much mixed up together.

"But I was worst: I agreed to accept Lipik, and to wear that!" she pointed at the white finery on the bed with a shudder.

* Good-morning.

"I can only forgive you on one condition—that you come away with me at once," said the young man, firmly. "I am a lawyer; you trust me to be father and husband in one, Irén? There is a train back to Budapest in a quarter of an hour, and they will not come to dress you for your wedding till we are well away. Will you go with me, or stay for Lipik?"

"O Béla!"

Outside the garden wall a one-horse omnibus passed them, jolting toward the station. "*Jó reggelt!* Are you for the train?" shouted the driver, and they jumped in, glad to shelter in its stuffy depths from the bare white road and the staring villa windows. The engine of the train was puffing little spurts of smoke as they reached Siofók station, and in two minutes more they were off. They ran alongside of the blue Balaton water for a while, whose curling little waves in the sun were mimicking the sea: then the train turned off at a swift curve, and

plunged into the wide, empty greenness of the great Hungarian plain.

"The air is full of larks," said Irén: she turned her face up to look for them, but her eyes met Béla's, and got no farther.

At the station at Budapest every one was buzzing about, starting on country excursions by early trains, before the midday heat. A heavy *rapide* was just being packed for Siofók and Balaton. Irén shrank back, for, despite the disguise of her long cloak and wide hat and veil, she dreaded to encounter some chance acquaintance on the platform. They loitered among the crowd of third-class folk till the better class passengers had taken their seats; then, as they passed hurriedly toward the exit, they heard one woman call to her daughter, "There is a smart wedding at Siofók to-day; all the world seems going to it."

"Are you sure you do not want to go, too?" Béla asked Irén.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

BY F. A. GREGORY.

A YEAR ago, on the 30th of September, the flying column from Andriba led by General Duchesne took Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar. The march from the coast had been painful in the extreme, and the loss of life from sickness exceedingly heavy; indeed, it is impossible to estimate it at much less than a third of the whole effective force of 24,000 men.

Fortunately for the invading column the natives made scarcely any attempt at defending their country, displaying, throughout the five or six months during which the campaign lasted, an absolute want of foresight, generalship, and bravery. It is needless to inquire into the cause of this utter collapse of a nation which had been credited, on somewhat slender grounds, with the possession of several of the qualities requisite for independence and self-development.

My object in the present article is to give a short account of the present state

of the country and to show how far French influences have succeeded in making their way in the first twelve months of occupation.

Immediately on the arrival of General Duchesne a treaty was signed by the Malagasy authorities, by which the whole power of the country was ceded to the French. The queen remained in her place, and the Hova Prime Minister was also allowed to be nominally at the head of affairs. Part of this arrangement was found impracticable after a short time; the Prime Minister had enjoyed unlimited power for too long a period to accept a subordinate position, and General Duchesne was forced to remove him. Accordingly, he was taken to a house of his own at a short distance from the capital, where he was kept under surveillance for two or three months, but as he was still supposed to be plotting he was deported to Algiers, in which country he died after a very short exile.

It seemed at first as if the change of masters in the island was to be accomplished without any serious disturbance. The Malagasy were evidently cowed by the arrival of the Expeditionary Corps; rumors were spread by the natives themselves of the ferocity of the black troops brought by the French, and the proximity of a European house was welcomed as a haven of shelter. I myself was begged by many of the natives to keep the English flag flying, as they thought that it would protect *them* from the dreaded blacks, and for some while as many as could squeeze into our various houses sought protection in the compound. It is needless to say that these fears were entirely groundless; the discipline enforced by General Duchesne was perfect, and any instance of oppression was rigorously punished.

In the early part of November (1895), however, this satisfactory state of affairs was rudely interrupted. A paltry quarrel between two clans about a piece of ground, which each claimed, gradually developed into a serious rising. The two parties came to an understanding by agreeing to make an attack upon the Europeans. It unfortunately happened that near to the town which was the focus of the insurrection there were living an English missionary with his wife and child. If any one should have been exempt from unworthy treatment it should have been missionaries who for at least twenty five years had unweariedly worked for the good of the people. Want of gratitude is unhappily a prevailing feature in the national character of the Malagasy, and when Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were barbarously murdered in their own house by a band of ruffians, many of whom were personally known to them and had received benefits from them, the worst trait in that character was manifested. It certainly is not too much to say that the Hova alienated the sympathy of the English residents in Madagascar thereby, and that many who felt sorry for them up to that date ceased to do so any longer.

The Malagasy of the district in which the murder took place after this act of treachery and cruelty felt that they had gone too far to hope for ex-

emption from punishment. They promptly proceeded to loot Mr. Johnson's house of everything of the least value, and to set fire to it as well as to the church and the hospital. They massed together in numbers which would have been formidable had there been an intelligent leader and a sufficient supply of weapons. One band went further afield, looted and burned the church and premises of Mr. McMahon, another English missionary, who only escaped with his life by a timely flight; timely but painful, for a night march of twenty or thirty miles with women and children in Madagascar is an unenviable experience.

As soon as General Duchesne was informed of what had been happening to the southwest of the capital, he sent a column of 300 troops under Commandant Ganeval with orders to punish the insurgents and to pacify the district.

After advancing some distance that number was found to be insufficient and a reinforcement of 200 more soldiers was sent. The resistance on the part of the natives was vigorous, and for a time well sustained; various attacks were made upon the village in which the column was quartered, and undoubted bravery was shown, bravery all the more unexpected as nothing had given any reason to believe that such a quality existed among the Malagasy. Discipline and Lebel rifles, however, were more than a match for all their efforts, and after a loss of about 150 men they desisted.

The district was still disturbed, and the chiefs of the insurrection had to be found and the murderers of the Johnsons to be punished. By energetic measures most of these ends have been attained; a considerable number of the insurgents have been shot on the spot, though several of the leaders are still at large, and quite recently some of those implicated in the murder have been tried and executed at Antananarivo.

One distressing feature in the insurrection was the revival of idolatry, which was thought to be extinct in Imerina, but which evidently has been scotched and not killed. Almost the first move on the part of the rebels had been to reinstate a local idol called

Ravololona, and the performance of certain acts of worship in the presence of the idol was considered the mark of a good patriot.

Naturally under these circumstances the teachers and the more prominent Christians in the various churches and chapels were objects of dislike and hatred, and in the disaffected district these men with their wives and families had to fly for their lives.

It is useless to shut one's eyes to facts; a considerable number of those who were held in esteem by the missionaries failed to stand the test of persecution, and if not guilty of actually worshipping idols were actively in league with those who did so. It is, however, equally unreasoning to say that every native was ready to apostatize at a moment's notice and that in all cases Christianity in Madagascar is only skin deep.

After the suppression of this first outbreak, matters remained quiet in Imerina for some months; a small garrison was left at Arivonimamo, the scene of the murder, and it was hoped that the severe punishment which Commandant Ganeval had inflicted upon the inhabitants of that part of Imerina would be laid to heart by those of the remaining divisions.

So far nothing had been done toward organizing the country. General Duchesne invariably disclaimed any intention of taking steps which would trespass upon civil functions or hamper his successor, saying that his instructions were to take and occupy Antananarivo. He had accomplished his task and the gallant General had no wish to overstep the limit of the orders given him. So long as he remained in Madagascar the pacification of the country was his one and only care.

The next serious event in the island was an outbreak of a different character. With the exception of the Hova, few if any of the tribes were thought to be opposed to French rule. The country outside Imerina had been looked upon as the happy hunting ground of the Hova, whose governors, with scarcely an exception, were rapacious and oppressive, having, like the Roman

equites to make three fortunes, one to repay the money spent on buying their office, one to keep the late Prime Minister's Secretaries in good humor, and one to live upon when the evil day arrived and they were cashiered. Naturally for the other tribes any change must be for the better; the Hova were as much hated as they were feared, and, from whatever quarter it might come, release from their rule would be welcome.

The arrival of the French was the long-wished-for moment; but news spreads slowly in Madagascar, and though the Hova power came to an end at the beginning of October, it was not realized on the coast until the new year. When, however, it was known that the French were masters of the country the explosion came. The two large tribes of the Betsimisaraka and the Taimoro on the east rose against the Hova, and ruthlessly killed them wherever they could catch them.

The principal sufferers were the traders and the teachers, for the Governors, who were the chief offenders, were more or less protected by their soldiers and by the proximity of the big towns, whereas the former were scattered about in outlying villages. The buildings used as churches and schools were also burned, for, as the greater part of the teachers came from Imerina, religion and education were associated with the Hova. In one or two instances Europeans were murdered, but only when they were mixed up with the Hova, as was the case with Mr. Eng, a Norwegian trader at Vatomandry.

Having rid themselves of their former masters the tribes on the east coast have settled down to a certain extent, though for some years it will scarcely be safe for a Hova to live in the country districts. All civilizing influences are for a time at an end in that part, and the little progress which had been made in some districts has been interrupted. It may be also that the spirit of insurrection against law and order of all kinds now prevalent in Imerina will spread to the coast, and there are already signs that this will be the case. By supporting the authority of the Hova governors, whom they have ap-

pointed, the French have identified themselves, in the eyes of the coast tribes, with their former oppressors.

The rice crop is all important in Madagascar, and its failure means almost universal famine. The season from sowing to reaping extends from October to May, most of these months being also those of the heavy rains, during which it is absolutely necessary to look after the growing crop. This period was therefore one of comparative quiet in Imerina, and not unnaturally gave rise once more to the belief that the natives accepted the situation.

In February, M. Laroche, the first Resident-General, arrived at the capital and began to organize the government of the country. A new Prime Minister was appointed, in whose name laws might be issued, for it had been settled that the administration should be indirect, that is to say conducted through the medium of the natives. A considerable number of regulations were promulgated, affecting the development of the industries of the country, the granting of concessions, and the education of the natives. Most of these were much too elaborate to be useful, and up to the present time nearly all of them have remained a dead letter. Some may be useful when the insurrection has been quelled, when the country is such as to invite capitalists, and when schools have been re-established.

In March there were again signs of trouble, though at first these were faint and perhaps too far off to attract the serious attention of the authorities. It was in the northern part of Imerina that the disturbance came to a head. At a distance of thirty or thirty-five miles from the capital, a man of some influence in his district but of bad character, who had been in prison but had escaped, formed a band of men and began to pillage the neighboring villages.

The country in that part is thinly inhabited, and there was no one with sufficient power to suppress the band, which then was little more than a gang of robbers. In a short time the natural development took place. By dint of threats a considerable number of people were persuaded to join, and before long a body of men amounting to two

or three hundred had gathered together and had become a serious danger to the whole district.

In a country newly conquered by a foreign nation it is always easy to find a popular cry, and on this occasion the common Malagasy expression "*tsy laitra nymanompo Vazaha*," or "foreign rule is intolerable," was ready to hand.

A petty disturbance in the beginning, fomented for private purposes and fostered by an appeal to patriotic feeling, has developed into a formidable insurrection. I say formidable, but I do not mean to give the idea that the insurrection is formidable from a military point of view. The insurgents have not the remotest chance of being able to resist even a small body of disciplined troops, much less to make head against the considerable force which General Gallieni has at his disposal. But from industrial, educational, and religious points of view, the rebellion has been a complete success, and however soon it may be suppressed, the progress of the country in some parts has been thrown back for years, a large tract reduced to desolation, and the inhabitants to little better than savages.

This destruction has been effected in five months, for, beginning in May, it has spread over the whole of Avaradano, Vonizongo, part of Imarovatana, and Vakin'Ankaratoa, four out of the six divisions of Imerina. Its advance from district to district could be easily traced, the disaffection spreading like an epidemic, and not appearing simultaneously in different places.

In every instance the same method was followed. A gang came to a village during the night, shouted and fired off two or three guns; then when the people ran out of their houses to hide somewhere they were forced to go to a neighboring village, where the same scene took place. Fright played the principal part in the programme. The peaceable and well-disposed natives had given up their guns after the taking of Antananarivo, the lawless had kept theirs. It was therefore only natural that the villagers should submit, and in scarcely any instance was resistance attempted.

To mark the anti-European character

of the rising, the churches were burned without distinction, and in some places leper hospitals were destroyed, and their unhappy inmates rendered houseless. The English and Norwegian missions have suffered the most severely.

It is impossible to estimate correctly the number of churches and chapels that have been burned, but at the lowest computation it must amount to 600.

Had the insurgents met with any opposition at the first outbreak the rebellion might have been easily suppressed. There was no organisation, the greater part of the people joined under compulsion, and those who had seen the invading column pass knew that they were powerless. Matters, however, were not taken seriously by the authorities; a column was now and again sent out, but as the natives resumed their ordinary occupations on its approach, or hid themselves until it had passed, the effect produced was small.

It is easy to criticise, but none the less if, in accordance with old custom, the heads of the villages had been severally held responsible for any damage done, they would certainly have found means to keep the people quiet. It is said also that the Resident-General received orders from his Government to conciliate the natives, and that he understood this in too strict a sense, refusing to punish without such evidence as would suffice to convict in a settled and civilized country. This may or may not be the case, but the former Prime Minister of the country, who certainly knew his people and how to keep them in order, did not act in this way. For some years to come conciliation will only be considered a sign of weakness.

Other elements were before long imported into the insurrection. The churches had been burned, the teachers had fled for their lives, the schools of course had stopped. As in the West, idol-worship was practised, the idol in this case being Ramahavaly, the war-god or goddess; the pillaging of houses and property became almost universal, and soon it came to pass that no one was safe unless he either joined the insurgents or paid them to leave him unmolested. Any one who did not wish

to adopt either of these courses had to seek safety at or near to one of the French garrisons.

Latterly, the gravity of the situation could not be overlooked, but the number of troops at General Voyron's disposal was small, and beyond sending out small columns and planting garrisons in a few places he could take no steps toward the pacification of the country. It should be said in passing that the General has been particularly kind about taking care of mission stations, and thanks to him it has been possible for some of the missionaries to stay at their posts.

Frequent small fights have taken place with the insurgents—called "fahavales," the Malagasy word for enemy with a French termination—who have always been dispersed, sometimes with considerable loss. In no case has anything like a decisive engagement been fought, and it is that which constitutes the chief difficulty. During the night bands of marauders start off in various directions, burning villages, taking cattle, looting houses, sometimes killing the inhabitants, but more frequently compelling them to join them.

These raids have been gradually coming nearer and nearer to the capital. A short time ago a largish village was burned within a mile of Antananarivo, and no one would have been surprised if an attempt had been made to set fire to part of the town.

A few of the large villages have resisted, and in one or two instances guns have been given to the people for their protection. Naturally, however, the French are chary of supplying natives with guns for fear of their taking them to the enemy.

Speaking generally, it may be said that Antananarivo and the district included within a radius of ten or twelve miles is fairly safe, and that in some directions it is possible to travel without an escort considerably farther, notably in the district where Commandant Ganeval is still remembered.

A portion of the road to Tamatave has to be kept by troops, and convoys escorted from place to place. Sometimes these convoys are attacked, and

not long ago a large part of the mail was lost, as well as goods belonging to traders.

In the south of Imerina a well-known cattle-lifter, called Rainibetsimisarakaka, has been carrying on his depredations on a large scale. His method of operations was simple. The villagers were given their choice, to join him or to be killed. In one house he massacred thirteen persons who refused to join. He soon gathered a number of followers, and unhappily those who followed at first by constraint soon took to the habit of plundering, and, having committed themselves, are now no longer able to draw back.

Apart from the plundering and burning of villages, Rainibetsimisarakaka's band has tried to distinguish itself on two occasions. At the end of March, a French gentleman, M. Duret de Brie, with two companions, thinking the country fairly quiet, started on a tour of inspection to the south of the capital. Taking the usual bearers, and armed with repeating rifles, they thought they would be either able to retreat if necessary, or to account for any hostile party which they might meet.

After having stopped for three or four days at a village called Tsinjoarivo, about 40 miles south of Antananarivo, they were begged by the people to leave on account of the disturbed state of the district. They unwillingly agreed to do so. Marching slowly northward they arrived at Kelimafana, where they were well received, but shortly afterward they were attacked by 80 or 100 brigands. With the assistance of the villagers they drove them away, but thinking it wiser to leave a village where they could not well protect themselves, they started at 8 o'clock in the evening. After resting a few hours in the open, they made a further move at 4 o'clock in the morning, and reached another village called Manarintsoa. Exhausted with fatigue they stayed to rest after writing to inform the Resident-General of their situation. About midday a large band numbering 1500 men or more, armed with spears and a hundred guns, approached the village.

This village has three gates, and is surrounded by a deep ditch, so that it

was fairly defensible, except against great odds. The three Frenchmen defended one of the gates with three guns, and some faithful Malagasy, also with three guns, defended the others.

For two hours the handful of men in the village kept off their opponents, a large number of whom were shot down. After that, unfortunately, M. Duret de Brie was badly wounded at close range by a man who had hidden himself in the grass. The defence of the village was then abandoned, and the three Frenchmen took refuge in a house. The roof of this was fired, so that it was necessary to leave it, and retreat to another. Five times this manoeuvre was repeated, until at last, after a splendid and heroic resistance, they were all killed by suffocation or by wounds.

The fate of these gentlemen was severely felt by all who knew them, especially by the Resident-General, who went himself to try to recover the bodies. It only remains to say that he succeeded in doing so, and that he had them brought to Antananarivo, where they were buried in the English cemetery.

For some weeks after this Rainibetsimisarakaka kept comparatively quiet. A column was sent to catch him and to break up his band, but it failed to effect its purpose. After a time, however, he came out of his retirement and attacked a large village called Antsirabe. This is a well-known place in the Betsileo province, where there are mineral springs, and where the Norwegian Lutheran Mission has an important station. It happened that the Norwegian Conference was being held in South Betsileo at the time, and that several of the missionaries had put their wives and children at Antsirabe in order to be in a place of safety; for though no great outbreak had occurred in that district, there was an uncomfortable feeling abroad. In addition to the ordinary mission buildings there was a large sanatorium and a leper village built and maintained by the missionaries.

A band of militia numbering forty men, and three French sergeants and an interpreter, the latter armed with repeating rifles, the former with Sniders, had been stationed at Antsirabe

to protect it. News was brought that a large body of "fahavales" was advancing, and it was hurriedly agreed to defend the dwelling-house, as that could not be burned, the roof being of tiles. Out of the forty militiamen, only fourteen came to assist the defence, the rest having been cut off by the enemy or voluntarily deserted. The garrison then consisted of four Frenchmen and fourteen native militia, and this handful of men had to protect an ordinary house wherein were sheltered twenty-six Europeans, all women and children, with two exceptions.

The attacking force was estimated at 3000, mostly armed with Sniders, and provided with a fair number of cartridges. It was quite certain that, if the Europeans failed to make good their defence, they would be all murdered.

It would take too long to enter into details; the attack lasted intermittently for three days and two nights, and, but for the gallantry of the four Frenchmen, the result would have been disastrous. The concluding scene was truly dramatic. Ammunition was at an end, and means of defence exhausted. The enemy, under cover of the darkness, had piled up a quantity of wood and a barrel of gunpowder against the door. They were intending to fire it after having had a final "palaver." The French soldiers on their side had made up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Before sallying out to do so they took a last look with a telescope to see whether any assistance might be expected. In the distance they saw a body of men, so they waited. These proved to be Rainijaonary, the Hova governor of the district, with his brother, the second governor, M. Alby the Resident of Betago, and 150 Malagasy soldiers. Dividing his men into three companies, Rainijaonary attacked the insurgents, who promptly ran away in every direction, some taking refuge in the burned buildings, where they were shot down to the last man.

The number killed during the attack upon the house and the final onslaught was reckoned to be between three and four hundred, and Rainibetsimisaraka

had been taught that whatever he might do against defenceless Malagasy it was dangerous to meddle with soldiers.

Too much praise cannot be given to Rainijaonary. He is the finest specimen of his race, and if there had been many like him Madagascar would be in a very different condition from that in which it is. Having volunteered during the war, he was given a small command, and went to the front. When there he was thwarted by his superiors, who were arrant cowards and left him unsupported. If he had been in chief command, with unlimited power, he would have given the invading column trouble, always supposing that he could have made his soldiers fight.

As soon as Antananarivo was taken he retired to his home, expecting that General Duchesne would punish him for having fought against him. No doubt he was much surprised when the General, instead of doing so, recognised him as a brave man, and appointed him Governor-General of Vakin'Ankaratra. Such an appointment does honor to the Frenchman and to the native; the latter has justified the confidence placed in him by preventing a massacre of women and children.

Further south there have been troubles of a more or less serious character, especially at Ambositra, another large town in the Betsileo province. One or two other stations of the Norwegian mission have been wrecked, and about fifty of their churches burned. On the whole, however, the district seems less disturbed than Imerina, as many of the Norwegian missionaries are able to stay at their places without a military guard.

This may be accounted for by the fact that only the Hova are really interested in the rebellion, and unless they had brought pressure to bear upon the Betsileo, the latter would probably have remained quiet.

Still it cannot be said that the insurrection is confined to Imerina, or even to the central plateau which includes the country of the Hova and the Betsileo. Between the outer and inner belts of forest, and on a lower level than Imerina, is the country of the Sihanaka. This tribe lives round the

large lake of Alaotra, and has to a certain extent been brought under Christian and civilizing influences by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

The latest accounts show that the state of feeling in this country is deplorable. As elsewhere, the churches have been burned; the people have banded themselves to upset everything, the teachers especially being objects of dislike.

Ambatondrazaka, the capital of the province, was until lately in a state of siege, the French forces in the district being insufficient to do more than to protect the town. No doubt it will be necessary to reinforce the garrison, and, if possible, the rising should be suppressed quickly, for the whole region is notoriously unhealthy, and almost certainly fatal to Europeans at some seasons of the year.

In the capital the presence of the French has made itself felt in a more satisfactory manner. Instead of being a city, or rather a collection of houses, where watercourses served for roads, it is now assuming an orderly appearance. It is true that the making of roads is not pleasant to the inhabitants, or dust pervades the atmosphere and penetrates into the houses; but to be able to walk instead of having to scramble is an agreeable sensation to a European in Madagascar. In a few months' time good roads, six metres wide, will be furnished throughout the capital, and already the most important thoroughfares are in an advanced state.

No doubt the heavy rains, which begin in November, will play havoc with these at first, but we may safely trust to French engineers to cope with this difficulty. Enormous stone gutters are being made on each side of the roads; and, after the thrown-up earth has settled and levels have been adjusted, some mode of conveyance other than that of human beings will be available.

To effect this a great many owners of houses have been expropriated, but it would have been impossible to have met the difficulty in any other way. The ground was bought from the owners at a fixed rate, the destruction of large houses having been avoided where

possible. The price given was much less than the value of the house and ground, amounting on an average to a quarter of what they would have fetched in the market. It would certainly have been better to have taxed the district and to have paid more highly, for it is hard that the cost of a road, which is for the good of all, should fall very heavily upon a few and the majority should escape scot free.

In front of the Residency a large space has been cleared, on which public offices are to be built, and which, when finished, will have an imposing effect. Another large space has been filled up and formed into terraces with the earth that masked the Residency, and has added greatly to the site of the large weekly market. Here also a landslip may be expected in the rainy season, but no doubt the damage will be quickly repaired, and in a year or two, when trees have been planted, the town will become not only picturesque but pleasant.

In the country districts also the roads are being rapidly improved; a few bridges have been thrown across the streams which, ankle-deep in winter, become raging torrents when swollen by the rains of summer. Across the rice fields dykes have been made; and, though these will require constant repair, they render travelling in the neighborhood of the capital much easier than it used to be when one had to struggle through the heavy mud of the rice fields.

The greatest move in the organization of the country, however, is the abolition of slavery throughout the island. This was proclaimed in the official gazette issued on the 27th of September by decree of the Resident-General. It was wholly unexpected at the time, though there had been rumors two or three months previously to the effect that the step was contemplated, but would be effected gradually.

Naturally, it fell upon the Hova like a clap of thunder, and, as the law was published on a Sunday, some worthy folk found themselves, on their return from service, without a slave to cook the dinner. It would be an awkward situation for the worthy citizens of London or Paris if all the domestic

servants were to strike work without notice!

However much one may recognize that slavery has no right to exist, it is impossible not to feel for people who have lost all their property suddenly. It is not merely that they have lost their slaves, but in many instances the rice fields will remain uncultivated. The work connected with these has always been the chief duty of the slaves. As very few of the owners have any money it is to be feared that there will be a large amount of distress, amounting to starvation in some cases.

It is impossible on these grounds not to feel that the abolition of slavery has been too summary. It would have been better to have proceeded more slowly to the desired end; to have made all children born after a fixed day free; and to have made the redemption of the rest, either by themselves or by others, cheap and easy.

However, it has been decided otherwise, and certainly the state of the country is such as to justify any measure. for, when everything is in a state of upheaval, the exact amount of pressure is of small importance.

In addition to this it must be remembered that in consequence of the outbreak Madagascar has been declared a French colony, and that this carries with it the abolition of the status of slavery. While, then, the greater number of Europeans who know Madagascar would have preferred that slavery should have been abolished by degrees, few would be prepared to say that it was altogether a mistake. In a few years the country will reap the benefit of this bold step, for the present it will be productive of much misery to the Hova, and to a certain number of the slaves who will be turned away by their masters without a home to which to go.

A beginning has also been made toward improving the administration of justice. Under the late Prime Minister, nothing worthy of the name existed. Without bribing every judge and every official, from the bottom of the scale to the top, a claimant had no chance of getting his rights, however clear his case might be. If the matter were a small one, it was better to put

up with the loss than to go to law; if it were a large one, from some points of view it might be considered wise to sacrifice a half or two-thirds in order to secure the remainder.

The former native judges have now been dismissed and others put in their place, and though it is certain that it will take years to impress the sentiment of justice on the native mind it is something to have made a start.

The great difficulty now is the want of honest and competent interpreters. The youths who fill the office for the time are mostly dishonest. I have been informed that it is impossible to get the rights of a case put before an official who does not know the language without bribing the interpreter.

The remedy for this evil is, I have reason to believe, under consideration, and a school of interpreters is to be formed, as soon as possible. As the interpreters are paid a sufficient salary they have not the excuse *il faut manger* which native officials used to have.

It is quite needless to say anything about the development of mining or commercial undertakings. Had the country remained quiet, no doubt considerable steps forward would have been taken. Laws have been issued regulating the granting of concessions, purchase of land, etc., but in the present state of the island these remain on paper. The few miners who were at work have had to run for their lives; trade is almost at an end and the cost of all European goods has largely increased. The wages of a bearer from Tamatave to the capital is double what it used to be.

The road up country has been much improved, and probably in a year's time it will be practicable for carts. Of course French tariff laws prevail, that is to say, French merchandise is admitted free, whereas that of other nations pays a duty of 10 per cent. Considering the amount of money the French nation has spent and is still spending upon Madagascar, this is evidently perfectly fair, but will it effect its object?

With the arrival of General Gallieni, and the proclamation of military law in Imerina and some other parts of Madagascar, it is only natural to hope

that before long peace and confidence may be restored. No one knows certainly what steps the General may be intending to take. He is said to be a man of decision and activity, the two qualities most required in a leader in Madagascar at the present time.

He is, however, planting numerous small garrisons, which will keep the country quiet in their immediate neighborhood. Imerina may be pacified in this way and the other tribes will very likely then settle down. For the moment not much more than this ought to be expected. The hot season has already begun, and the heavy rains in Imerina are at hand. A column operating against the rebels during the summer months will certainly have to put up with grave discomfort and probably with considerable loss of life from sickness. On the other hand if the insurrection continues the mortality among the "fahavales" will be terrible.

A large number of houses and villages have been burned, many oxen and much rice have been carried off and destroyed, and want of shelter and insufficiency of food from these causes will seriously affect the population of the disaffected parts. In addition to those who have been killed in battle, the loss of life among the women and children from exposure must be very large. During the wet season this evil will be increased manifold.

If, unhappily, the rebellion should last over the wet season large districts will be depopulated. Even now at a short distance from the capital the preparation of the rice fields for next year's crop is behindhand, and at a greater distance scarcely anything has been done. A famine in Madagascar will be more serious than in countries supplied with roads, all the more as the people have very little money and no means of providing for themselves away from their own villages.

The burden of providing for those who are starving would fall upon the administration, and it is hard to see how, with the best will in the world, it could meet the emergency. It is not a hopeful view of the situation to say that owing to deaths from wounds and sickness the survivors will be few and therefore the difficulty less.

For my own part I believe that the insurrection is already losing its vitality. Some of the chief men have left their camp and gone home, fever is rife and dissension is spreading. Further than this several of the "notables" of Antananarivo have been either shot or deported. Add to all this the want of stability in the national character and it seems to me that it is safe to predict the collapse of the rising before long.

Readers of this sketch can balance the losses and the gains which have accrued to Madagascar from the French occupation. It cannot be disguised that nothing could be worse than the state of Imerina and some other provinces. Every one is suffering, and missionaries, civil functionaries, and merchants are reduced to enforced idleness, doing what little can be done and hoping for better times.

On the other side have to be put the abolition of slavery and the prospect of a future for the country under French direction. It is no exaggeration to say that for some years every well-wisher of Madagascar has watched its downward progress with sorrow, and has felt that the moral regeneration of the country must be effected by some influence from outside.

The administration of justice was hopelessly corrupt; the *corvée* was becoming more and more severe; the military service was oppressive to the last degree, the leaders being incompetent and the soldiers undisciplined; the morality of the people left much to be desired. The time had passed when it was sufficient to say "you ought," and nothing short of "you must," could correct many of the abuses under which the country was groaning.

Looking to the future, when the present crisis in the history of Madagascar has passed, a new era may begin, happier than the past in that it contains possibilities which the former lacked.

The destinies of the country are now in the hands of the French, and every one will watch with interest the progress that civilization makes in a country where they have a free hand.

In conclusion, I may say that it is a great pity that French papers, even respectable ones, should lower themselves

so far as to say that the English are the cause of the present outbreak in Madagascar.

This statement is absolutely false, as every Frenchman of position who has been in the island knows well. For the benefit of those whose minds are not so far warped by prejudice as to accept without further consideration the statement that every evil in the world may be traced to the English, I will sum up in a few sentences the real causes of an insurrection which has destroyed in five or six months the work of thirty or forty years.

In its origin it was a rising for private ends of a few local leaders. As it developed it assumed a quasi-patriotic character, the cry being "Foreign rule is intolerable." It was made possible by the fact that the well disposed, who were the larger portion of the population, had no arms with which to defend themselves, and therefore had to join the rebels in order to save their lives and property. The upper classes were exasperated by not being able to extort money as formerly, and many of the poorer felt aggrieved at the loss of their houses and yards, which were required for the making of the roads.

Some mistakes have undoubtedly also been made by the authorities. Military rule came to an end too soon; the insurrection was allowed to become serious before steps were taken for its suppression, *except in one district which has since been quiet.* The abolition of the slaves embittered the feeling.

It should be mentioned also that the rumors which were industriously circulated by the rebels to the effect that every one would be taken for a soldier and sent to fight in a foreign country helped to spread the disaffection; nothing is more distasteful to the Malagasy than the idea of military service, especially in a foreign country.

Having lived in one of the most disaffected districts the whole of this anxious period I have had more opportunities of hearing and seeing the state of feeling among the people than a person living in the capital could have had. The above account is correct, and to say that the English, who have been the chief sufferers, are in any way responsible for this insurrection is as true as to say that they were responsible for the French Revolution.—*Nineteenth Century.*

CHINESE HUMBUG.

BY E. H. PARKER.

THE Pecksniffian arts are carried to high perfection in China, as every one who has lived in that unsavory country must well know. Chinese history teems with stories of "bluff" and deception, and the successful humbugs are nearly always held up by historians as models of wisdom. For instance, China's greatest military hero, the Emperor T'ang T'ai-tsung, feeling himself insecurely seated on the throne, bluffed a couple of Turkish Khans who were assisting his rivals, by riding almost unattended up to the Turkish lines and challenging the supreme Khan to personal combat. The Turks were so astonished that they could not speak, and, suspecting some trap, at once came to terms. If there was exceptional courage in this bluff, it prob-

ably was because the Emperor had Turkish blood in him. Another great general, finding himself short of arrows, conceived the idea of stowing a couple of enormous haystacks on flats, and drifting them down the river through the enemy's lines; the enemy of course thought there were men behind the hay, and when the flats had cleared the enemy's cantonments, over 2,000,000 arrows were picked out uninjured. Sometimes it was a case of *sartor resartus*. A certain Chinese Emperor, wishing to impress the Scythian envoys, and feeling that his own personal carriage was not impressive, commanded one of his most strapping guards to stand behind the throne; he then asked the envoys whom they thought the most imposing

person in the world ; the envoys said : " We had imagined the Emperor of China was, but now we come to look at you we think that man standing behind you impresses us most." From the dawn of history up to the present day artful stratagems have been the great stand-by of the Chinese in preference to personal prowess and straightforward dealing. Not that many instances of unusual bravery, sterling honesty, and unimpeachable integrity do not occur : on the contrary, such cases are numerous, if in a minority ; and it always seems that the history of every reign is in great part that of a struggle between the honest and the cunning factions or parties. It is also an unquestionable fact that nowhere in the world is honesty more admired and respected than in China. Moreover, the circumstance that the Chinese have almost always been unable to overcome their difficulties by deceit, bluff, treachery, or ingenuity of combination, at least points to a very highly developed brain power ; and, therefore, in a people as deficient in personal strength as they are, inclined toward peace, compromise, and philosophy, this fact cannot fairly be regarded as one disgraceful to the moral sense of the nation. The national characteristic, or maybe defect, can in a measure be justified on reasonable grounds of self defence. One of the most ingenious " dodges " I ever heard of was practised by a Chinese general upon our old friends the Turks, who at that time were massacring the Chinese instead of Armenians. The Chinaman had his forces safely posted on one side of a mountain, but it was absolutely essential to success to know by which routes the Turks would fetch the curve. He therefore put 100 pigeons in two chests, inscribing each chest : " Cursed be the dastard who opens this." Of course, the foolish Turks slashed open the boxes, and thus marked with precision their exact positions and movements.

The object of this paper, however, is not to enter into a moral disquisition based upon historical evidence, but to take a few amusing instances, drawn from actual experience, illustrative of the prompt capacity of the Chinese mind to adapt itself to the best " fox-

ing " methods when sudden pressure of circumstances forces the subject into a corner.

My first experience of Chinese humbug on a practical scale was once when a party of us were travelling on horseback in the neighborhood of the Great Wall. We arrived after dark at our destination, but only to find the city gates shut. No blandishments of ours would induce the officials inside to communicate with us in any way except through the keyhole. Just as we were in despair, one of our Chinese horseboys stepped up, and assuming charge of the negotiations, asked the petty mandarin if he was aware that we held documents in our possession signed and sealed by the Prince of Kung (the Emperor's uncle). He was simply alluding to our passports, which, in fact, had really emanated from the Foreign Office, of which Prince Kung was then (as he is once more now) the titular head. The gates were opened, and having once got in we did not trouble ourselves about further explanations, but went straight to an inn.

A few weeks after that, on our return from the Mongol plains, we were approaching a town called Shih Ch'èng, when a man on a donkey riding in the opposite direction shouted out to us : "*Mei ti fang erh chu!*" (There's no place to lodge !). It had been snowing or raining all day, and we had been comforting ourselves for a long time with visions of hot drinks and a good meal, when this ghastly news fairly took the breath out of us. At that time (1870-71) a Russian scare existed, and a body of Chinese troops, under the Manchu General Ch'ang were billeted on the town. Not a vacant corner was available anywhere, added to which the soldiers were most insolent. After wandering through the town in vain, we suddenly passed a gay courtyard festooned with lanterns, and hearing the words " his Excellency Ch'ang," assumed that this must be the General's headquarters. I was suddenly inspired to ride in, and was, of course, at once arrested. The recollection of the horseboy's success, combined with misery, emboldened me to try a little bluff on my own account, so I said : " Have a care ! The man who interferes with

the imperial seal may lose his head!" A long parley ensued, the upshot of which was that General Ch'ang agreed to send his secretary out to interview me. But I insisted on going in, and shouted out that I "held his Excellency personally responsible." At last it was agreed that the others should remain outside while I went in alone. My "documents" (i.e., the passport) were now inspected, but did not appear to cause so much terror after all; however, I fumed and raged in such a way that word was at length passed out ordering my admittance into the presence. As soon as ever I raised the curtain, a fat, comfortable little man came forward with a pleased smile, and, seizing me by both hands, exclaimed: "Is it you, General X., whom I met on the Russian frontier last year?" I said: "Of course it is, and Generals Y. and Z. are outside." As the distinguished warriors were incontinently shown in, I said to them, hastily: "Don't open your mouths; leave all the talking to me, and take your cue by it." We all then became the warmest friends over pipes and wine, discussed our campaigns on the Amur, confirmed General Ch'ang's view of frontier strategy, gave our ages (twenty-one to twenty-six) as fifty to sixty, and finally induced the old man to order the city magistrate to turn partly out of his own house for our benefit; our horses occupied the archives room, and we parted from the General with many *ta-lass* (his way of pronouncing the Russian word *zdravstvuyte*, or "take care of yourselves"). From that day onward we failed to discover what it all meant, and whether the General had really mistaken us for old comrades, or had merely invented this story to "save his face" before his own men. He promised to call to see us on his way through Peking, but we never heard anything more of him. We frankly confessed our misdemeanor to our superiors, and obtained absolution.

A year later I was walking from Kewkiang to Hankow through the hostile provinces of Kiang Si and Hu Peh. One day the hotel was crowded with students going up to the provincial capital of Wuchang for examination. I had answered their questions civilly,

and was just getting into my dressing-gown preparatory to enjoying a rest on my wretched straw pallet, when one of the students, inflamed with wine, rushed into my "stall," seized hold of my pipe, and took a whiff at it. I forgot myself for the moment in my irritation, and delivered him one in the breast with such force that he fell through the wooden partition, and carried a number of chairs, tables, teapots, etc., with him. There was now a terrible hullabaloo, and instantly a score of students made for me with chairs, table-legs, and other improvised weapons. I hastily thrust on my fez smoking cap and dressing-gown, so as to have my hands free, and was just looking round for a poker or something, when I heard my "boy" shout out: "His worship has now donned his official costume." For a second I did not quite understand, but realized the ingenious idea almost at once, and, with the most impressive air I could assume, loudly ordered the landlord to summon the local authority instantly into my presence. To cut the matter short, the requisite time was gained, the whole difficulty was soon arranged, and I overheard the students during the night discussing in whispers my exact rank, and whether I was likely to use "my influence with the Viceroy" to injure them in any way.

It is the custom in China to send round presents to official acquaintances at certain periods. These, when sent by the Chinese, consist of hams, roast ducks, live hens, a sort of "Easter" egg, jujubes, cakes, fruit, sea-slugs, and other suspicious-looking comestibles. The practice is sometimes annoying, for one is expected to "tip" the servants liberally, besides sending return presents, and this becomes serious when ten or a dozen mandarins all send round spatchcock ducks in one morning. I was not long in discovering that the mandarins were often totally ignorant of the proceeding, and that the roast ducks, sea-slugs, etc., were hired by the servants at so much an hour for the occasion. It is not etiquette to accept many articles; but my servants, who liked eating the ducks and slugs, used to persuade me that it looked dignified to accept much and

give big tips. The proper course is to write on a visiting card: "[Mr. X.] has respectfully detained a basket of oranges and a box of jujubes; the remaining jewels are returned with thanks." The correct procedure with the tip is to enclose a few dollars (according to the value of the presents offered and accepted) in a piece of red paper, and mark it "for tea." In the case of needy expectants, I suspect the masters often go halves with the servants. At any rate, my own servants, in order to be on the safe side, always reported to me with an anxious air of expectancy the tips they received when I sent round presents in return.

But what astonished me most was a visit from the "head thief" on my arrival at Chungking, in 1880. Of course I asked for explanations, and was informed that, for a payment of a dollar a month by way of insurance, the thieves would not molest me. It was the city magistrate's own policeman who volunteered this information. I remember, too, one day at the Peking Legation, in 1871, an old Chinese writer asked us to send a note in the Minister's name to the Foreign Office, and get that august body to move the Governor of Peking to return a pair of crystal spectacles which an unknown thief had snatched away from him in the street that morning. The old man insisted upon it that it was quite the right thing to do, and that there was no chance of failure; he added that the custom was for all "recognized" thieves to hold their plunder to the order of the police for a few days, in case any influential person should ask for it. With the Minister's consent a note was sent, and, sure enough, the Captain of Gendarmerie returned the spectacles next day, adding that his men had succeeded in apprehending the thief, who would be bastinadoed.

Shortly after my arrival at Canton, an old Chinese, who had once rendered a service to our army, called upon me and asked me to obtain a customs appointment for him, bringing in about £30 a year. I told him I had no influence, and no ground for interfering. He said the Manchu comptroller had dozens of vacant "portfolios" always

at his disposal, and that it was the custom for all "friends" of his to ask for two or three. He assured me that the mere request would be enough, without any explanation, for the comptroller could not afford to make any enemies. I found out, on inquiry, that such a "custom" had really been recognized; so in went the applicant's letter, and back came the portfolio. The holder never went near his billet; the whole affair was managed by the comptroller's menials in his name. All he had to do was to draw his salary. In return for such little favors, the Manchu military officers on their way back to Peking used to get the foreign consuls to ask the customs to pass their luggage free. The way it was done was this: "Dear Jones—Here's another fellow wants to smuggle opium, and the Tartar-General supports him." "Dear Smith,—All right, we know all about it; but tell him he mustn't take too much, or we shall have to stop it; let *ne quid nimis* be his motto." One day a young man boldly asked me to write to the Literary Chancellor, so as to get him through his examination. He said he was quite certain that the Grand Examiner durst not refuse, as he was an opium smoker. In this instance nothing was done. On another occasion, a "general" from Yün Nan visited me and requested a loan of money. Being unusually busy, I asked him to sit down for five minutes, and meanwhile wrote as follows to the city magistrate: "These generals, etc., are a perfect nuisance; if he is a real general, it is for the Chinese authorities to assist him." The "general" went off with the letter, and I heard nothing more about it for a month; when, one day, a petition was placed in my hands, to the effect that: "Since you graciously consigned me to prison, I have heard from my old mother, who is sick, etc." I was shocked to find, on asking for the man's release, that he was a mere bag of bones, having been starved by his jailer; however, I gave him a few dollars and sent him back to Yün Nan. He seemed very grateful. The curious thing was that he really had the brevet title of general; and I never understood how the magistrate was able to

imprison him. But generals in China count for very little more than colonels in the United States.

A curious thing once happened to me at Foochow (Pagoda Anchorage). I was just preparing for my bath, after a long walk, when a Chinese petition was handed to me. My eye caught the words: "brutal assault, by sailors of an English steamer, etc.," and I had just time to say: "Bring the wounded man here" before my clothes were all off. I found a small crowd collected round a bier at my front door when I emerged after dressing, and one of the leading "gentry" was haranguing the people in a very excited state. He said he held me "responsible" if the steamer was allowed to go, that "human life must be respected," and so on. I thought I scented humbug somewhere: however, I sent a note to the English doctor next door, who was round with his instruments in a minute. Not a word passed between us. The "murdered man" seemed a fine, strapping, young fellow, but his "internal injuries" were such that the *literati* would hardly let us move the sheet which covered the prospective "corpse." The doctor applied his stethoscope, and in a short time was able to assure me that the man's heart and lungs were still there and in fine working order, any way. I suggested that his feet might be felt to see if they were cold. Meanwhile the internal injuries extracted the most excruciating but subdued groans from the patient. The charge was that the English sailors had cruelly belabored him with "knives and irons," and had finally pitched him over the side into his boat, breaking all his bones, and "severing his bowel." Under these dreadful circumstances, the sheet was once more reverentially placed over the corpse, and the constable was ordered to watch, without intermission, what took place at the house where the body was to lie. Meanwhile I wrote to the steamer captain: "Dear Captain X.,—I have been asked to issue a warrant against these three men of yours (names given) on a charge of assault with intent to murder. I suspect it is all extortion, and I'm not going to do it. But please give the men to the constable, who takes the

prosecutor with him to see you, and I'll guarantee you against everything." This was late at night. I got up early the next morning, and at once went to interview the "murderers"—three Chinamen—whom the constable had locked up in separate cells. According to their story, the injured man had tried to run away with a dollar, and in his hurry had fallen rather heavily into his own bumboat; no one had touched him. Further inquiry elicited the fact that he was a *protégé* of the leading "gentleman," who for some reason had a grudge against the ship in connection with a dispute about stores supplied. However, I contented myself with giving orders that no one was to be admitted, under any pretext whatever, into the jail. Sure enough, during that same day the "gentry" applied for permission to interview the murderers. Meanwhile the local mandarin sent in a formal written charge, and demanded to be present at the "trial." I waited three whole days without doing anything, on the ground that we must first see whether the man died or no. The constable was instructed meanwhile to watch most carefully and see what food was eaten by the victim. A healthy young man naturally begins to get hungry after a few days of fasting, and it is monotonous work lying motionless under a sheet all day. On the third day the mandarin came in person to ask what I proposed to do, and was both relieved and amused when I named the following terms. 1. An apology by the leading "gentry," with apologetic crackers and a pork feast. 2. Full pay at the rate of \$15 a month for each man detained during the period the steamer was away, and the leading gentry to pay the money. 3. The "murdered man" to receive fifty blows of the bamboo. The mandarin saw that the game was up, and all was settled in a few hours over cigars and a bottle of champagne. There were free bets offered by outsiders during the progress of negotiations that A-lu (the rich storekeeper) would get to windward, or wriggle out of it somehow. But he didn't. His little trick cost him fifty dollars.

The Chinese authorities are delighted if they can catch a foreign official

tripping in some point of tact, accuracy, or good form. They never spare him :

" If the Consul had only said what he wanted in a calm and dignified way, the writer, whose zeal for his imperial master's interests does not render him deaf to occasional calls upon personal friendship, would have endeavored to accommodate himself to the Consul's demands, even though there seems to be a touch of commercial sordidness about them ; but when the Consul uses strong language suggestive of a noisy harridan's street-squabbings, although from a feeling of pity the writer will still give way, he feels some doubt as to whether the Consul's superiors would approve of such an overbearing demeanor."

I remember one case where a salt junk and cargo had been wrongfully seized and sold. The Chinese took very high and mighty ground, and stoutly swore the junk lay a mile beyond foreign waters. At the last moment an irrefragable proof of this wrong accidentally turned up in the shape of the slipped anchor, and it was privately arranged with the Salt Commissioner, in order to " save the Viceroy's face," that another junk of the same kind should be bought, filled with salt, and unofficially handed over to the foreign authorities, who, on their part, agreed to allow the Viceroy's despatch to stand, officially asserting the unjustifiable nature of the junkman's demands.

On another occasion it had been solemnly agreed at one of the ports, in writing under seal, that \$35,000 compensation should be paid for certain damage done during a riot, and no more. At the last moment some forgotten items brought up the total to \$37,000. What was to be done? The Viceroy and the Governor had both " recorded" \$35,000, and a change was declared to be impossible. At last it was decided to describe one of the chapels destroyed as being (owing to the foreign official's ignorance of geography) outside the recognized boundary of the district, and, therefore, " not included in the dossier" as originally sent up. The foreign official agreed to lie under the charge of geographical ignorance, provided no fib were put into his mouth, and the money was paid.

Few Chinese servants ever apply for simple leave of absence. It is usually :

" My old mother has an internal pain, and wishes to see me," or " My late paternal grandmother is going to have her coffin transferred from its temporary resting-place to the family tomb." Even viceroys indulge this strange passion. The Viceroy Liu Kin-t'ang of Kashgaria sent up an enormously long memorial when on leave of absence about ten years ago, to justify his remaining in permanent retirement. The Emperor had already granted him several extensions of furlough, but always with the proviso : " So soon as his grandmother is better, he will return from Hu Nan to his post in Kashgaria." At last Liu Kin-t'ang drew such a dreadful picture of the old lady's helplessness, of her love for him in particular, how the servants were unable to fathom her mystic utterances, how he washed her in bed with his own hands, etc., that he gained his point. The following is the literal translation of one of the passages :

" But now, if the nurses show the slightest remissness, she makes quite a terrible mess of her person. I am in daily attendance at her bedside, and see this for myself morning and evening—a succession of most saddening and tear-extracting spectacles."

He treats the Emperor to page after page of this, and at last overcomes his Majesty. The Governor of Hu Nan supports the application, and says :

" I have invited the local gentry to come and see me, and have inquired of them in person all about his grandmother's sickness ; they all agree that she is daily suffering from the malady of increasing age," etc.

It must not be thought that Liu Kin-t'ang himself invented the grandmother plan ; it is quite classical and traditional, and is generally, when adopted, modelled upon the language of one Li Mi, of the Tsin dynasty (A.D. 300), who resolutely declined high office on account of his poor old grandmother. Li Hung-Chang himself once officially used the expression : " The old cow is yearning to lick her calf," in applying to the Emperor for leave to visit his mother ; and it is quite usual for viceroys to ask permission to " go and imitate old Lai,"—a hero of antiquity, who, at the age of seventy, dressed himself up in clownish attire, and capered about the room, in order to

make his parents think he was a baby, and forget that they were growing old. The Chinese *faire part* at funerals somewhat resembles the French in style, but possesses special peculiarities of its own. For instance, the eldest son "tears at his eyes and weeps blood;" the next in degree "grinds at his eyes and weeps tears;" the next merely "wipes his eyes;" there are particular howls and knockings of the head for each degree of relationship. There is no dignity whatever about a Chinese funeral. They are great sticklers for etiquette and form, but the whole display, music included, is more suggestive of comic opera or operabouffe than of decent, decorous grief. When an emperor or empress dies, the official effusions which it is the custom to compose are a trifle nauseous in their fulsomeness, as may well be imagined. The Emperor's duty to his grandmother is also paraded in cloying terms. For instance, when K'ang-hi, the wisest and best monarch of the dynasty, lost his first son, he went laughing into his grandmother's presence, so that the old lady might be cheerful. "What is a young child," said he, "so long as my old grandmother is happy?" He used to get out of his chair and support her sedan with his own hands whenever the road was muddy or precipitous. All this is very well, and of course very proper; but the Chinese are apt to make too much parade and fuss about it; there is a priggish sanctimoniousness about their filial piety which takes out of it, in our western imagination, almost all the excellence which is really there. All Chinese virtue, whether it be filial, social, official, or loyal, is systematically preened and advertised. There is something peculiarly irritating about a petty Chinese mandarin as he rolls along in his official garb, affecting a calm dignity of manner which, experience teaches us, is usually of the collapsable kind. In the same way with most Chinese virtues; they are trotted out so obtrusively that there always seems to be a suspicion of humbug about them, even if genuine.

The Chinese are greater humbugs in their grief than in any other matter. At funerals the eldest son, at least, ought to "weep at the nose" as well

as at the eyes, and usually does so, being often supported, as he staggers along in his grief, by a couple of "best men." The concubines are in chairs, and keep up a prolonged howling so long as any one is in sight, chatting gayly, however, or cracking melon-seeds in the intervals. Often and often, during my prowls in the country, has my attention been directed to a group of mourners by the most heart-breaking sobs. On one occasion I stole up and saw a young, good-looking woman kneeling at her husband's grave, while two children were making mud-pies at her side. She kept shrieking: "Oh! my husband, come back, come back! Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! I want to die! I am dying with grief!" Every now and then the children would abandon the mud-pies, pull a wry face, and join in for a minute. When the woman caught sight of me, she seized hold of the children with a childish air of delight, and said: "Look! look! there's a foreign devil." Then, evidently reflecting on the impropriety of her conduct, she recommenced wailing most piteously. I hurried away, half fearing that I might be charged with some serious crime, so horrid were her cries. When the Viceroy Jweilin died at Canton, one of the Consuls, who was a great friend of his, desired to go to the lying-in-state, and it was a serious question how he and his suite should "howl" when they got there; however, the wailing was compromised for a series of bows. When I arrived at the port the second time, an old Chinaman was announced, and immediately began to wipe his eyes and sob as soon as he saw me. I asked him what was the matter. He said: "I hear one of your predecessors, who was here five years ago, is dead." I said: "Yes! but I can't join you; it is not our custom to cry unless we feel like it." He said: "Oh! I beg your pardon," and at once became as cheerful as possible. It is a punishable offence for an official not to wail in proper, form at court. Suksaha, one of the regents during the minority of the Emperor K'ang-hi, was sentenced to death for a number of trumpety "disloyal" acts, one of which was "only weeping a short time, and on horseback instead of on foot," when

K'ang-hi's father was buried. The Manchus were originally devoid of all this nonsense, which, however, they have since thought it good policy to borrow from the Chinese.

When a mandarin arrives at his post, no matter what his private character may be, he usually issues a proclamation in the following style: "I, the Judge, from my youth upward, have always been imbued with a love of virtue. I uphold the law as solidly as a mountain. All my servants and secretaries are strangers to me, and I do not allow any one to make the slightest squeeze in my name. Alas! ye silly people! I often weep when I think of your requirements. My nights are sleepless in my steady anxiety for good government, etc." On one occasion when the Hoppo of Canton was questioned touching a heavy squeeze he was publicly known to be wringing out of an innocent trader, he wrote to say: "I am not my own judge in the matter. Every tiny drop of my imperial master's revenue must flow into the public stream: it would never do to let off such rogues as this too easily."

Stratagem seems to be ingrained in the Chinese nature. Very few officials brought into contact with Europeans fail to try on a "dodge" of some sort. Sometimes it is endeavoring to evade the duty of returning a call, or calling first; sometimes (in fact almost invariably) annoyance is caused by keeping the visitor waiting at the outer door, or in the reception room; or the status of the Chinese Emperor will be "raised" in correspondence so as to make him rank far above that of the European Sovereign; or seats below the place to which the visitor's rank entitles him will be offered. Most Chinamen, whether officials or others, have a tendency to treat their regular duties as a maximum and their income as an irreducible minimum—a mere preliminary basis on which to build future profits. Traffickers by nature, no matter how high the pay or how nominal the duty, they will endeavor to increase the emolument and reduce to a minimum the amount of work done for it. No boatman ever fails to smuggle salt under the ægis of an important

passenger. No official ever travels, but what all his servants have "a thing on" of some kind. All servants get a squeeze on the price of goods brought into the house. In short, the Chinese are like a nation of rats, living a hole-in-corner life, nibbling at everything, and with a genius for evading traps.

It is a remarkable thing that, with all this deceit and corruption, there is no country where mercantile operations are more methodically, and perhaps even honorably carried on. Each trade has its craft, its mysteries, its obfuscations, and its dodges; but, so long as they are left alone to manipulate this part of the business in their own way, the Chinese merchants are eminently trustworthy, and their mere word is as often as not as good as any bond. It is also a very noteworthy fact that, in spite of the ingenuity they all show in obtaining a maximum of profit for a minimum of work done, there is no country in the world where there is so much steady and patient industry, whether it be among the agriculturists or the artisans—always provided the man is working for his own interest, or, if for others, then by the job, and not by time. It is due again to the Chinese officials to say that in no country are financial engagements more punctually and punctiliously carried out; there may be a little petty squeezing "on the scale," or "on time;" but as a broad rule, debts are faithfully paid off, and salaries (to Europeans) are rarely in arrear. There is another remarkable feature in the Chinese character, official or otherwise, which it is only fair to place to their credit. When it is a case of "cards down," and an appeal to simple generosity, both individuals and the Government are disposed to be generous to the "broken reed." They dislike the logical French way of pushing things *jusqu'au bout*; they like a back door for themselves, and they like to leave a back door open for others. In short, take them all in all, the Chinese are not much, if any, worse than the rest of mankind. If they irritate us with their lies and their knavery, it is largely because their lies and their knaveries are so different in form from our own; it is also partly

because life, property, and position are with them comparatively insecure; and thus, where more powerful beasts are

on the prowl, the fox must make the best arrangements he can for himself.
—*Contemporary Review*.

A PARSON OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A CYNIC might suggest that the great change which has come over morals and social habits during the present century is more apparent than real, and that if the very superior persons of to-day were subjected to the proverbial treatment by which a Russian is supposed to be Tartarized, they might be found to be much the same as the very inferior humanity (?) of a hundred years ago. But you would certainly have to scratch very deep to identify the present-day divine with the parson of the last century, or even of the earlier decades of the present.

Macaulay's picture of the condition of the clergy at the Restoration, in the third chapter of his great historical romance, has been considered exaggerated; but I think, in that instance at least, he did not permit his imagination or prejudice to over-color facts. The Elizabethan dramatists afford us glimpses of the degradation into which the sacred calling fell under the Tudor Queen and her Stuart successors. Take, for example, the character of Sir Roger in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*. In great houses the chaplain was regarded as little better than a menial; at table he was supposed only to eat of the coarser dishes, sometimes to dine in the servants' hall, to be made the butt of his patron's drunken jokes, to run errands, and marry the lady's maid, who, however tarnished her reputation might be, considered it rather a condescension upon her part to accept such a mate. As men of birth, breeding, and ability, unless well assured of promotion, would not submit to such treatment, the rank and file of the clergy were drawn from an inferior class, and became such as we find them in the novels of Fielding and other eighteenth-century writers: *vide* Parson Trulliber, in "Joseph Andrews," who "was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six days might be more properly called a farmer. . . . His

own size being, with much ale, rendered little inferior to that of the beasts (hogs) he sold. . . . His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accent extremely broad." And, to complete this clerical picture, we are told that in his youth he had been one of the finest cudgel players in the country! In Parson Adams, Fielding has certainly given us a foil to this hog-like portrait; but with all his goodness, piety, simplicity, and learning, the dear old man is sunk in the most sordid poverty, and has the habits of a peasant.

Leap over another fifty or sixty years, and the *morale* of the country clergy is little if at all improved. Pages might be filled with illustrations of this fact. A notable example of the genus was Parson Froude—a forbear of James Anthony—of Knowstone in Devon, who hunted during one half of the week and shot throughout the other; who, while the Bishop of Exeter was wiggling him, interrupted his lordship with praises of a greyhound who lay at his feet. "If you'd only shake your apron at 'un he'd go like a dart!" exclaimed his master enthusiastically. One Sunday, in a South Country church, the clerk gave out that there would be no service that afternoon, as the parson was gone off to Lewes to be in time for the races next day. A conscientious parishioner informed the Bishop of this dereliction of duty. "What is he going to do there?" inquired the Right Reverend. "He is going to ride," was the shocked reply. "Then I'll bet you two to one he wins!" was the unapostolic rejoinder.

Not infrequently the hunting parson performed the service with his gown slipped over his scarlet coat and top-boots; and there is a Devonshire story of the view hallo rousing a congregation in the midst of the sermon, when up jumped the males and rushed out of the church with a stentorian "Tally-ho-ho!" The next moment the parson

was at their heels, his gown flying behind him, and he was soon heading his flock. There was Parson Beevor of Norfolk, who when he came up to town always made a round of the boxing-saloons, and would even don the gloves with any one who cared to take him on, or use his fists in a street brawl with his favorite companion, Ikey Bittoon, a Jew pugilist. Another pugilistic clerical was Charles Churchill, the satirist. After service the parson usually dined with a farmer, smoked a long clay pipe, and drank ale and punch until church-time came round again.

It is not so long since the last of the fox-hunting divines, the Reverend Jack Russell, passed away. A singular illustration of the affection felt for him by his parishioners occurred once at the trial of a man for sheep-stealing. Russell, knowing that the culprit had a large family—and the sentence was in those days a very severe one—expressed some commiseration for him. "Lor, Passon Rissell," said one of the jurymen who came from his parish, "if we had only a-know'd that you had any wish about the man, we would have made the verdict other way round!"

The progress and enthusiasm of the Nonconformists, the evangelical wave, so quickly followed by the great Anglican revival, brought another class of men into the Church, and the hunting parson gave place to the student.

Among the notable frequenters of the Bedford Coffee House and other resorts of the wits, in the days when Dr. Johnson was the Aristarchus of the Press and David Garrick the Roscius of the Stage, was a young fellow of herculean proportions, with a handsome if sardonic face, who would have looked much more at home in a suit of regimentals than in the rusty frayed cassock and soiled bands which denoted him to belong to the profession of peace. He could bandy repartees with Sam Foote, cross swords with a Temple beau, talk theology with Warburton, discuss crops and beasts with an Essex farmer, cap queer stories with John Wilkes, pen scurrility with Charles Churchill, cut out Lord Lytton in an amour, and box with Jack Broughton, the champion. This was

the Reverend Henry Bate, who might personally have applied the couplet written by Churchill upon himself—

"Bred for the Church and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read."

He came of a good old Worcestershire family; he had succeeded his father in the living of North Fambridge in Essex, and was, besides, curate of Prettywell, near Southend. But his mother and his many little brothers and sisters had been left only slenderly provided for; the burden weighed heavily upon his limited income, and, being a man of parts and extravagant tastes, the life of a country parson was intolerable to him. So he went up to London to seek his fortune; and we next hear of him as curate, at Hendon, to the Reverend James Towneley, author of that once celebrated farce, *High Life Below Stairs*. Garrick was a friend of Towneley, and was a frequent visitor at the rectory, where he made the acquaintance of the young curate, then only twenty-five years of age. Struck by his talents and address, the great actor got him elected a member of the Beef Steak Club, and helped to introduce him into society, where his splendid physique, fascinating manners, and brilliant conversation soon rendered him a great favorite, at least with the women. So rapid was his progress that, in 1772, he projected and edited a daily paper, the *Morning Post*, and thereby—unless the initiative should be claimed for the *Morning Chronicle*, established two years previously—inaugurated modern journalism. Such caustic, witty personalities, such daring "spicy" paragraphs as were thrown off by his caustic pen, had never before brightened the breakfast-table, and the circulation of the new journal quickly rose to the then unprecedented number of 4000 daily!

But while those whose "withers were unwrung" chuckled with delight over these *chroniques scandaleuses*, the victims, whose follies were held up to ridicule, or whose secret vices were exposed, raged with fury, and, invading the publishing office, demanded that their calumniator should be given up to their vengeance. The Reverend

Pasquin was ready enough to face his responsibility. Only the editor of an American paper "down West" can thoroughly appreciate the situation. When shown into the presence of their detractor, some were too enraged for words, their tongues were in their fists; but they had no chance at that game, and speedily retired as much damaged in person as they were in mind. Others sent him challenges, but fared no better, as this Boanerges of the Press was as ready with bullets as with blows, and both modes of satisfaction proved equally unsatisfactory to the challengers. Never was Sir John Brute a greater terror to the watch than was this descendant of the Mohawks. He cudgelled them when they interfered with his night brawls, and he cudgelled them for sport when he found them asleep in their boxes. The sight of his broad shoulders in the first row of the pit, leaning against the spikes which at that time guarded the stage from invasion, was as ominous a spectre to the actors even as the burly form of the author of *The Rosciad*, for none knew whose turn it would be for a flogging next morning in the columns of the *Post*.

At last an opportunity for general vengeance presented itself, when in 1775 Garrick brought out a farce of the parson's, *The Rival Candidates*. On the first night legions of foes swarmed in every part of the house, and, though many of the malcontents were made to bite the dust beneath the fists of the author, yelling and hooting never ceased from the rise to the fall of the curtain. On the second night the foe assembled in yet greater numbers; but Bate had prepared for reprisals by enlisting the services of a body of pugilists under Broughton, and a terrible riot ensued: Woodfall, the famous printer, was nearly killed in the fray; numbers of people were severely injured; and Bate, who led the forces, had his cassock torn to shreds. These scenes were repeated until the authorities interposed, and compelled the withdrawal of the piece.

A year afterward another farce of Bate's was presented, with a similar result. It bore the curious title of *The Blackamore Washed White*, and Mrs.

Siddons, whom he had been instrumental in bringing to Drury Lane, made her third appearance upon the London stage in it. The farce was damned; so next morning was the actress in the *Chronicle*. Bate wrote several other pieces between 1776 and 1791, but none are worthy of notice.

In consequence of some disagreement with the proprietors, Bate, eight years after its first establishment, broke his connection with the *Post*, and started another daily, the *Morning Herald*. The change was effected so rapidly that he carried off with him not only the entire staff but the printer as well; and on the following morning the *Post*, being without copy or compositors, could not be issued.

Notwithstanding his literary success, our parson still clung to the Church, and one of his aristocratic friends, probably Lord Lyttleton, purchased for him the reversion of the living of Bradwell-juxta-Mare, a village on the Essex coast. What inducement could have presented itself to him to undertake such a charge it is difficult to understand, as the place was a desolation in the midst of salt marshes, and so unhealthy that neither rector nor curate cared to reside there; the roads were at times impassable, the church and parsonage almost in ruins, and the land round about was miserably farmed. It was in 1781 that Bate entered upon possession of this Slough of Despond, and took up his abode in the village. And now the energies which he had hitherto expended upon brawls, debauchery, and scurrilous libels were turned in another and more praiseworthy direction. He at once set about restoring the church, building a new rectory, and draining the glebe; he also took over a number of farms, reclaiming three hundred acres from the sea, raised a sea-wall six or seven miles in length, and laid out plantations as cover for game. Hunting and shooting were now his chief occupations; and if a marriage or a burial broke in upon his sports, this clerical Nimrod would deposit his gun in the vestry, shut his dogs up in a pew, slip a surplice over his field costume, and as soon as he could hurry over the ceremony was away again winging the birds or

coursing the hares. Nevertheless, he brought back the congregation, which before his advent had dwindled to almost vanishing point. But squires of those days cared little for the parson's theology or morals if he were a good shot, a bold rider, and a jovial boon-companion; the farmers judged him by the same standard, and the peasantry followed suit: they liked a man who was rough and ready, swore at them one minute, tossed them a shilling the next, and was generous in the way of beer. Where the ways and means came from for all these undertakings it would be difficult to say. He must have made money out of his journalistic work, but he was too great a spendthrift to keep it. About this time, however, a relative dying left him some property on the condition that he should add the name of Dudley to his own patronymic, and Royal Letters Patent being taken out, he was thenceforth known as the Rev. Bate Dudley.

As is often the case, however, good intentions did not prosper with him so well as bad. Notwithstanding the transformation he had effected in the parish at a cost of £28,000, and that all legal forms had been observed in the purchase, upon the death of the actual incumbent in 1784, the Bishop of London was so scandalized by Bate's past career that he refused to confirm the reversion. While the dispute was raging, the grace time allowed to the patron by law expired; the patronage lapsed to the Crown, and the Rev. Mr. Gamble, Chaplain to the Forces, was appointed to the living. Petitions in favor of Bate Dudley, representing the hard treatment he had received and the amount of good he had effected in the parish, were signed by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county and all the lay magistrates, and sent to the Prime Minister; motions upon the subject were brought forward in the House, one by Brinsley Sheridan; but all in vain. William Pitt was not the man to sympathize with Bate Dudley, more especially as his present mode of life was but a continuation of his past.

In 1789 he was co-respondent in a divorce suit, after fighting a duel with the husband and disabling him. When the trial came on he was a prisoner in

the King's Bench, where probably his Bradwell improvements had helped to put him, giving wine-parties to his profligate friends.

Bate was a boon companion of the Regent, and assisted him in his intrigues. It has been said that he was the clergyman who united the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert; but, on the other hand, it has been stated that the Reverend Mr. Burt of Twickenham confessed on his death-bed that it was he who performed the ceremony.

By-and-by England became too hot to hold our reverend gentleman, and a noble friend persuaded him to try Ireland, with a promise to recommend him to the patronage of the Lord-Lieutenant. So to Dublin Bate Dudley went, and in 1804 obtained the rectory of Kilsoran, in the barony of Forth and the diocese of Ferns; shortly afterward he was made Chancellor of Ferns Cathedral, and three years later was appointed to the living of Kilglass, which was in the gift of the Duke of Bedford. The compensation for his Bradwell losses, which was impossible in England, was thus afforded him in the sister island. There public opinion was a factor more easy to deal with, and those *bon vivant* qualifications which had won for him popularity in Essex were yet more potent recommendations to the favor of the rollicking Irish squires of the days of Harry Lorrequer. Nevertheless, however lax he might have been in spiritual affairs, he was not unmindful of the material wants of his flock, and did all in his power to improve their condition and that of the parish at large. Yet after all, the dulness of an Irish parsonage and the Bœotian revels of besotted Irish squires could not satisfy the ambition of so brilliant a *littérateur* as Bate Dudley, and, although he frequently broke the tedium by a journey to London, he must have longed for a sphere more congenial to his tastes and ambitions.

At last his exile came to an end, and in 1812 he was appointed to the rectory of Willingham in Cambridgeshire; in the same year the Prince Regent conferred a baronetcy upon him; and four years later he was presented with a prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral. At this

time he was a Justice of the Peace for seven English and four Irish counties. The desire to compensate him for past losses had doubtless much to do with this rush of good things, and the favor of George of Wales much more. But it must be added that, notwithstanding his dissolute mode of life—which again, it should be remembered, was viewed by his contemporaries from a different standpoint to that of the present day—Sir Henry Bate Dudley was a man of great ability and fine judgment. As a magistrate he was invaluable, and more than once he obtained thanks from the highest quarters for his vigor and promptitude in suppressing disturbances which might have otherwise developed into serious riots: it was one of these occasions that afforded the Regent the ostensible plea for conferring upon him the honor of a baronetcy.

In artistic matters he was equally trustworthy. He is accredited with being the first to discover the genius of Gainsborough. While he was at Bradwell that fine artist executed a portrait of him, and later on a second. When Garrick was recommended to engage Mrs. Siddons, he sent Bate down to Bath to pronounce upon her, and upon his judgment engaged her. Our parson was also the first to bring Shield, the composer, before public notice.

Let us hope that under so many responsibilities his life became more decorous. We know, however, that he never quite subdued his pugilistic propensities. One day while driving out with his wife the coachman answered him impertinently. Out jumped the parson. "Get down from your box, you rascal, and I'll give you a sound

thrashing!" he roared. Coachee, as ready as his master for a round, was on the ground in an instant: off went the coats, and up went the fists, and there was a grand set-to in the road. But Sir Henry was no longer the Parson Bate of the old Vauxhall and Covent Garden days, and when Lady Bate looked out of the carriage window and implored him not to hurt "the poor man," he answered ruefully, "D—n him, I would if I could, but I can't!"

This is very shocking to present-day notions; but I would remind the reader that Dr. Johnson once fought an insolent drayman in the middle of Fleet Street; that John Wilson (the "Christopher North" of "Maga."), Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, thought nothing of pulling off his gown in the streets of "auld Reekie" and thrashing an obnoxious individual; "the chivalrous, the high-souled," as Macaulay calls him, Right Hon. William Wyndham, never missed a prize-fight if he could by any possibility attend it; and when he was Foreign Secretary in the ministry of "All the Talents," being prevented by public business from being present at a famous contest for the championship, he had the result conveyed to him by special messenger in one of the office's dispatch-boxes. *Mores mutantur.*

Lady Bate was a sister of the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, who achieved some distinction as an actress in the latter part of the last century. Her brother-in-law fought two duels in defence of her reputation, which was not *sans reproche*. Sir Bate lived to be nearly eighty years of age, and died without issue at Cheltenham in February, 1824. —*Temple Bar.*

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.*

THE appearance of "Mr. Jones" in the witness-box during the recent proceedings at Bow Street in connection with a new dynamite plot, introduces

* THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, *the origin, growth, and character of the organization*; by F. P. Dewees [a barrister resident and practising in the district throughout the period described]. Philadelphia, 1876.

us to another of those secret agents to whom not only the Government which employs them, but the general cause of humanity owes so much. Since 1891 this man has been watching the proceedings of a certain society in America known publicly as the Irish Nationalists, but among themselves as the United Irishmen. It would appear to

be in the main identical with another society familiar to all of us under the name of the *Clan-na-Gael*, its object professing to be the complete independence of Ireland under a republican form of Government, a consummation, as it frankly proclaims, to be achieved only by revolution. For six years this brave fellow has been going to and fro among the United Irishmen, who, as is, luckily for mankind, the invariable custom of these patriots, do not seem to have been so united as they supposed. That during every day, every hour indeed of that time, he has been carrying his life in his hand, will be readily understood by all who realize what the identity of this society with the *Clan-na-Gael* signifies. His experiences will recall to most Englishmen the name of another brave man, *Le Carron*; but before *Le Carron* there was another, not less daring and adroit than he, whose name, though familiar enough to Americans, is probably but little, if at all, remembered in this country, inasmuch as the exploits of the ruffians he unmasked were confined to the United States, and to but a very small corner of them. We allude to *James MacParlan*, the man who twenty years ago may be said to have destroyed single-handed the infamous brotherhood known as the *Molly Maguires*. Some account of this society and of the means by which it was brought to justice may be found neither uninteresting nor unprofitable at the present time.

The extreme antipathy exhibited by a large section of the educated class in America toward Irishmen comes as a surprise to most English travellers. It should, however, be noted that the term *Irish* as used in the United States has in a general way a limited significance, being applied solely to the Roman Catholic lower class which has made itself such a power beyond the Atlantic, and a power unhappily for anything but good. Whatever may be the feelings with which Englishmen regard this element in their own country, there is nothing upon this side even faintly approximating to the contempt and hatred for it so frequently found among educated Americans. And this is all the more surprising as we have for generations been the ob-

jects of ceaseless abuse on the part of the Irish, or at least of their spokesmen, while the American flag has not merely been perpetually bespattered with falsome Hibernian panegyric, but has been brandished in our faces from time to time in a fashion suggestive of the notion that the Irishman, if not sole owner, was at any rate the predominant partner in the concern it represented. It is instructive to remember that of the English-speaking races who contributed to the independence of America, the Roman Catholic Irish took by far the most insignificant share, for their serious immigration from the mother country did not begin till long afterward. It is also significant that the only name of note they contributed to the revolutionary struggle was that of *Conway*, who led the well-known intrigue against General Washington, and who is remembered upon that account and upon that alone.

If the Catholic Irish, however, took the smallest share in creating the United States, they have taken far the largest in influencing its later political life, and that influence has been wholly and unequivocally bad. The servitude of so large a part of the American press to the Irish vote is not really understood in this country, not for want of frequent explanation, but because local politics in America naturally do not interest Englishmen. When therefore they are told that the inexplicable vaporings against their country which so frequently distinguish the American press are written to please the Irish, they assume in a vague but not illogical fashion that the latter must surely stand well in popular estimation. When, however, the Briton finds himself in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, he is amazed to hear language used toward the Irish such as he has never heard in London or Liverpool during the most turbulent periods of agrarian crime in Ireland. But when he has been in America a little time he begins to understand, and soon ceases altogether to be surprised; for when it is borne in upon him what use the swarms of American Irish make of their political power, the heated language of his American friends seems no whit too strong.

It is not this alone, however, that makes the American who has a regard for his country so bitterly hostile to the Irish Catholic. The men of this generation have not forgotten the lesson given to them by the murderous association of the Molly Maguires, that for many years following the civil war held in terror the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. Till then Americans, like many people elsewhere, considered that, if the secret societies of Ireland murdered landlords, agents, or other persons to whom they objected, it was the lamentable but not wholly unmerited result of past or present oppression. Horrible as these crimes were, and even still more horrible as was the widespread sympathy which concealed them, the motive was, at least, conceivable. But Americans were to learn that this section of the Irish people, without a particle of excuse or reason, could not only perpetrate horrors as brutal and exercise a tyranny as grinding as any that Mayo or Clare had known, but in so doing would find a sympathy and tolerance among Americans themselves that was a revelation indeed.

The anthracite coal-region of Pennsylvania was the scene of this unforgettable reign of terror, that began about 1861 and continued with one brief interval till it was shattered by the memorable trials of 1876. The district was perhaps fifty miles through. It was a mountainous country, even then traversed by railroads, and studded with mining towns and villages. It was wild in the sense that the mountains which overlooked the mining or farming settlements were covered with forests; but it was in no sense frontier in character, was close to the great Eastern cities, and surrounded by some of the oldest and most orderly districts in America.

The collieries, as in our own Black Country, belonged to private individuals or to companies, while the miners were chiefly Europeans, English, Welsh, Germans, and Irish. In the absence of the latter, life would have been as orderly as in the Wear Valley or the Forest of Dean, but a small Irish minority turned it for fifteen years, under the timid handling

of the American criminal law, into a veritable hell upon earth.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was an immense and far-reaching society, which at that time had six thousand lodges in the United States alone, to say nothing of its strength in the British Islands and elsewhere. With its origin we have nothing to do, but its professed objects were charitable, self-denying, and even religious, and its meetings were usually opened with prayer. Against the mass of these lodges nothing worse seems to have been proved than sympathy with crime and pecuniary assistance to criminals. But with the half-dozen or so in the anthracite coal-regions it was a very different matter. They, too, were chartered societies and professed beautiful aims, and they, too, frequently opened their sittings with prayer. At the bare imputation of violence their members exhibited to the outside world the most genuine indignation. A more philanthropic and moral society had never, it seems, existed. Yet when the secrets of the Order in these regions were laid bare before the world, they showed that philanthropic body to have had literally only one object in its existence, namely, assassination and outrage. There are many theories of the significance of the term Molly Maguire, but they are of little consequence. Whatever its origin, the name was one that came to be regarded with horror and loathing by every decent person in the United States. We can ourselves well remember how our neighbors in an adjoining State used to thank God that there were no Irishmen in their country at any rate. Numbers of men, generally those, too, of repute and stainless character, had been struck down, shot, stabbed, or hacked to pieces upon the high roads, before people, in spite of unmistakable evidence, were thoroughly aroused to the fact that this moral and philanthropic Society was the assassin, and that in these regions it existed for no other object. Its leaders could lie with such ready skill, and blasphemous ingenuity, that it seemed to the panic-stricken citizens impossible that such things could really be.

As we have intimated, the troubles

began during the civil war, a period which, owing to the fact of so many reputable men being away fighting for their country, left the latter peculiarly at the mercy of these ruffians. It was characteristic of this Hibernian element, which even now makes more noise on the fourth of July than any descendant of Puritan or Cavalier, that they should have selected the moment when their adopted country was struggling for its existence to open their hideous campaign.

In Schuylkill alone, one of the four counties which constituted the anthracite region, fifty-five murders were committed between 1863 and 1866, most of which were traced to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, there known as the Molly Maguires. One of the first of these murders was that of a man named Langdon, a foreman, who was found beaten to death with stones. Soon afterward, twenty-five men with blackened faces, in the right Connaught style, entered the house of a mining engineer and shot him dead at his wife's feet, while about the same time two hundred Mollies, with loud boasts that they would control the whole region, visited a colliery with which they had not the remotest concern, beat many of the workmen, flooded the mine, and vowed loud-mouthed vengeance should it be opened again without their consent. It must be remembered that these men were receiving high wages, and were living in comfort. There was no distress, no strike or lock-out; they had absolutely no cause whatever for complaint. Their mania for scheming, plotting, and caballing, and their inveterate hostility to social order was the sole cause of the horrors they committed, and it is needless to say that their leaders and their heroes were the greatest ruffians that could be found. Crime followed crime; outrage followed outrage. The authorities in America can occasionally deal with a mob in more prompt and practical fashion than public opinion here admits of; but in the face of individual crime they are very liable to be timid, halting, and ineffective. It is this want of elasticity and promptness that encourages even orderly communities to resort so often to Lynch

Law. But in the first period of this reign of terror the civil war was raging, and the Society defied resistance, not by any means with weapons but by perjury in the witness-box and by intimidating juries. It was not long, too, before they developed into banditti as well as assassins, and added robbery to murder, a form of crime from which the home-bred ruffian has been meritoriously free. The immense value the Molly set on his own wretched life was a conspicuous feature throughout the whole of his operations. He rarely attacked his victim except with overwhelming numbers or till, by some careful arrangement, he had made his own escape a practical certainty. No white man in modern days has been so brutally callous of others' lives, none so timid in attack and so careful of his own as the Molly Maguire. In 1865 one ruffian did indeed have the hardihood to attack single-handed a Mr. Pollock who was supposed to have a large sum of money with him. He shot him in characteristic fashion, however, from behind a fence and through the curtains of his carriage. Mr. Pollock fortunately was only wounded, and jumping out, seized the robber, threw him down, and grappled with him on the ground. Loss of blood, however, would soon have rendered the combat a very unequal one but for the courageous little son of the wounded man who laid his whip-handle with such effect about the miscreant's head that he was glad to make off so soon as he could. Shortly after this a Mr. Rae, a mining official, was attacked. He was not only a just and upright man, but was renowned for his kindly heart and widespread charities. His carriage, which was supposed at the time to contain a large amount of pay-money, was stopped by a crowd of disguised Mollies. The pay-money was not there, but he delivered up his own purse and watch. The common footpad would have been content: the old highwayman might even have been polite; but these ruffians were not satisfied without blood, and putting a pistol to Mr. Rae's head in mere wantonness they blew his brains out. A day of reckoning was to come for this, but not for a long while. It must not be

supposed that no people were arrested or tried for these murders. In the records of the Terror we have an interminable list of Duffys, Donnahues, Slaterys, Kerrigans, Doyleys, Hurleys, and the like, who on various occasions stood at the prisoners' bar. With hundreds of men to draw upon who considered perjury in such a holy cause as entirely praiseworthy, the concoction and swearing of *alibis* in the hands of the Mollies, and of their sharp legal advisers, grew into a science against which the ordinary law had no power.

Wherever the Catholic Irish muster in force in America there also will for a certainty be found lawyers of their own race and persuasion, who to an ability in criminal law will add real sympathy with the criminal, provided he be an Irishman and a Catholic. It must not, however, be supposed that the sympathy and eloquence of these gentlemen was to be procured for nothing. The Society's defence-fund must in the course of the fifteen years throughout which its operations extended have amounted to a very large sum. But the men were earning high wages, particularly the less culpable and active of them, and one and all were quite willing, or were forced to appear willing, to pay freely for the luxury of making other people's lives intolerable and outraging the laws of the country whose hospitality they professed to glory in. There were also some six thousand other lodges, with a central administration in New York, which opened with prayer and existed only under their charter for brotherly love and charity. Possibly the worst crimes in an active sense these lodges committed was assisting to degrade local politics; but there is no doubt that they contributed money both for the defence and the escape of their brother members in the coal-regions, and what is more significant throughout the whole period of these horrible outrages not one note of disclaimer, except by a portion of one single lodge, was ever uttered.

"Had the lodges or chapters of any other order in the United States," writes Mr. Dewees, "been proven to have used their organization to commit one-tenth of the crimes that the An-

cient Order of Hibernian Societies in Pennsylvania committed, open and instant disavowal would have followed by every other order from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Saint Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico." And yet in this case no note even of regret was ever publicly heard. It would be superfluous to remark how impossible such an audacious career of crime would have been in Durham or South Wales, while even in Ireland such a reign of terror has never been approached in time of peace. The helplessness of the American public under certain forms of intimidation has never been more strikingly exhibited. By 1869 these ruffians had acquired control of local politics and had secured most of the county offices of trust. It is hardly worth while dwelling on the robberies and misappropriations of public funds that were the natural consequence, except to remark there was no attempt to disguise them. Whether this control of money in some sort checked their lust for blood, or whether it was that the narrow escape of one of their number for the murder of Mr. Rae thoroughly alarmed them, seems uncertain, but for a year or two the lodges remained externally quiet. It is possible they were too much occupied in squabbling over the plunder of the unfortunate tax-payers.

In 1871, however, the Society appeared upon the scene again as assassins, and, as before, they chose as their victims many of the best men in the country. Their methods were the well-known ones so familiar in Ireland. The lodge would meet to hear complaints, and to decide whether the offender was to be killed outright, or only beaten almost to death, or merely have his house burned over his head. The chief offences for which capital punishment was prescribed were regularly formulated. Among these was the refusal of work by a colliery-owner or overseer to a Hibernian of the Ancient Order, and more particularly should the work be given to some other applicant who did not happen to belong to this delightful breed. Another capital offence was taking possession of a house from which an Irishman had been removed, even if such removal had been

due to those ordinary accidents of business to which every tenant of every class is liable in every country. Sometimes formal warnings were sent of the usual familiar kinds, rude scrawls of pistols, coffins, and daggers, emphasized by ill-spelled and ill-written imprecations; but often the unhappy victim knew nothing of these designs till he found himself gasping out his life on the high road riddled with bullets or slashed with knives.

Encouraged by such immunity from punishment the Molly Maguires after a time ceased even to require any definite offence before sanctioning death and appointing executioners through their tribunals. Things came at length to such a pass that a member who cherished a private grudge against some individual could often get a verdict from the Society against him, and thus secure his destruction or maltreatment without any risk to himself. For the agents appointed by a lodge for carrying out its devilish decrees were usually drawn from a centre in some neighboring county, who in their turn received similar assistance. And it is in connection with this perhaps that the temperament of these people seems so inscrutable to the ordinary Saxon. These instruments of murder were often young men who in the ordinary relations of life were accounted harmless and respectable, possibly even kind-hearted. And yet when they were detailed to shoot or beat to death a man whom they had never seen, or possibly never even heard of, and for a reason of which they were in profound ignorance, they actually seemed to feel that they had been selected for a noble and meritorious action. They conceived a genuine admiration for themselves as potential heroes, and when the horrid deed was done they felt that they actually were heroes. They strutted and swaggered for months afterward, and were regarded with respect by the whole Ancient Order of Hibernians in the anthracite region. If the Chief Secretary for Ireland or some unpopular laudlord had been the victim, the logic of all this procedure would, by the light of their ethics, have been intelligible; but the men they killed were Americans, whose country had offered them

an asylum, and who had done them no injury; nor was there any question of poverty, tyranny, hunger, or the like. By the side of these cowardly, purposeless assassins the Red Indian was a hero; his bloody deeds were gallant and justifiable, and at least courageous exploits. Even the common burglar comes out with something like credit from such a comparison.

By 1874 terror reigned throughout the whole district. The law had proved itself powerless. The great coal-owners and railway magnates felt that if something were not done both the value of real estate and the course of business would be seriously imperilled. It was decided to call in the aid of detectives, and application was made to the now celebrated Pinkerton Agency. The matter was an exceptionally difficult one; no one but an Irish Roman Catholic who thoroughly understood his countrymen could face such a task with any hope of success, and detection, or even suspicion, among such a crew meant almost certain death. The man, however, was happily found in the person of the young Irishman already named, MacParlan. He had not had much experience as a detective, but the head of the Agency had formed a high opinion of his abilities. He was only thirty, but had seen much of the world, having worked at various employments in Ireland, England, and the United States. Even for such a man, an Irishman and a Catholic, the task proposed was a terribly dangerous one, but he accepted it at once. It was a question of either fame or death, and he had an immense confidence in himself which we shall see was fully justified.

The course marked out for MacParlan was briefly this. He was first to study the different sections of the disturbed regions and then to enroll himself in the Order, remaining in the district till he had thoroughly mastered its entire secrets and woven a web of evidence around the chief authors and instigators of crime from which they could not escape. MacParlan, assuming the name of MacKenna, entered the panic-stricken districts at the beginning of 1874. In six months he was not only high up in the Society,

but the most popular member of it in the four counties. With marvellous skill and nerve he maintained his position till February, 1876, when he disappeared to give such evidence three months later as broke, shattered, and dispersed forever this hideous organization that for fifteen years had disgraced the civilization of America. His appearance in the witness-box fell like a thunderbolt among the still confident Ancient Order of Hibernians. Even their counsel were taken aback as in a clear and convincing manner and at great length he told of the ghastly doings of the Mollies, their sentiments, their habits, and their morals. As he told the crowded court-house that the professed aims of the Order were a hideous farce, and that their entire energies were devoted to wanton assassination, to arson, robbery and plunder both public and private, a hundred sullen faces began to blanch within the building and a mighty panic to spread outside through the towns and villages of the district. MacParlan had gone into the district a young-looking man of thirty; he was now but thirty-two, and was almost unrecognizable by his former acquaintances. It was not only that the mental strain of his situation, the continual effort to play a part foreign to his nature and to keep loathsome company that had aged him; the amount of bad whiskey he had been compelled to swallow in the capacity of a popular Molly had caused nearly all his hair and eyebrows to fall off, and so injured his sight that he had to appear in Court in black spectacles. All the six thousand lodges of America, with one solitary exception, had sent money for the defence of the array of scoundrels that MacParlan confronted on this memorable occasion. The best Catholic Irish talent had been engaged for the occasion, and for four days MacParlan stood the fire of their cross-examination with such imperturbable coolness that their case was actually weaker when they had finished than when they began. A prisoner on this occasion had for the first time in the history of the Society dared to incur the awful risk of turning what in England is called Queen's Evidence. This

was a supreme moment for MacParlan to come forward with his exhaustive reports, and clinch what in America at that time would have been possibly not accepted as sole evidence. Many of the guilty escaped and were heard of no more; but many were caught and suffered just punishment for their career of crime. The reign of the Molly Maguires was doomed from the moment MacParlan stepped into the witness-box. And it is only fair to say that if the inhabitants of the coal-regions who had been so shamelessly coerced by a small minority for fifteen years drew a deep breath of relief, many respectable young Irishmen who had been cajoled into the ranks of the Society were still more thankful to be once again free.

When MacParlan first joined the Society, for reasons unnecessary to elaborate here, he found it imperative to assume previous membership in the Ancient Order of Hibernians. For this purpose he had to acquire its secrets by all sorts of hazardous guesses and ventures; and no more suspicious people exist upon the face of the earth than the members of Irish brotherhoods. His tact and skill were wonderful: a slip would have meant a failure of all his plans, and a choice between instant flight or certain death; and indeed he had several narrow escapes before he created the unbounded confidence that made his position more secure.

It is significant that MacParlan, in order to gain popularity among the Order, found it expedient to proclaim himself the author of various crimes and a fugitive more or less from justice, not from England, be it noted, but from other States. He had killed a man in Buffalo, he gave out, and finding how immensely this raised him in the opinion of his fellow-countrymen in the coal-regions he was encouraged to declare further that he had made Chicago too hot to hold him by his partiality for passing counterfeit money, or *shoving the queer*, as the cant phrase went. This so enhanced his reputation that as some excuse was needed to account for his being able to live without work, he confided to his

new and admiring friends that he had obtained a Government pension by fraud.

In the exposures of 1876 the counsel for the prisoners during cross-examination put to him some ill-advised questions. "Did you not murder a man in Buffalo?" "I never did." "Did you not say that you did?" "Yes; and I also said that I passed counterfeit money and obtained a pension from the United States Government by fraud." "What induced you to tell these lies?" "Because I found they liked a man who could do these things and not be found out. I did it to obtain confidence." The counsel for the defence thought it then prudent to shift into another line of attack.

The story of how MacParlan wormed his way into their confidence, then into popularity, and finally into the inner circle of leadership, is entertaining and instructive. He was a quiet, shrewd, temperate man by habit. And yet for two whole years he boasted, swaggered, strutted, and drank bad whiskey by the gallon. He was finally admitted into the most secret meetings of the Mollys, while no one in the whole Order was so admired by the younger men or more generally trusted by the older scoundrels. For a long time he transmitted written accounts almost daily to a representative of the Pinkerton Agency who had taken a position in the small local police-force for the purpose. These clear and exhaustive reports, written amid deadly peril, are among the records which the famous American detective agency to this day takes most pride in the possession of.

The collateral duties of MacParlan's position still further enhanced the difficulties of his work. His actual engagement was to sift to the bottom the secrets of this murderous association, but his humanity made it necessary also to prevent murder. To act the part of an advanced Molly at their various tribunals, and yet prevent the outrages which were there planned, was a delicate business indeed. He managed these matters, however, with consummate tact. Sometimes, after voting for the proposed crime, he would privately work on the fears of the men who were made specially responsible for

it; sometimes he would profess private information that the intended victim was innocent, and that some other man, whom he thought to be pretty safe, was the right object of vengeance. He generally, when other means failed, found means of warning the police, but this, of course, with his great aim in view, was too dangerous a proceeding to resort to except when absolutely necessary.

A pretty scene was arranged between MacParlan and his confederate in the police, Captain Lindon, to give a finishing touch of confidence in the former's statements as to his past life. Captain Lindon was standing at the bar in one of those drinking-saloons which the Society especially delighted to honor. Presently MacParlan entered and stood near the Captain apparently quite unconscious of his presence.

"Ain't you Jim MacKenna, and didn't you live in Chicago?" said Lindon looking hard at him.

"That's my name," said the man addressed, sulkily; "but I don't know who you are."

"What," said the Captain, "not remember Lindon?"

A burst of recognition then lit up the supposed MacKenna's face and he seized Lindon by the hand, shook it effusively, and called up the crowd to drink in honor of the occasion.

MacKenna presently walked out of the room. "A devil of a fellow that," said Lindon to the man standing round, "the smartest shover of the queer in the whole of Chicago, but a real good fellow. He once shot a man who was threatening my life, and, though I ought to arrest him, my hands are tied by personal obligation."

Perhaps, however, the most wonderful part of MacParlan's performance is the daring way in which he stood to his post for some weeks after suspicion had actually fallen upon him. He considered that the web which it was his business to weave round these assassins was not completed to his entire satisfaction, and he held out for some considerable time after having been actually put under sentence of death, and after news had been received in the Society which left no further room for

doubt that he was anything but a detective. His position seemed desperate, but with consummate acting and nerve he still played his part as a prominent member. He feigned the utmost indignation at what he stigmatized as cruel and unjust suspicions. He loudly and persistently demanded to be put upon his trial, and agitated so energetically for this end that some of his companions against their better judgment were staggered in their belief. But it was thoroughly understood in the Society that this was no case for a trial, and his death was arranged. Such things, however, were not done among the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the heat of passion and upon the spur of the moment. All risk of danger to their own skins had to be provided against, and the preliminary scheming was doubtless both pleasurable and congenial. MacParlan in the meanwhile was treated almost as if nothing had occurred to shake their confidence in him. As we have said he had gained a great ascendancy over members of the Order, and under the spell of his personal fascination one or two of them declared that whether he was a detective or not they would stand by him, the one solitary flash of generosity amid the squalor of the tale. At last Captain Lindon implored him to run such a frightful risk no longer, and one fine morning early in March the Molly Maguires woke up to the fact that Jim MacKenna had vanished from their midst. If there was some alarm felt at first it soon quieted down, and his name as one to be feared seems to have completely passed out of their minds. The confusion, astonishment, and terror with which they saw his reappearance in the witness-box at the great trial in the following summer may thus easily be imagined.

The Roman Church had of course hurled unceasing thunders against the Society. Even if the victims had been Irish landlords instead of innocent Americans they would have done this much in all sincerity. No one doubts it. But it is a most significant fact that the first man to warn the Society of MacKenna's real character was an excellent priest who had been conspicuous in his denunciation of their

villainies. Nobody doubts the reverend gentleman's sincerity so far as it goes, but the significance lies in that irresistible sympathy with threatened criminals which seems inborn in the Irish nature. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that inexplicable attitude which regards the detective, the witness, and almost any one ranged on the side of the law, as an informer and for the moment less worthy of sympathy than the most infamous criminal. It is a monstrous sentiment, but when indulged in by members of that Church which, above all Churches, pleads justification of even doubtful means for a good end, it becomes more lamentable and illogical than ever.

MacParlan's adventures were not entirely free from romance. He found it necessary for the end he had in view to pay assiduous court to a young woman, the sister of a leading member of the Society. That this young lady encouraged his attentions is quite certain; we will hope it was only her vanity and not her heart that was touched. It was regarded among this remarkable community as a great distinction for a girl of respectable morals and in easy circumstances to be courted by a man who was known as a murderer, a coiner, and a perjurer for private gain, and above all not to have been found out. When, however, this eligible sweetheart was found to be a person of irreproachable life as well as dauntless courage, but a police detective, we learn that she, who had been the envy of her sex, was overwhelmed with shame and grief. The matter is indeed only worth alluding to as an illustration of the mental attitude maintained toward the rest of the world by a certain class of Irish Americans.

The notion of any one pausing for a moment to consider the ways and means by which these human tigers were destroyed would be inconceivable to any but a Hibernian mind. When an Irishman caught red-handed from murder was placed in danger of his life, a howl of anguish and indignation from every Irish community in the country rent the air. But there is no evidence that the long string of innocent victims foully murdered by the

Molly Maguires ever troubled for a moment the conscience of any of the many thousand Irish men or women who contributed by money or sympathy to this hideous cause. Nor is there any evidence that the crowds of unfortunate women and children whose husbands and fathers had been done to death ever

extracted one note of pity or one expression of regret from the six thousand lodges of the Ancient Order of Hibernians which preyed, and still prey, upon the political vitality of the United States.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SAINT EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.*

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

WE are met to-day to commemorate the founder of this great building, so closely connected with all the history of our race and nation. It is natural that we should ask ourselves if, in so doing, we are merely gratifying a vague sentiment, or indulging in harmless antiquarianism. "Everything," it may be said, "has a beginning; but that beginning has little real connection with the results which have followed from it. Accident has developed and given shape to some undertakings, a shape unforeseen by him who gave the first impulse. It is futile to give him credit for what he never intended." We must admit the limits of human foresight; but no man ever embarked upon a great monumental work without some idea to inspire his effort. A founder may have nothing new to say. He is possessed of an idea which is common to many. What is peculiar to him is the conviction that the idea is true and therefore imperishable; he wishes to give it a form which later times may better if they can. Men have different modes of expressing themselves and impressing their message on the world. Some labor at affairs as statesmen or men of business; some increase human knowledge; some speak through the medium of literature and art; some create educational institutions; and some leave behind them monumental buildings. But all alike must be convinced of the greatness of what they are doing, of its possibilities in the future, and of its inherent power. All of them are more

or less animated by the spirit of the founder of one of the colleges at Cambridge, who when challenged about the object of his foundation answered, "I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God only knows what may be the fruit thereof."

Perhaps in an ordinary way we do not sufficiently recognize the value of great buildings as a means of inspiring great ideas and keeping alive a sense of the nobility of life. Yet surely nothing appeals so directly and so powerfully to every one alike. Try to imagine London without this Abbey and the Houses of Parliament on this site, and you will dimly realize what I mean. Travel in new countries which have no memorials of an historic past, and you find your mental atmosphere entirely changed. Somehow or other you think on a lower level. Places have characters of their own which influence you in spite of yourself. And if you carry your investigation far enough you will find that that character was the creation of some individual mind, susceptible, of course, to the influences which were at work around it, but giving them conscious form, and so making a decided mark which determined future development. The character impressed upon its capital is a great factor in a nation's growth. The site of the capital is decided by its natural advantages; but the use made of the site, the ideas which it is made to express—these are a permanent element in the national life, which somehow responds to the demands made upon it by an outward symbol of its dignity and greatness.

If this be so, I think we must recog-

* An address delivered in Westminster Abbey on the Festival of the Translation of St. Edward the Confessor, October 13, 1896.

nize the Abbey and Palace of Westminster as the group of buildings which, with their surroundings, are the most expressive monument of England's life in the past, and of its aspirations in the present. They rank, and will rank forever, with the Acropolis of Athens or the Capitol of Rome: not, it may be, so distinctive, not so clearly cut—for that is not England's characteristic—but equally expressive. It is natural for us to commemorate the man who first gave this site its definite form, and impressed upon it the character which it has ever since retained. He certainly has an imperishable claim upon our remembrance, like all men who devised great things, even though they could not know the greatness which the future had in store. That posterity should have followed in their steps is at least a sign of their foresight and of their just judgment.

We are, I think, further justified in separating men's permanent achievements from all else they did or were, and in interpreting their lives by reference to these, and not to what they might have done. I cannot hold up Edward as a great figure in our national history. He was not fitted for the times in which his lot was cast; he had neither the strong will nor the strong arm needful for a ruler. If he be measured by what he accomplished, the result is scanty. If he be appraised as a king, his reign was inglorious. He was neither a man of counsel nor of action, in days when both were needed. Yet he left behind him a memory which his people venerated, a memory which was a solace to them in times of misery and oppression. Somehow or other he impressed himself on their imagination; and there are periods in national life when the imagination alone remains vital, and cherishes conceptions which may grow in secret till they can again force their way to vigorous and open life. When England fell before the Norman power, it was not in the recollection of the statecraft of Godwine or the bravery of Harold—pure English as they were—that the English temper took refuge, but in the simpler and more intelligible figure of the well-meaning and gracious king who did little but loved much. It is

well to remember this fact, for it calls up thoughts which give us a needful sense of the large meaning of life. When we come to weigh and measure, with our imperfect standards, we necessarily take into account practical capacity and usefulness in affairs. These can be seen and valued. But the qualities which fire the imagination and captivate the heart are diffused and impalpable. We seldom have an opportunity of seizing the general impression produced by a life and character. Only sometimes, at great crises, is this definitely realized as a possession which remains, when all sense of practical achievements has passed away. Men catch at this impression—it is the only thing left, and they live in the power of its suggestiveness. A time comes when they wish to hand on that impression to others. Then they attempt to explain it on material grounds, and it is lost in legend, which soon ceases to awaken any response. The original charm evaporates; and subsequent generations, failing to find it in the crude records which remain, disregard it altogether, or explain it away by a process as wrongly mechanical as that which gave it shape. We may be sure that no man was revered without in some way deserving it. It is the wisest plan to try and discover what was the secret of his influence, what was the fragrance attaching to the memory which he left behind.

Edward lived in difficult times, and he was both by education and temperament unable to deal with those difficulties in the practical form in which they were presented to him. Indeed, it is impossible for us to discover the secret of England's helplessness before its Danish conquerors in the end of the tenth century. Perhaps it was greatly due to the fact that progress in civilization had been too rapid, and changes in the surroundings of social life followed too quickly. The English were not a quick or sharp-witted people. They were solid enough and vigorous, but they needed time to adapt themselves to changes, more time than events allowed. The impulses which they received from without were too rapid and too imperative. Their original institutions, simple in themselves,

became complicated from too frequent demands for readjustment. The unity of the nation had come too speedily; the people had not risen to a sense of what it entailed. In the face of an invading foe organization failed; men were helpless because they did not clearly know what was expected of them. The tide of the Danish invasions ebbed and flowed, and there was but a vague sense of national resistance. When Edward came to the throne, he was among a people suffering from bewilderment. Their hearts were ready, but their heads were at fault. They were true patriots, and nourished a vigorous national life; but they knew not how to display their patriotism. They had long been destitute of leaders in whom they could trust. The motives of the chief men of this time are hopelessly perplexing, as we do not know enough of the conditions of the time to attempt to explain them. But we see that their motives were mainly personal, and rested upon no clear conception of the public welfare. In fact, men asked themselves the question, What is the future of England to be? And they had no clear answer to give. The common folk were without guidance. They wished to live their lives in peace, in the old way; but they had no sense of security and no outward assurance of stability. The lack of "rede," or counsel, was attached as an epithet to the ill-fated Ethelred. England found itself in the hands of a Danish conqueror, it scarcely knew how or why; and though it enjoyed peace and prosperity under his rule, it was not happy. Canute's death brought a renewal of the divisions, the treachery, and the self-seeking which had become too sadly familiar. When the last of the Danes passed away England turned again, with an enthusiasm which sprang from despair, to its old royal house, and welcomed Edward back from exile.

Seldom was one summoned to a difficult position who showed so few signs of fitness. Driven as a child from England, he had been brought up among his mother's folk in Normandy. He was a stranger to England and its ways, but at least he had not been a witness of his father's feebleness or his moth-

er's follies. He had lived amid the sterner and more decided men of Normandy, who had a keener practical capacity than had the English, who knew little of hesitation, but steadfastly pursued their ends. Yet Edward took no part in their busy life, and was not affected by their activity and enterprise. He was attracted apparently by the finer side of their civilization. From greater intercourse with the Continent, the ecclesiastical life of Normandy was more highly developed than that of England. In those days of perpetual warfare, the most effective form of setting forth the Christian temper was in the form of a protest, viz., monasticism. Men despaired of blending the secular and the religious life. All they could do was to provide an expression for the religious life, away from and apart from the world, that its perpetual protest might at least be of some avail. There were places to which men worn out with active service, wearied with the poverty of the world's guerdon, might retire and pray against evils which they were helpless to amend. The only hope of raising society was in maintaining a strong contrast to its common ways. But it is ever more easy to set up a protest than to keep it to its purpose. The forces of the world are always surging round the barriers erected to restrain them. Monasteries of older foundation decayed through prosperity, and ceased to act as a contrast to the world. New foundations were made with more rigorous rules, and more fervent zeal in their first occupants: they were placed in wilder spots and fenced round with greater care. But all was of no avail; and they in their turn were submerged like their predecessors. Yet no better expression of the religious life could be devised: and periods of spiritual movement were always marked by new projects for monasticism. This spirit was working in Normandy in the days of Edward, and took conspicuous shape in the great abbey of Bec, which was so intimately connected with the English Church in later days. It may be that Edward held converse with its knightly founder. At all events he loved the abbey of Jumièges, and held its abbot as his greatest friend. Perhaps it was

there that he learned his taste for architecture, his love of the actual surroundings of a church, his joy in its services.

It was to these things that his mind turned, and we may accept the words which an old poet puts into his mouth as expressing his feelings :

When I was young in Normandy,
Much I loved the holy company
Of people of religion,
Who loved only all that was good ;
Especially a monk who led
A high and heavenly life ;
But two I found there most loyal,
Wise and spiritual,
Sensible and well instructed,
And virtuously disposed.
Much their company delighted me,
And through them I amended my ways
In courtesy, speech, and wisdom.

Indeed, all the motives which in those days turned men to religion were operative on the young Edward. He was a stranger and an exile, fatherless and abandoned by his mother. He heard of nothing but tales of misery from his native land ; and he was exposed to constant peril from plots against his person, as he was a hindrance to many ambitious plans at home. Again we may follow the poet :

News came to me often ;
News of the death of my father,
News of the marriage of my mother,
News of Edward my brother,
Which was worse than the rest,
News of my nephews
Who were slain by gluttonous Danes :
Then of Alfred, my brother, who
Was destroyed and died in Ely.
I was watched as a prisoner,
Nor was I safe even in a monastery.
Besides God and His Mother I had no
Comfort, and my lord Saint Peter
And Saint John the Evangelist.

It was under the penetrating discipline of sorrow that the character of the young Edward was formed. He saw all his relatives one by one swept away by a remorseless destiny ; and in his growing solitude he took refuge with God. The land of his birth was to him only the source of unnumbered woes. His lot was bound up with it, and he must do his duty, whatever it might be ; but he took no pleasure in the thought.

So when Edward, at the age of forty, was called to the English throne, he came to discharge an office for which he felt no special fitness. He had lit-

tle of the joy of living left to him : he had no thirst for power ; he had no policy which he wished to carry out. A sense of the vanity of life already possessed him, and tinged his character with gentle melancholy. All he hoped for was to keep himself unspotted from the world, and to live worthy of his Christian calling. Politics must settle themselves, for he at all events had no decisive word to speak. He had a few personal predilections, which he wished to indulge ; but that was all. Perhaps he did not know how much they involved, how the entire life of a ruler is necessarily interwoven with the fortunes of his people. It was a lesson which he had to learn.

I do not purpose to relate again the facts of Edward's reign. I am concerned with explaining why an incompetent king became a national saint and hero. One reason is that it was partly because of his incompetence. He was like his people in having no answer to give to the difficulties of the present ; but he consoled them by pointing to a vague yet glorious future. The statesmen of the time, like the statesmen of all times, were engaged in making the best of things. This is of course a statesman's business ; but it is oftentimes a thankless task, when there is small hope of combining the people into resolute action. If Edward had possessed capacity and foresight, he would have thought it his duty to devise a policy of his own. But Edward knew that he had neither of these qualities ; and he did not attempt to meddle with things which he confessed to be beyond him. He turned to what was within his power. If he could not direct his nation's destinies, he might at least do something to mould the character of his subjects. If he could not help them in the present distress, he might leave behind him a legacy of hope to support them in the dark days which were coming. Some form of reorganization he saw was imminent ; some transformation of the national life, which was feeble, distracted, impotent ; so unlike that life which he had quitted in Normandy, a life which was cruel, hard, unlovely, but full of energy and force, which he failed to find in England. A change must

come, a new birth of some sort ; and the birth pangs would be severe, men's hearts would fail them, and they would look here and there for succor. Dreamily, languidly, uncertainly, Edward thought of himself as the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land.

Hence he made no effort to form a policy of his own, or to gather a party. Earl Godwine was in power, and Edward accepted him. He took his daughter to wife, and was rejoiced to find in her traces of like-mindedness with himself. But he was a man whose habits were already formed, and who was dependent on companionship. He welcomed old friends from Normandy, to whom he could talk more freely than to the English. He welcomed above all ecclesiastics who could speak of Church matters from a higher point of view than that with which English prelates were familiar. But he was no judge of men, and easily fell under the influence of the most plausible speaker. He did not care to meddle with matters of the State, but in the affairs of the Church he thought he might exercise a wholesome influence. The secular government of England was beyond him, but at least he might do something to raise its Church to a higher conception of practical activity. It was a worthy thought, in itself just and true. We know how large a part was played in the remaking of England by the capacity, intellectual and practical alike, of Norman ecclesiastics at whose head stood Lanfranc. If Edward could have infused new vigor into the English Church by a wise choice of capable leaders, he might have rendered to the England of his day the best and truest service. But Edward, even in his highest practical aims, could not rise to wisdom. He was too indolent to inquire and select. His instruments for a great object were not chosen with a view to the work which they were to do. He merely took the men at hand, those who possessed his ear, who humored him, and had their own interests to serve in doing so. They thirsted for power, not for ecclesiastical but for secular purposes. They did not strive to identify themselves with England, but to raise a foreign party in favor of Norman influence. English opinion

of one of Edward's bishops in the See of Durham was shortly recorded that "he did naught bishop-like therein." Edward's chief favorite, Robert, Abbot of Jumièges, soon became his adviser, so that men said, "If he declared a black crow to be white, the king would sooner believe his words than his own eyes." Robert became Archbishop of Canterbury, and stirred the king to rebel against the power of Godwine. For a brief period he had his way ; and the old earl who had so long held the chief power in England made way for the scheming Norman prelate. But Godwine returned, and Archbishop Robert fled from the land of his adoption. Edward's attempt to reinvigorate English life through the Church was an entire failure. It was ill planned and ill considered. It was dragged into the current of passing events and was stifled in the atmosphere of political intrigue. Exhausted by his one attempt to act for himself, Edward quietly fell back into the power of Godwine and his nobler son. The government of England was practically left in the hands of Harold.

Yet if Edward could bring no help to England by counsel or by action, if his efforts at ecclesiastical revival ended in disaster, there was still something which he could offer to his subjects, and that was the influence of his life and character. It is not the most capable men who are most impressive, nor the wisest who are most popular. England was helpless, and it may be that men dimly felt that their king represented them only too truly when he meekly and mutely confessed his helplessness. At least he could clothe it with dignity and express it with grace. He could bear it with resignation, and foreshadow a future which he was unable to advance. There was a pathetic charm about this last descendant of the old English line of kings. Well proportioned and stately, with snow-white hair and beard, which surrounded a rosy face of cherubic serenity ; with slender, nervous hands, of which the long white fingers were of the delicacy of wax, he had an air of royal distinction. He was dignified in public, and could gracefully relax in private, though he never forgot that he was a

king. He was affable and gracious to all, and though he liked to be bountiful he could refuse a request in such a manner as to gratify him who made it. Though gentle and amiable, he had won self-control by discipline; for at times his face would blaze with anger, but he never allowed his wrath to find expression in words. In an age of gross intemperance in food and drink, he set an example of sobriety; and though he appreciated the necessity for a due magnificence on great occasions, he was simple in ordinary life, and was entirely free from vanity. He was compassionate and charitable, and admonished all in power that they should do justice fairly and freely. He was punctilious in his religious duties, but this was not uncommon. What was uncommon was that he was not only present in body at the services of the Church, but that he attended to them. It is noted of him with wonder that he rarely talked at such times unless some one asked him a question. Yet he was no ascetic recluse, for his great delight was in hunting, in which he mixed freely with his people. Moreover, he had a certain quaint humor, which men scarcely understood, but which impressed them and made them think. Thus, one day when he was hunting, a peasant spoiled his sport by throwing down the hurdles which directed the stag into the net. The king was angry, but soon checked himself, and instead of harming the offender, merely exclaimed, "I will do you such an ill turn some day, if I get the chance." In the same way he watched one of his servants pillage his treasure chest, which had been left open in the room while he slept. Twice the thief made away with as much as he could carry; when he came a third time the king startled him by the remark, "Make haste, for the treasurer is coming; if he catches you, he will not leave you with a halfpenny." Such sallies as these were remembered at the time, and in later days were the subject of serious comment, which missed their real interest.

A man of such a character was quite outside the ordinary types of the time. He would have been attractive and interesting at any time; he was much

more so in his own day. Never since Alfred had there been a king who was at once so homely and so picturesque. Men forgave him that he did little or nothing. What, they may have asked themselves, could he do? But he gave them a sense of repose and trustfulness. He was kindly and compassionate, and men were glad to be reminded that such qualities still had a place in the world. He loved justice and tried to preserve it; and justice is what men understand and love above all else.

It is doubtful if all this would have perpetuated the name of Edward if he had not condensed his general good intentions into a definite act, if he had not been prompted to express them in a memorial which could appeal to the eyes of men. It is the foundation of this great abbey church which has kept his memory alive through the ages. If he could do nothing to express his meaning for himself, at least he might leave behind him a monument which others might understand. It is said that Edward's plan of a great foundation near Lopdon was in commutation of a vow of pilgrimage to Rome. He well might feel that England needed some conspicuous holy place of its own, which might set forth the basis and the meaning of its national life. He had seen such monuments springing up in Normandy on a scale of magnificence unknown in England. He might at least leave the land of his birth some memorial of his foreign culture—of those vague ideas and aspirations which he was unable to make vital in any reforms of organization or heightening of intellectual or spiritual standard. Edward's main object is clear from the choice which he made of the site for his foundation. He chose this spot, then lying a little way outside the western gate of London, pleasantly surrounded by green meadows. It was an island of the Thames, and bore the name of Thorney, from the bushes which covered it; and on it stood a little monastery, founded in early times, and dedicated to St. Peter, as the great foundation of the city was dedicated to St. Paul. The monastery was poor, and its buildings were mean. Edward resolved to revive it and house it in splendor. By its side he built a royal

palace, where he abode. Thus the chief city of his realm—the centre of commerce and of business—should see, rising just beyond its borders, an abiding symbol of the union of Church and State. In the middle towered the great church. On one side of it was the abode of men who gave their life to prayer and to the service of God. On the other side was the royal palace; the Bayeux Tapestry depicts it as connected with the church by a bridge. From the house of God was to come the power and wisdom which alone could give lasting effect to the designs and efforts of the ruler. This was Edward's great conception, and amid the changes of time and circumstances that conception remains as true, as sublime, as penetrating as it was when first it struggled into form.

Of Edward's church scarcely anything is left in the stately structure which has replaced it, and which drew its inspiration from it. But we know that the original building far exceeded anything previously built in England, and marked the beginning of our national architecture. It produced a deep impression on men's minds; for it is true at all times that nothing expresses national self-confidence so much as does the scale and dignity of public buildings. It was just this scale and dignity which Edward introduced into England. He had seen the new style developing in Normandy, and he made use of all that Norman skill and inventiveness had devised. But he built upon a larger scale than was known even in Normandy, and he taught the English people to understand and love the builder's craft. Listen how his church is described :

He laid the foundations of the church
With large square blocks of gray stone :
Its foundations are deep,
The front toward the east he makes round,
The stones are very strong and hard ;
In the centre rises a tower,
And two at the western front ;
And fine and large bells he hangs there.
The pillars and entablature
Are rich without and within ;
At the bases and the capitals
The work rises grand and royal :
Sculptured are the stones
And storied the windows ;
All are made with skill
Of good and loyal workmanship.

It was Edward's work which set up a new standard to the Normans themselves when they came here. The first impulse came from Normandy, but England at once surpassed its teacher. Englishmen suddenly found a new field opened out for their energies, and wrought with skill and dexterity which enabled them to give back a new impulse to the land whence they first learned. After two generations of efforts unparalleled in the history of architecture, a chronicler could still write : "Edward first built in England a church in the new style, which nowadays all are imitating at great expense." It is true to say that Edward imposed upon posterity a sense of grandeur and dignity which they had not known before.

This was not accidental, for the whole heart and mind of Edward were given to his church. He watched it grow, and saw it rise and speak out what he had not the power to say. He wished to live long enough to see it finished and then to lay his bones within its walls, and his wish was fulfilled. The church was consecrated on Holy Innocents' Day, 1065, but its royal founder was too ill to take part in the ceremony; but such was his interest in it that he struggled against his malady till he heard the sounds of the chanting, and received the news that the sacred rite was accomplished. Then he fell into a swoon, and lay for some days speechless. He presently rallied and addressed his weeping wife and the friends gathered round his bed. He spoke of a time of evil coming on the land as a punishment for injustice and wrong-doing, but foretold a future restoration. All listened in awe save Archbishop Stigand, who muttered that the old man doted. Then Edward bade farewell to his wife, and commended her to the care of her brother Harold. He received the last Sacraments, and then almost immediately he died.

He was buried next day in the church which had just been prepared for his burial-place. Scarce had the joyful Psalms of its consecration died away before its walls echoed with Edward's dirge. So close and so immediate was the connection between the

founder and the church which he raised—a connection which, in spite of all changes, has never been broken. Still the shrine of Edward the Confessor occupies the most honorable place in his Minster of the West.

Men cherished his memory, and the Church ratified their sentiment. We need not stop to examine the ways in which that sentiment displayed itself, or criticise the legends to which it gave birth. Appreciation of the finer forms of thought and feeling was hard to express or justify. The Church set up its system after the pattern of the system of the world, and clothed spiritual attractiveness with the attributes of power. Power of course it had, but it was that of mute intangible appeal, which could not be defined or classified. This was felt to be unsatisfactory; holiness must have its record of definite success, of mastery over the material world. Such a record does not move us nowadays, and we wish that we had more knowledge of the spirit of the man. It is this which I have tried to set before you. Edward was a poet, whose poem was written in stone. "He sang of what the world would be when the ages had passed away." He set up the palace and monastery of Westminster as a

symbol of that Divine order which must bring harmony into the world's affairs. Century after century the burghers of London looked out upon it, and learned something of its lesson. Age after age the rulers of England entered upon their high office in the walls of Edward's Minster, under the shadow of Edward's shrine. Beside that Minster England's business has constantly been transacted. That business was beyond Edward's power; rulers and statesmen have nothing to learn from his achievements. But his gracious spirit, his fine feeling, his love of righteousness, his care for justice—these are qualities which can never be out of date. The world amply recognizes and rewards the qualities which it needs for its own purposes. It is the great function of the Church to be the home of men's finer feelings, of their unexpressed aspirations, of their vague searchings after something which they could not compass. These made the atmosphere of Edward's life, and his Minster was the result of a conscious effort to hand them on to others who might win from them the inspiration needed to face life's problems with a bolder spirit in happier times that were to be.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

GOLD BEADS.

BY MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR.

I.

THE vast plain and its soft, undulating girdle of blue mountains were suffused with the deep glow of a southern sunset. The only shadow in the rich pervading color was the figure of a man on horseback, making his way lightly along the white road between the great cactus hedges. Nureddu, the little long-tailed black mare, stepped as though shod with velvet, and her rider sat as if he were part of the steed. Against the red and yellow sky the swiftly moving silhouette resembled a design on an Etruscan vase, for Antonio Sairo wore the black garb and long sable cap of the Sard peasant.

Even the smooth dark green velvet waistcoat scarcely relieved the sombreness of his attire.

Nureddu repaid her master's whipless trust by moving rapidly, but she might have followed her own best, for Antonio Sairo was not thinking of his horse's gait. Castles were building under the Phrygian cap.

"If she says yes, Priest Mauro shall make the demand of Pietro Pintus to-morrow. Ah, what red lips she has, little dove of my heart! And for laughter, holy Madonna of Bonnarria, there is not such another. No wonder Maria Luisa and Mari' Angela say she cannot do anything else—they would not if they had lips and teeth like those

—and how it plays in her eyes ! With a house of her own she will make more baskets and bread-sieves in an hour than they do in a day." Sairo's eyes softened and deepened ; he already saw the girl weaving asphodel under his own reed ceiling. He laid his hand on Nureddu's neck, and gave a peculiar whistle.

"Up, little horse of mine, or we shall be too late to see her."

The gentle creature sprang forward and bore Antonio Sairo like a racer over the plain, but, as they crossed an intersecting road, a man started up from behind the cactus hedge and planted himself in their path. Nureddu shied slightly, and then stood still.

He was dressed like the rider, except that, instead of close black breeches, he wore dirty loose white trousers fastened into the gartered gaiters at his knee.

Antonio frowned.

"You startle one, Deledda."

"One would not have thought you the man, Sairo, to be frightened because a friend waited for you at cross roads."

A little smile dawned in Antonio's kind brown eyes, but he asked bluntly :

"What will you, Deledda?"

"To buy that horse. I'll give you five hundred francs for it."

Antonio Sairo drew himself up proudly.

"Who said my Nureddu was for sale ! I would as soon sell my right arm."

He stroked the mare's flanks caressingly. Nureddu knew who they were talking of, but, with too much sense to interfere, only stood still and listened.

"Your right arm would not bring five hundred francs in a hurry," said the other sneeringly, "or your horse either, for that matter, but I have taken a fancy to the beast, and I am ready to do a foolish thing."

"It would not be foolish if you could get my Nureddu ; but my little dame and I do not part. Good-night, Deledda. May Madonna aid you to find a horse to your mind."

Again Sairo gave his soft whistle. and the grateful mare flew forward like

a bird. The man smiled to himself and patted Nureddu's neck.

"We know each other, eh ! little horse of my soul?"

There was a neigh of pleasure at his touch, but no slackening of pace.

As they approached a village, the mare stopped of her own account close to the high garden of the first outlying house. A tree flung its branches over the wall, and from the midst of the foliage came the sound of singing in a high key.

"De cavalleris isposa
T'appo a bider, a nonna
Prus bella de sa rosa,
Prus sottile de sa canna."

It was rather a shrill voice, but man and steed knew it, and Sairo colored with delight.

"Beppicchia !" exclaimed he, "art thou still there ? Madonna be praised. I feared thou wouldst have gone in to cook the macaroni."

A merry laugh pealed through the leaves.

"Dorrotè cooks the macaroni. Zi' Nanna says I boil it too soft. I was tickling the little donkey to make it jump around the mill, and the macaroni went to a pulp." *

Sairo smiled, and then his heart gave a jump in his throat as he said :

"But, Beppicchia, thou wilt have to learn to cook macaroni for thy husband."

There was a dead silence ; no answer came from the tree.

"Beppicchia, come down," begged the young man, but he obtained no response. "They will call thee soon to supper, and I shall not have seen thee at all. Come, look over the wall, Beppicchia."

The stillness among the rosy pomegranates and small green leaves remained unbroken.

"Sweet Beppicchia, forgive me. I will cook the macaroni."

"I do not want any macaroni," laughed the damsel up the tree.

"Beppicchia, sweet creature, tell me

* In the Sard kitchen a small, blindfolded, muzzled donkey patiently revolves all day, turning the heavy millstone which grinds the family flour.

what thou *dost* want," cried the lover, overjoyed to evoke an answer at last. "Come down; see what I have brought thee."

After a slight pause a big red pomegranate fell crunching through the branches. It would have struck Antonio Sairo on the head, but Nureddu stepped deftly aside, and the fruit burst on the ground, scattering its clear garnet seeds in all directions. Again there was a rustle, a gleam of scarlet flashing its way down among the foliage, a hasty little slide, and Beppicchia's merry face looked over the lichened wall. She was an apparition to fire the most cold-blooded. Beneath the black shawl drawn over her curly black hair her eyes sparkled with bewitching gayety, and the dark background threw into relief the peach-like glow of the dimpled cheek. Her brodered scarlet sleeve and the white one beneath it were turned back to reveal the soft roundness of the arm resting on the cold gray stone.

The garden was on a slope, so that Sairo on Neruddu's back in the road below could just reach to the top of the parapet on which she leaned. In the evening light her beauty was more maddeningly tempting than ever before, and the blood surged hotly under his dark skin; but he curbed his passion for fear of startling her, and held up a bunch of purple "lilies of the field." A little cloud of disappointment fell on the laughter of her lips and eyes.

"One would have thought thou hadst brought all the treasures of America," she exclaimed pettishly, clasping the flowers with listless fingers.

His face fell.

"Treasures do not grow on the mountains, almond of my heart. I brought you all there was. What would you have?"

Beppicchia did not like to see people displeased. She reached over, and caressed his dusky cheek with her fingers.

"Dear Antonio, it is only that flowers fade so soon, and one cannot wear them. One would have something one could keep always."

Sairo's pleasure revived at her touch.

"Sweetest, say what thou wouldst

have. I would get it for thee if it took the blood of my heart!"

Beppicchia beamed like a child, and bent over until he felt her warm young breath on his cheek.

"Antonuccio, how good thou art! I could not ask any one but thee. Listen, friend of mine. Sabina Santoru was married to-day, and such a *corredo* she had! Such earrings! And a necklace--such beads, big as walnuts! Antonino, how would a necklace look on my neck?"

She bent so close that he seemed to hear the beat of her heart, and his brain whirled. He rose up in his stirrups, and flung his arms about her; but when the startled girl drew back, and he saw the surprised look in her eyes, sudden remorse smote him. He fell back into his saddle, and gazed up in a reaction of penitence at the girl, who, in the impetuosity of his embrace, had dropped her shawl, and for the first time in her life stood bareheaded before him. The twilight had faded, but the new moon threw a cold radiance over her figure, and he felt as though he had desecrated the Virgin of Bonnaria.

Beppicchia had never liked him so much before.

II.

Mari' Luisa Sairo was grating cheese on the tough macaroni, which was like wet rope to eat. Overhead, a little boat-shaped iron lamp hung from the reed ceiling flickered dimly, scarcely breaking the gloom in which her brother Antonio sat, awaiting his supper.

"She shall have the necklace!" hammered itself persistently over and over in his brain.

"Sabina Santoru was married to-day," said he at last.

Mari' Luisa had been longing for an opportunity to begin:

"That she was, and, Antonio, such a *corredo*! I went to carry my basket of grain with your bottle of Moscato stuck in the middle, and I saw it all. The jewels were something to make one melt with desire. There must have been a thousand francs worth of gold stuff. Cucureddu went up to Casteddu for it all, and they say the neck-

lace and earrings alone cost a good five or six hundred francs. Mamma mia! how true the saying, 'Some everything, and some nothing.' Dowry, *corredo*, house, husband, that girl has them all—though Cucureddu is a little plaster of a man."

In spite of the last clause Mari' Luisa put the macaroni on the table with an audible sigh.

"Five or six hundred francs," hissed in Antonio's ears, alternating with the imperative words, "She shall have the necklace," and still the bewitching face gleamed on his sight full of its dimples and roguish laughter. He could not sit still, he pushed his plate aside, and went out into the little shed which belonged to Nureddu. Arabian blood flowed in Sairo's veins; he loved his horse like a brother, but a fever consumed him that night, and he could have bartered his soul to please Bepicchia.

"Nureddu, she wants the necklace so," he murmured apologetically. The mare looked up at him with wonder in her soft black eyes. She felt there was trouble in the air, so she rubbed her nose against his hand to show she had perfect confidence in him, and then she waited patiently while he curried her carefully, took down the bridle and saddle, and finally led her out into the cool darkness. Nureddu thought it very queer, but she did not even neigh her surprise—knowing her master wanted the thing kept quiet, she was not the beast to betray him. When they were clear of the town, Sairo mounted and rode steadily to Domus Novas, the mud village in which Delleda lived.

* * * * *

Cagliari or Casteddu, as it is called by the Sardinian peasant, for whom it sums up the glories of the world, was swarming with people as Sairo walked up the Contrada Costa, his gun on his arm, and five hundred francs in his pocket to buy the beads for Bepicchia. In the low jeweller shops on either hand the earrings and necklaces which she had described were profusely displayed, and, with them, were exhibited rows of the big, double gold buttons with which the men fasten their shirts, and the sleeve buttons, by whose rela-

tive number the women of the Campidano gauge each other's wealth. The art of making the delicate gold work crusted with designs of minute grains, and called *grana sarda*, seems to have been transmitted from the ancient Phœnicians and to be peculiar to the Sardinian jewellers.

Sairo had never been in Casteddu before, and he felt dazed by the people and the magnificence of the steep narrow street, but the Sard has an oriental aversion to showing any surprise or admiration, so he carried his *baretta* high and stalked along as if he considered it all dust off his shoes. At the last jeweller's he bowed his tall head and entered. The merchant spread out his wares on the counter and kept the assistant running backward and forward, comparing the size and workmanship of different beads and earrings. He also tried to entice Sairo with some of the masculine buttons, but here he found his customer supremely impassive. At the bare suggestion of ornaments for himself, little Nureddu's great sad eyes rose before him full of perplexed grief.

At last the broad, long pearl earrings and the twenty big gold beads were selected, bargained over, and paid for, and Sairo left the shop with his head in the clouds and the precious parcel fastened under his velvet waistcoat. He felt as though it was Bepicchia's little hand on his heart, and he already tasted the delight of fastening the necklace around her smooth throat. The sights of Casteddu were nothing to him at that moment, and he passed through the city with unseeing eyes. He burned with impatience to get back to Bepicchia and have her for his very own. Priest Mauro should stipulate of Peter Pintus that the marriage be at once.

When he was clear of the town, his long stride broke into a run. With eyes glued on the horizon he sped along, unheeding the ground beneath his feet. All at once he slipped, and his legs shot from under him.

"Cursed fig skin!" he ejaculated, but the words were drowned by a loud report. The gun went off in his fall, discharging itself in his side, and he sank, an unconscious heap, in the middle of the dusty, deserted road.

Antonio Sairo came to his senses in the accident ward of the Cagliari hospital. He was all bandaged and swathed, and by the side of his narrow iron bed sat a plain, gentle-faced nun.

"Where is my parcel?" asked he shortly.

The young nun drew the soiled, blood-stained box from the sleeve of her habit, and laid it by his side. With trembling fingers he pulled it open: the treasure within lay there shining and safe. The Sard looked up with gratitude to the woman bending over him. The care of his wound was little, but the safety of Beppicchia's jewels was much.

"When can I go?" he asked more gently.

"The doctor says it will be three weeks before you will be well enough to leave the hospital."

His eyelids quivered, and then closed over his fevered eyes. He was too weak to protest.

Antonio Sairo's first thought in the morning and last thought at night was: "How Beppicchia will smile when I give her the gold things!" He kept them jealously under his own hand, caressing the little box, or feasting his eyes on their richness.

To spare Mari' Luisa anxiety, Antonio let Sister Orsola write her of his accident, but he begged with feverish intensity that the earrings and necklace should not be named.

"It is to be a surprise for little Beppicchia," he said, over and over to himself, and in spite of his pain he was almost happy. On the twentieth night, as he pressed his hot brow to the fresh linen pillow, he dreamed of Beppicchia, and he awoke the next morning with a smile on his lips.

Though late in November the air was still balmy, and Sister Orsola had

thrown open the windows to let in a flood of early sunshine. One bright ray fell on the stand at his side, and there lay a letter directed to him in Priest Mauro's hand. He broke it open eagerly. He knew it was written at Mari' Luisa's dictation, but surely there would be a little message from Beppicchia. Slowly he spelled it out, being better horseman than clerk:

"Brother of mine,—Madonna be praised thou didst not kill thyself. I have put two candles on the shrine of Saint Gavino. They came out of the pack thou hadst behind the wheat mill. Priest Mauro writes this and salutes thee. I also salute thee and likewise Mari' Angela does the same. I salute that good soul of Sister Orsola who wrote the letter. Why didst thou sell Nureddu? Deledda took the poor beast up to the Nebida mine, and at the turn of the road the poor thing slipped over the cliff. Deledda caught by the bushes and scrambled up again, but Nureddu went down into the sea. Deledda has made the *domanda* for Beppicchia Pintus, and they are to be married as soon as the publications can be made. Mari' Angela says he has inherited a lot of money, but one hears so many things.

"Mari' Angela sends her salutations and so do I mine.

"I declare myself your obedient Sister,

"MARIA LUISA SAIRO.

"By the hand of Priest Mauro."

A bitter cry of keen agony rang through the ward.

"My Nureddu, it was for *her* I betrayed thee!"

The cherished golden earrings and beads flew glistening through the sunlit air and fell with a faint tinkle into the court below.—*Leisure Hour*.

RECENT SCIENCE.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

I.

STEP by step modern science penetrates deeper and deeper into the intimate structure of physical bodies, and

the new step which we have now to record is the progress made in our knowledge of the inner molecular structure of solids. It may seem strange, of course, that physicists should have

found difficulties in interpreting the structure of so commonplace a thing as a stone, or a block of lead, copper, or silver. But it must be remembered that what we want to know about the solids is not the arrangement of their rougher particles (that much is learned easily enough with the aid of the microscope); we want to penetrate far beyond the utmost limits of microscopical vision; to know how the molecules, which are so minute as to defy the powers of our best microscopes, are arranged; how they are locked together; in how far they are free in their movements, and what sort of movements they perform; what is, in a word, the inner molecular life of a seemingly inert block of metal. Such a question could not be answered directly, and the problem had to be attacked in all sorts of roundabout ways. Attempts to solve it were made, accordingly, in more directions than one, and in these attempts physicists grasped first the molecular structure of gases; then it took them years to extend their knowledge to liquids; and it is only now that some definite results have been arrived at as regards solids through the combined efforts of a great number of chemists, physicists, and metallurgists.*

* For penetrating into this vast domain no better guide could be found for the general reader than Prof. W. C. Roberts-Austen's *Introduction to the Study of Metallurgy* (1st edition in 1891; 3d edition in 1895), which contains, besides excellent reviews of the whole domain, copious bibliographical indications. C. W. Roberts-Austen's lectures before the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, and the British Association, all published in *Nature*, deserve the same mention: "On the Hardening and Tempering of Steel" (1889, *Nature*, vol. xli, pp. 11 and 32); "Metals at High Temperatures" (1892, vol. xlv, p. 534); "The Rarer Metals and their Alloys" (1895, vol. lii, pp. 14 and 39); "The Diffusion of Metals" (1896, vol. liv, p. 55). Also his three "Reports to the Alloys Research Committee of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers" in 1891, 1893, and 1895, and the subsequent discussions. For a general review of the alloys, considered as solutions of metals in metals, the second volume of Ostwald's *Allgemeine Chemie* (Leipzig, 1893; English translation in 1894) is the surest guide. The general parts of the papers of W. Spring and Van der Mensbrugghe (mentioned hereafter) are very suggestive. Otto Graham's "Collected Papers" are a rich mine of suggestive information which need no recommendation. Behrens's book, *Das mikroskopische Gefüge der Metalle*

We conceive gases as consisting of an immense number of molecules which dash in all directions, continually meeting each other in their rapid movements, and consequently changing their courses, and continually endeavoring to escape into space. The more we heat a gas, the more agitated become the movements of its molecules, and the greater become their velocities. To raise the temperature of a gas simply means, in fact, to increase the velocity of the movements of its molecules. These molecules, as they dash in all possible directions, bombard the walls of the vessels which a gas is enclosed in, and take advantage of every issue to escape through it; and although they are extremely small in size, their numbers are so great and their movements are so rapid that they even break the walls of the strongest receptacles. When they bombard the piston of a steam-engine, they push it with such a force that it can move heavy masses or set in motion a heavy railway train at a considerable speed.

Such a conception of the structure of gases ("the kinetic theory of gases") was first propounded as an hypothesis only; but it so remarkably well corresponds to realities, it gives us so full an explanation of all phenomena relative to gases, and it permits us to foretell so many phenomena, that it may already be considered as a well-established theory. We measure the velocities of the molecules, and even attempt to count the numbers of their impacts as they dash against each other; we have an approximate idea of the sizes of some of them—sieves having been imagined which let the smaller molecules pass but intercept the bigger ones;* and, maybe, Messrs. H. Picton and S. E. Linder, in their researches into solutions of sulphide salts, have even seen under the microscope how

und Legierungen (Leipzig, 1894), can also be warmly recommended. Special researches are mentioned further down.

* No human hand could make such a sieve; but Warburg and Tegetmeier have imagined a means of locking the molecules of sodium out of a pan of glass. Through the minute channels thus obtained, molecules of sodium make their passage, as also the still smaller molecules of lithium, while the bigger ones of potassium are intercepted.

some bigger molecules aggregate into particles.

So far the inner structure of gases is known; but as regards the inner structure of liquids our views are much less definite. We know that liquids are also composed of molecules, or of groups of molecules (particles), which very easily glide upon and past each other. Gravitation makes them glide so as to fill up every nook of a vessel, flow through its apertures, and produce a horizontal surface on the top of the liquid; and if we heat any part of the liquid, currents and eddies are immediately produced—particles gliding past each other in various directions. But until lately, if the physicist was asked whether, apart from these movements due to extraneous causes, the liquid molecules have not their own movements, like the gaseous ones, he hesitated to give a definite reply. These doubts, however, have been removed within the last twenty years. By this time there is not one single gas left which would not have been brought into a liquid state. Every gas, if we sufficiently compress and cool it—that is, bring its molecules into closer contact and reduce the speed of their oscillations—is transformed into a liquid, and, before being liquefied, passes through an intermediate, “critical” state, in which it combines the properties of a liquid with those of a gas.* Moreover, it has lately been proved that mechanical laws which hold good for gases are fully applicable to liquid solutions,† as if they really contained gaseous molecules, and we are bound to recognize that there is no substantial difference between the inner structure of a gas and a liquid—the difference between the liquid and the gaseous states of matter being only one of degree in the relative freedom, mobility, and speed of molecules, and perhaps in the size of the particles.

Can we not, then, extend our generalization, and say that the difference between a solid and a liquid is not greater than between a liquid and a

gas? For simplicity's sake, let us take a block of pure metal. Like all other physical bodies, it consists of atoms grouped into molecules and of molecules grouped into particles, and it is known that these last cannot be solidly locked to each other, because each rise of temperature increases the volume of the metallic block and every blow makes it emit a sound. The molecules must consequently have a certain mobility, since they can enter into sonorous and heat vibrations. But to what extent are they free? Do they not enjoy—some of them, at least—such a freedom of movement that they can travel, as they do in liquids and gases, between other molecules, from one part of the solid to another? Do they not maintain in the solid state some of the features which characterize their movements in both the liquid and gaseous states? This is, in fact, the conclusion which science is brought to by recent investigations. As will be seen from the following facts, it becomes more and more apparent that a solid piece of metal is by no means an inert body; that it also has its inner life; that its molecules are not dead specks of matter, and that they never cease to move about, to change places, to enter into new and varied combinations.

It was especially through the study of alloys, for both industrial and scientific purposes, that modern science was brought to the above views; and therefore we are bound to make an incursion into that vast domain. An alloy is not a simple mixture of two metals; far from that. It stands midway between the physical mixture and the chemical compound, and combines the characteristics of both. If we take, for instance, some molten lead and throw into it a piece of tin, or add molten zinc to molten copper in order to obtain brass, or mix molten copper and silver in order to make silver coins, we do not obtain simple mixtures of lead and tin, copper and zinc, or silver and copper. We produce quite new metals, totally different from their component parts; not true chemical compounds, and yet not mixtures. The alloy has a different color, a different hardness or brittleness; it offers a

* This stage has been treated at some length in a preceding article, *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1894.

† *Ibid.*, August, 1892.

quite different resistance to the passage of electricity; and it requires, for fusion, a temperature which is generally much lower than the temperatures of fusion of its two or three component metals. We take, for instance, 118 parts of tin, 206 parts of lead, and 208 parts of bismuth, as finely divided as possible, mix them as rapidly as we can with 1600 parts of mercury, and we obtain a freezing mixture of so low a temperature (14° Fahr.) that water can be frozen in it. Or, we take 15 parts of bismuth, 8 parts of lead, 4 parts of tin, and 3 parts of cadmium, and we obtain a metal which fuses in boiling water (at 209° Fahr.), although the most fusible of the four metals, *i.e.*, tin, requires a temperature of, at least, 446° degrees to be melted, and cadmium does not fuse before the heat has reached 576° degrees.*

Nay, all the physical properties, and the very aspect of a metal, can be changed by merely adding to it a minute portion of some other metal. Thus, the very aspect of pure bismuth can be so changed by adding to it $\frac{1}{5000}$ th part of tellurium (a rare metal, found in small quantities in combination with gold, silver, etc.), that, as Roberts-Austen remarks, one could readily take it, on mere inspection, for a totally distinct elementary body. The addition of twenty-two per cent. of aluminium makes gold assume a beautiful purple color; but gold can also be made to assume a greenish color, and its strength can be doubled, by adding to it $\frac{1}{5000}$ th part of one of the rare metals, zirconium; while the addition of another rare metal, thallium, in the same minute proportion, would have the strength of gold. Nay, we may obtain gold which will soften in the flame of a candle by adding to it $\frac{1}{5000}$ th part of silicon. As to copper, it is known that its electric conductivity is so rapidly diminished by the presence of the slightest impurities of other metals, that if the copper of which a cable is made contained only $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part of bismuth, this impurity would "be fatal to the commercial success of the cable."[†]

* I follow in these illustrations Roberts-Austen's *Introduction to the Study of Metallurgy*.

[†] *Ibid.*, p. 76.

As to the immense variety of different sorts of metals which are obtained by adding small quantities of carbon to iron in the fabrication of steel, or by introducing very small quantities of manganese or chromium into steel, it would be simply impossible to enter into the subject in this place, so vast and interesting is it. Suffice it to say that, beginning with pure iron, which can be had as soft and pliable as copper, and ending with steel which is hard enough to cut glass, or with those chrome-steel shells which pierce nine-inch armor plates, backed by eight feet of solid oak, without their points being deformed,* there are all possible gradations of iron alloys. And it becomes more and more apparent, from the work of Osmond, Behrens, and many others, that steel contains not only five different constituents—partly chemical compounds of iron and carbon, and partly solutions of carbon in iron alloyed in different proportions—but also iron and carbon appearing in different molecular groupings of their atoms (allotropic forms), microscopic diamonds inclusive.[†] A block of an alloy is thus quite a world, almost as complicated as an organic cell.

Besides, a close resemblance has been proved to exist between alloys, so long as they remain molten, and solutions of salts in water and other solvents. When a piece of tin is dissolved in molten lead, or two molten metals are mixed together, the same complicated physical and chemical phenomena are produced as in dissolving a lump of salt in water or mixing alcohol with water. The physical properties of the metal used as a solvent are entirely altered as the molecules of the dissolved metal travel, as if they were in a gaseous state, amid its own molecules. Some of them are dissociated at the same time, and new chemical com-

* Mr. Hadfield's paper, read before the Iron and Steel Institute on September 21st, 1892 (*Nature*, vol. xlv. p. 526).

[†] Roberts-Austen has summed up some recent French works on this subject in a paper contributed to *Nature* (1895, vol. lli. p. 367). See also his earlier lecture on steel, incorporated in his *Introduction to Metallurgy*. Diamonds have been extracted from common, very hard steel by Rossel (*Comptes Rendus*, 13 juillet, 1896, p. 113).

pounds of an unstable nature are formed, only to be destroyed and reconstituted again. In a word, all laws based on the assumption of a nearly gaseous mobility of molecules and atoms, which have been found to be applicable to solutions of salts in water, can be fully applied to molten alloys as well.* And the question necessarily arises: whether the mobility of molecules entirely disappears as soon as an alloy is solidified, or whether it is not partially maintained even when the alloy has reached its quite solid state.

To answer this question we must, however, cast a glance upon another wide series of investigations into some physical properties of metals.

II.

It is well known that if a rod of lead, or even of steel or of brittle glass, is placed by its two ends on two supports, and is left in that position for a long time, its own weight ultimately gives it a permanent bend. The molecules of the unsupported part of the rod, under the accumulating effects of gravitation, slowly glide past each other, and ultimately rearrange themselves in their mutual positions, just as if, instead of the metallic rod, a stick

of soft sealing-wax had been taken, or some other plastic body, in which the particles easily glide and change places. But the analogy between metals and plastic bodies can be rendered still more apparent if external pressure is resorted to. Suppose we put a lump of plastic clay in a flower-pot, and press it from above. The clay will "flow" through the hole at the bottom of the pot, exactly reproducing the flow of a vein of water out of the same pot; the speed only of the flow will be slower, but all the relative movements of the particles will be exactly the same. But now, suppose we take a piece of lead instead of the clay, and, after having placed it in a strong steel cylinder, which also has a hole in its bottom like the flower-pot, exert upon it a strong pressure: a powerful piston, let us say, slowly presses the lead. The lead will then "flow," exactly as the clay flowed out of the flower-pot, although it will never cease to remain solid—its temperature being hundreds of degrees below the point at which lead could be molten. The same happens, if we use a still greater pressure, with copper, and even with steel, as was proved some five-and-twenty years ago by a member of the French Academy, Tresca, in his memorable researches on the "Flowing out of Solids." All metals, when they are submitted to a sufficient pressure, behave exactly as plastic bodies: their molecules acquire a certain mobility, and glide past each other, exactly as they glide in liquid—the metal remaining in the meantime quite solid, or even brittle.

A still closer analogy between liquids and solids appears from the experiments of the Belgian Professor, W. Spring.* He shows that, just as two drops of a liquid coalesce when they are brought in contact with each other, so also two pieces of solid metal coalesce, at a temperature very remote from their melting-points, if they are brought into real contact with each

* Hancock and Neville have proved by their admirable series of researches (since 1889) that all laws which have been established for solutions by Ostwald, Van't Hoff, and Arrhenius are applicable to alloys. The "freezing-point" is lowered in alloys as well, in proportion to the number of molecules of the dissolved metal added to the solvent (Tammann, Ramsay, Hancock, and Neville). At the same time, many perfectly homogeneous alloys, just as homogeneous as certain solutions, have been obtained (see also the extensive researches on ternary alloys by Dr. Alder Wright in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* since 1889, and in the chapter he has contributed to the third edition of Roberts-Austen's *Introduction*). The number of chemical compounds formed by two metals in alloys, in analogy with the chemical compounds formed in solutions, increases every year. The rejection of pure metal out of solidifying alloys, or of metals combined with a definite number of molecules of the solvent, is quite similar to the crystallization of salts out of liquid solutions. Also the influence of a third metal for increasing solubility. In a word, all the properties of solutions (they have been analyzed in this Review in August, 1892) are known to exist in alloys.

* They were begun since 1878, and the results were published in the *Bulletin de l'Académie de Belgique*; the chief memoirs are in 1880, vol. xlix. p. 323; 1883, 3d series, vol. v. p. 492; 1883, vol. vi. p. 507; and 1894, vol. xxviii. p. 23.

other by external pressure. He takes, for instance, two small cylinders prepared of each of the following metals: steel, aluminium, antimony, bismuth, cadmium, copper, tin, lead, gold, and platinum. Their ends are carefully planed, true to $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch, by a tool quite free from grease. One cylinder of each pair is then posed upon the other, the two being pressed upon each other by means of a hand-vice. They are left in this position for a few hours, and ultimately are found solidly welded to each other. If they are heated at the same time to a temperature which is, however, very remote from their fusion-temperature, they are so solidly welded together that all traces of the joint disappear.

Cylinders of different metals, submitted to the same experiment, give still more striking results. They are so well welded together that, when they are afterward torn asunder by means of a powerful machine, quite new surfaces of tearing are produced. Besides, real alloys are formed between the two cylinders, in a few hours, for a thickness of from $\frac{1}{100}$ th to $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch, and more than that for lead and tin. An interpenetration of the molecules of the two metals takes place, although they both remain as solid as solid can be. As to fine filings of various metals, even of such a brittle metal as bismuth, they are easily compressed into solid blocks, as solid as if they had been molten before solidification and having the crystalline fracture characteristic of certain metals. More than that. Alloys of Wood's metal, as well as bronze and brass, have been obtained by pressing together fine filings of the different metals, although it was proved, both by calculation and direct experiment, that the temperature of the filings rose but a few degrees above the temperature of the laboratory.* And finally, Spring has proved

* It is very interesting to note, however, that alloys were not obtained at once. When the filings of two or more metals were compressed into one solid block, the block had to be filed again into a fine powder; and when this powder was thoroughly mixed once more, and compressed for a second time, the alloy was obtained. Spring gives to that operation the characteristic name of "kneading" (*pétrissage*).

that solid metals *evaporate* from their surfaces, exactly as if they were in a liquid state, or as camphor evaporates, while remaining solid, so that, if we were endowed with a finer sense of smell, we could smell a metal at a distance. Zinc requires, as is known, a temperature of 780° Fahr. in order to be fused, and a still higher temperature in order to be brought to the state of vapor. And yet, even at a temperature of from 680° to 750° Fahr., it is volatilized and its molecules set upon a copper cylinder placed very near to it, making a brass alloy on its surface, as if the copper cylinder had been held in vapor of zinc at a high temperature. Strange as it may seem at first sight, we are thus bound to admit that the superficial molecules of a solid piece of metal enjoy the same mobility as if that surface were in the liquid state; and that they can as easily be freed from cohesion with their neighbors, and be projected into space, as if they were gaseous molecules.

The explanation of these most remarkable phenomena is found, as W. Spring points out, in a broad generalization which we owe to Otto Graham, and which passed unnoticed when it was published, thirty-four years ago. A gas, we have said, consists of molecules dashing in all directions with very great velocities, which are increased when the temperature of the gas is raised. But it seems highly improbable that all the molecules of a gas should have the same velocities. Some of them, in all probability, run at a smaller speed, in consequence of their impacts with other molecules; while others have much greater velocities. One could say, as Spring writes, that some of them are *hotter* and some others are *cooler*, and that the thermometer, which gives the temperature of the gas, informs us only about the *average* velocity of the molecules which bombard it, without giving us an idea of either the maximum or the minimum velocities attained by some of them. Spring concludes therefrom, in conformity with Graham, that while most molecules of a solid move about (or vibrate) with the slower velocities characteristic of the solid state, there are, in addition, a number of molecules

which move about with a much greater rapidity, corresponding to the liquid or to the gaseous state. And when a heated metal, on approaching its temperature of fusion, becomes soft, as red-hot iron does, its softness is simply due to an increased proportion of rapidly moving molecules among those which still perform the slower movements characteristic of the solid state. The great puzzle of plasticity in the most solid rocks and the most brittle metals thus ceases to be a puzzle.*

As to the fact of evaporation from the surface of solid metals, Spring suggests that each piece of metal (each solid, in fact) has on its surface a number of molecules which, finding more free scope for their oscillatory movements, acquire greater velocities and are torn off the sphere of cohesion with their neighbors so as to be projected into space. In other words, they evaporate like gaseous molecules, although the average temperature of the piece of metal is very much below its temperature of evaporation, or even its temperature of fusion.† This conclusion of Spring finds a further most remarkable confirmation in the work of G. Van der Mensbrugghe, his colleague in the Belgian Academy, who worked in a quite different direction, but came about the very same time to the same idea—namely, that “the density of a solid is often, if not always, smaller in its superficial layer than it is in its interior.”‡

However, one step more remained to be made in order to prove by direct experiment that in a solid block of metal certain molecules are really endowed with a greater mobility, and can travel through its mass while the

block itself remains solid. And this step was made by Graham's former collaborator, Roberts-Austen, and announced in the Bakerian lecture which he delivered before the Royal Society in February last.* Roberts Austen took a small cylinder of lead (about $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch long), with either gold, or a rich alloy of lead with gold, at its base. He kept it for thirty-one days at a temperature of 485° Fahr., which is 135 degrees lower than the temperature of fusion of lead. Or else he kept like cylinders at a still lower temperature, down to the temperature of the laboratory rooms. At the end of this time, the lead cylinder was cut into sections and the amount of gold which had diffused through it, in its solid state, was determined. It then appeared that gold had diffused through solid lead, more or less, at all temperatures between 484 and 212 degrees, and there is evidence that diffusion went on, though at a smaller speed, even at the ordinary temperature of our rooms. Molecules of gold had travelled up the cylinder amid the lead molecules, and they had lodged themselves among the latter on their own accord. A decisive proof in favor of Graham's hypothesis was thus produced.

The brilliant hypothesis of Graham, who suggested, so long ago as 1863, that the “three conditions of matter (solid, liquid, and gaseous) probably always exist in every liquid or solid substance, but that one predominates over the others,”† finds now a full confirmation in Spring's and Roberts-Austen's researches, which have themselves been confirmed by other workers in the same field. If these views become generally accepted, as they probably will, their bearings upon the whole domain of molecular physics and chemistry will have a far-reaching and lasting importance. Not only the continuity between the three states of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous, is demonstrated, but we can understand now why such continuity exists. Moreover,

* The importance of time in plastic changes of form is well known, although it was so much neglected by Tyndall in his polemics with Forbes. The bearings of Graham's hypothesis upon this feature of plasticity are self-evident, and we must hope that somebody will soon take up this question.

† “Sur l'apparition, dans l'état solide, de certaines propriétés caractéristiques de l'état liquide ou gazeux des métaux,” in *Bulletin de l'Académie de Belgique*, 3^e série, tome xxviii. pp. 27 sq.

‡ “Remarques sur la constitution de la couche superficielle des corps solides,” *Ibid.*, tome xxvii, 1894, p. 877.

* *Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1896, vol. clxxxvii., A, p. 383. A summary of the lecture was published in the *Proceedings*, and in *Nature*, as also in most continental papers.

† Quoted from Roberts-Austen's Bakerian lecture.

with the aid of Graham's hypothesis we begin to see our way in the extremely difficult and puzzling subjects of solutions and alloys, of the "critical state" of matter, of dissociation, and of a number of other physico-chemical phenomena. From this hypothesis the kinetic theory of gases receives a new, powerful support; and very probably the theories of surface-tension and evaporation, as also, perhaps, of surface-electrification, will receive a new impulse. Seeing that, we are ready to recognize, with Roberts-Austen, that "metals have been sadly misunderstood;" that they probably are never quiescent, and fully deserve that the methods so fruitful for the study of living beings should be applied to them and their alloys.

III.

A corner of the veil which for so many centuries concealed from man the North-Polar area has at last been lifted by the Nansen-Sverdrup expedition. All that we formerly knew of that vast realm of ice was its borderlands only; but the bold Norwegians have deeply penetrated into its heart, beyond the eighty-sixth degree of latitude, and the whole aspect of our hypothetical knowledge about these dreary regions is already modified. The vague name of a "North-Polar area" can be abandoned, and henceforward we can speak of a "North-Polar basin."

This basin is often referred to as if it were a circle, the centre of which is the North Pole; but it has not that circular shape. If we look at it, keeping the Greenwich meridian before us, we see, first, a broad channel, 900 miles wide, between Greenland and Norway, inclined to the northeast and leading from the Atlantic into the Arctic Ocean. From that wide entrance a long and wide gulf stretches, in a slightly crescent-shaped form, between the shores of Russia and Siberia on the right, and the North-American archipelagoes and Alaska on the left. It widens as it crosses the Pole, and it ends in a wide semi-circle, out of which the Behring Strait is the only outlet. This narrow issue being, however, of little importance, we may neglect it, as

well as several wide indentations of the two coasts, and we may say that the Arctic basin is a broad, pear-shaped gulf, 2500 miles long, 900 miles broad at its entrance, widening to 2000 miles at its nearly blind Behring Strait end.*

Warm water enters it, and cold water, laden with ice, issues from it—the former originating from, and the latter returning to, the Atlantic. The "rule of the road" for oceanic currents is to keep to the right, and the two currents obey it. The warm water of the Atlantic which is drifted northward, and can be considered as a continuation of the Gulf Stream, flows past the coasts of Norway, and, before reaching North Cape, divides into two branches. One of them takes a northern course; it reaches the western coasts of Spitzbergen and flows along them as far as their north end, occasionally bringing to these coasts the glass balls that are used by Norwegian fishermen, as well as the big beans of the West Indian plant, *Entada gigalobium*, which are carried by the Gulf Stream across the Atlantic.† The

* The Behring Strait is so narrow and so shallow (maximum depth, 60 fathoms) that for oceanic circulation it has but little importance. A warm current flows along its American side, from the Pacific into the Arctic Sea; and a cold current flows in the opposite direction along the coast of Asia—both seemingly varying in intensity with the seasons. As to a permanent cold under current, the *Yulcon* soundings have rendered it improbable. Cf. the admirable Atlas of the Pacific, published by the Deutsche Seewarte; Otto Petterson's excellent paper, "Contributions to the Hydrography of the Siberian Sea" (in English), in *Vega Expeditionens Vetenskapliga Iakttagelser*, vol. ii, p. 379; Stuxberg's "Everttebrafauna i Sibiriens Ishaf," same work, vol. i, p. 677; and H. W. Dall, in *American Journal of Science*, 1881, vol. xxi, quoted by Petterson.

† Scoresby had already pointed out the existence of this warm current, but it was fully brought to light by the Swedish expeditions. See also Gumprecht's "Treibproducte der Strömungen im Nord-Atlantischen Ocean" (*Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde*, ii, 421). The chief oceanic currents which now exist must have flowed in the same directions in the later part of the Quaternary epoch. The same bean was found in a peat moss, 30 feet above the sea, in the Bohuslän province of Sweden. The cold current of which I am going to speak has the same venerable antiquity.

other branch bends eastward. It flows past North Cape and for some distance along the coast of the Kola Peninsula; it crosses next the Barents's Sea and reaches the Russian island of Novaya Zemlya, to the frozen shores of which it also carries the same glass balls and the same West Indian beans.* A sub-branch of the latter seems even to enter the Kara Sea in summer. Of course, the severe cold which reigns in those latitudes cools down the superficial layers of the warm current; but the thermometer still detects its presence, and its bluish waters are distinguishable, even at sight, from the greenish and cooler waters of the polar currents. And, inhospitable as these regions are, they would be still more inhospitable and inaccessible if the heat stored by water in lower latitudes were not carried by this current to the north. Owing to it, the Barents's Sea is free from ice for a few months every year, the western shores of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya are of easy access, and, besides the lichens and the mosses which grow on these islands, the traveller finds there, in better protected nooks, a flora similar to the flora of the high Alps.

A considerable quantity of warm water thus enters the Arctic Gulf from the south. Consequently, a no less considerable quantity of cold water issues from it in the shape of a mighty ice current, nearly 300 miles wide, which also keeps the rule of the road and enters the North Atlantic between Spitzbergen and Greenland. Thence it flows southward, along the eastern coast of Greenland, pressing itself to its crags and cliffs, and piling up ice-floes upon ice-floes as it forces its way through Danemark Strait (the passage left between Iceland and Greenland). When it has reached the southern extremity of Greenland (Cape Farewell) it also divides. A small branch of it

bends round the cape and enters the Baffin Bay, while the main body continues its southern course, meeting the Atlantic steamers as they approach the coasts of America. But the icebergs which these steamers meet with are only taken in by the mighty current as it flows past some East Greenland glaciers; in higher latitudes it consists only of thick floe ice many years old, which grew thick as it was drifted in the Arctic Gulf.

It is this current which renders the eastern coast of Greenland so difficult of access. Many times whalers have been caught in it and drifted with it, and it nearly proved fatal to the crew of the second ship of the German expedition, the *Hansa*. The small schooner was firmly beset in ice in latitude 74°, and was drifted southward. Eventually, she was crushed under the pressure of the thick ice-floes, and sank, while the brave crew, who took refuge on the floe-ice, were carried with it along the coast, until they succeeded, after a seven months' imprisonment, in escaping from it to their three boats. Making their way past Cape Farewell, they reached at last a Danish colony on the southwestern extremity of Greenland; but their floe followed them, and the Eskimos found on it later on many valuable things which were left behind by the *Hansa* men.

Nansen and Sverdrup were also caught in the same current in 1888, as they were making their way in a boat to the coast, and although they were quite near to it when they left the whaler which had brought them thither, they were drifted with the ice for fourteen days southward before they reached the land. One might almost think that the two friends conceived the bold plan of the *Fram* expedition during that drift, had not Nansen spoken of it before he undertook that journey.*

One more feature of the broad Atlantic entrance into the Polar Gulf

* These facts were known in the year 1850, but little attention was paid to them, save by E. Kane (*Arctic Explorations*), till the year 1870. See Mühy's *Ueber die Lehre von der Meeresströmungen*, 1869; A. Petermann's *Der Golfstrom*, etc., 1870; A. Middendorff's *Der Golfstrom östwärts vom Nordkap*, 1871; and Heuglin's *Johannesen's Umfahung von Novaya Zemlya*, 1874.

* There is one more opening, through which the cold water of the Arctic Gulf finds its way southward. It is Smith Sound and Baffin Bay. But this current must be chiefly fed by water and ice coming from the northwest through the channels between the islands of the Parry Archipelago.

must be mentioned. In the midst of it—nearer to Greenland than to Europe—Iceland and Jan Mayen rise from the top of a submarine ridge which runs from the southwest to the northeast;* further on, in the same direction, rise the Spitzbergen and the Franz Joseph archipelagos; and this row of islands is an important line of demarkation; a deep trough lies to the northwest of it, while, with the exception of one submarine gulf, the sea is much shallower on our side of these islands;† so that Iceland, Jan Mayen, Spitzbergen, and Franz Joseph Land, as also the New Siberian Islands further eastward, can be considered as a sort of outer wall of Europe and Asia. Now, it is most remarkable, although the explanation of the fact is not quite clear, that the above-mentioned warm current keeps within that outer wall, while the cold polar current flows over the much deeper trough. And the same was found by Nansen further to the east, throughout the whole length of the ice-current.

Such being the leading features of the North Polar Gulf, five different routes were tried to reach the North Pole: one, through Smith Sound, along the western coast of Greenland; three, through the broad Atlantic entrance; and one through the Behring Strait: three *with* the warm current, and two *against* the cold current. For nearly eighty years all these routes have been tried in turn. Immense tracts of new lands were discovered; science was benefited to an almost unfathomable extent in nearly all its dominions through these expeditions; every step made in the ice-deserts was marked by acts of sublime heroism and abnegation. But the result of all these noble efforts was, that less and less hope was left of reaching in a near future the very heart of the immense yet

unexplored tracts—the North Pole. Parry, in 1827, had pushed with his sledge and boat party to the latitude of $82^{\circ} 45'$ on the north of Spitzbergen; and fifty years later, after years of slow work along the western coast of Greenland, a latitude of $82^{\circ} 26'$ was attained on board ship, and sledge parties had penetrated some sixty miles ahead, to $83^{\circ} 20'$ (Markham) and $83^{\circ} 24'$ (Lockwood), only to prove that further progress on the old line was impossible. Everywhere the mighty ice-current barred the way, and when the northern extremity of Greenland was reached, it was found to be blocked by a branch of the same current.

It is well known how the discovery of some relics of the shipwrecked *Jeanette*, which were found on floe-ice near the southern extremity of Greenland, suggested to Nansen the idea of trying a new route. De Long, on board the *Jeannette*, had entered the Arctic basin, in 1879, through the Behring Strait, and he had sailed westward to meet Nordenskjöld's *Vega*, but the *Jeannette* was soon caught in ice and was drifted with it for nearly two years—first in a circle round Wrangel's Land, and then northward. She sank, on June 21st, 1881, to the northeast of the New Siberian islands, and the crew, which went in boats to the mouth of the Lena, mostly perished. Two years later, various things belonging to the *Jeannette* were found in Greenland, and Nansen, after having traced their presumable route straight across the polar basin, proposed to follow that track. To build a strong ship which could resist the formidable side-pressures of the ice, and be lifted by them; to boldly enter the ice-current, and to be drifted by it across the unknown polar area—such was, as is well known, his plan. It is also known that this plan met with a strong opposition on behalf of most Arctic authorities—not only on account of its unprecedented audacity, but also because it was said to be based upon an unwarranted hypothesis. It must, however, be said that the hypothesis was, on the contrary, a quite sound, thoroughly scientific generalization, and it was received as such by a number of physical geographers.

* In fact, Iceland stands on the crossing of this submarine ridge with another broader ridge, which runs perpendicular to it, from the Far-öer to Greenland.

† On the northwest of this line the depths attain 1800 and 1900 fathoms; even in Dane-mark Strait they are 800 fathoms, while 1370 fathoms were found in the north of Spitzbergen. On the southeast of it, with the exception of a deep gulf between Norway and Iceland, the depths are much smaller.

About the genuineness of the *Jeanette* relics there could be no doubt, although even this point was contested in America.* As to the route which they had followed, it was highly improbable, to begin with, that in two years they could have reached the southern extremity of Greenland on a circuitous route, coming from the west, or through the narrow Kennedy channel. On the contrary, it was only natural to suppose that they had been carried with the great ice-current which sweeps along the east coast of Greenland—the current which drifted the *Hansa* and brought the ice-floe of the *Hansa* crew to the very spot where the *Jeannette* relics were found in 1883. As to the origin of that great ice current, it was clearly indicated by the masses of Siberian trees, only recently torn off the places where they grew, which are drifted every year to the shores of Greenland. Out of the twenty-five specimens of driftwood which were examined by the Koldey's German expedition, as they wintered in 1869-70 on the East Greenland coast, no less than fifteen were found to be trees of the *Siberian* larch, while the ten others belonged to species also growing in Siberia. And when the specimens of mud, which Nansen had collected from the ice-floes off the shores of East Greenland in 1888, were examined by the Upsala professor, Cleve, it appeared that, out of thousands of collections which he had had the opportunity to examine, none contained the same species of microscopical diatoms, except one specimen which had been taken by Kjellman, of the *Vega* staff, from an ice-floe in the far northeast of Siberia.

More than that. The route followed by the Siberian driftwood is marked on the map with an unmistakable distinctness. De Long saw such wood on the floes during the *Jeannette* drift;

heaps of it are accumulated on the New Siberian Islands; other heaps are found on the northern extremity of Novaya Zemlya—Barents utilized them for building his house in 1596; and they are also found on the northern and eastern coasts of Spitzbergen. Mr. Murray saw the same driftwood during his cruise between Iceland and Greenland,* and Nansen saw it on ice-floes between Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen.

No route could be better indicated on a map, and already, in 1884, Professor Mohn, one of the best authorities in Arctic physical geography, wrote in the *Morgenblad* an article on the *Jeannette* relics, in which he distinctly advocated the view of their having crossed the polar basin. This article—Nansen says in his new fascinating book†—suggested to him the route to be taken in order to approach the Pole.‡ Dr. John Murray and the German physical geographer, Professor Supan, both supported and confirmed this view; so also Captain Wharton, of the British hydrographical service, and the Russian Admiral Makaroff, explorer of the Pacific. Altogether, the existence of this current was rendered so probable, since 1870, by the Scandinavian expeditions, that in 1871 the very existence of a then undiscovered land between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya, “penetrating further north than Spitzbergen” (now Franz Joseph Land), could be indicated in an Arctic report framed at the Russian Geographical Society, because—it was said in the Report—if no such land existed, the ice-current would reach North Cape and the Laponian coast and pile up there its ice—the warm current being too weak to prevent its invasion.§ Nay, it may interest Nansen to know

* *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, January, 1890, pp. 38, 39.

† Fridtjof Nansen, *In Nacht und Eis* (Leipzig, 1896). Only the first four fascicles of this book have as yet reached London.

‡ The Colony-Director Lutzen wrote in the same sense, suggesting that a ship which would enter that current would be carried across to South Greenland (Nansen, *ibid.*, p. 14).

§ “Report of the Committee for the Arctic Expedition” (Russian), in *Izvestia* of the Russian Geographical Society, 1871, p. 67.

* The chief of them were: a provision list of the *Jeannette*, signed De Long; a list of the *Jeannette* boats; and a pair of oilskin trousers bearing the name of Louis Noros, one of the survivors from the *Jeannette* crew. They were minutely described twice by Lytzen, Director of the Julianehaab colony, in the Danish *Geografisk Tidsskrift*, 1885-86. Having been sent to an exhibition in Europe, they eventually got lost.

that even the greatest authority on ocean currents, Maury, was with him. He foresaw the existence of the *Fram* current in 1868.*

The idea of this current was thus growing in Arctic literature during the last five-and-twenty years, although nobody was bold enough to trust to it; and, in accepting it in its entirety—that is, in embodying the drift of the *Jeannette* and the East Greenland ice-drift in one mighty current—Nansen only proved the correctness of his scientific insight into the true characters of oceanic circulation. That this induction was quite correct, is now fully proved by the drift of the *Fram*. For three years this splendid little ship was drifted northwestward and westward, till it began to be drifted south, toward Greenland. Only at the end of each summer it was regularly carried for a short distance eastward, under the influence of contrary winds. A formidable ice-current, almost as mighty, and of the same length as the Gulf Stream (from Florida to the coasts of these islands), a current having the same dominating influence in the life of our globe, has thus been proved to exist. Its width is enormous, and must attain at the least 300 miles. Moreover, we now know positively that it follows a deep trough, 1600 to 1900 fathoms deep, which is a continuation of the above-mentioned deep trough of the North Atlantic. The polar basin is thus not the shallow depression which it was often supposed to be. It is a real continuation of the Atlantic, and its water is in as regular a circulation as the water of other oceans. Heat and cold are as regularly ex-

changed there as they are in the Atlantic or the Pacific.

We have learned, moreover, from the *Fram* what becomes of the warm current as it reaches higher latitudes. Under the 85th degree it is still felt, but it is found underneath the cold current. Its water still retains there a temperature of about 1° Fahr. above the freezing-point, and although it ought, accordingly, to flow above the cold current, its greater salinity renders it the denser of the two.* It consequently flows in the abysses of the Arctic Ocean, and thus prevents the polar area from becoming a terrible reservoir of cold. A more equal distribution of temperature over the globe takes place in this way; and although the Norwegian expedition did experience a very great cold, it never found under the 85th degree of latitude the same terrible winter as is experienced at Verkhoyansk, the pole of cold of the eastern hemisphere. As to the southern coasts of the Franz Joseph Archipelago, they fully experience the beneficial effects of the southwest winds and of the warmer Atlantic water which enters the Barents's Sea, as it now appears from Jackson's observations.†

The wonderful journey of the *Fram* has made, at the same time, short work of all the hypotheses of wide lands extending toward the pole from its Eurasian side. The Franz Joseph Land is only an archipelago which, as is now proved by Jackson's boat journey, stretches further westward toward Spitzbergen, but does not extend far northward. Of course, many islands may still exist on the south of the track of the *Fram*. Thus, land was sighted again by Mr. Jackson to the northwest of Franz Joseph Land, and many islands may exist to the east of it; but none of them, we now know, protrudes beyond the 85th degree. As to what may lie to the north of the track of the *Fram* no one can say, and Nansen

* In a little-known letter, addressed to the Committee of Gustave Lambert's proposed polar expedition *via* Behring Strait, and published in the *Annuaire Scientifique* of P. Déherain, 8^e année, 1869, pp. 404-405, he wrote: "The Behring Strait offers no issue to the icebergs; what becomes, then, of those which originate on the northern coasts of Alaska and Eastern Siberia or the adjoining islands? Must they not be drifted through an open sea in order to melt later on in the Atlantic? . . . The icebergs of Alaska and Siberia thus find a free passage from their birthplaces in the Northwest to their burial place in the Atlantic." He consequently encouraged Lambert to go with this current.

* Mohn found the same reversion in a part of the North Atlantic; and Otto Petterson made the remark that "the last out-parts of the warm Atlantic water to the north must not always be sought for at the surface" (*Vega's Velenskapliga Iakttagelser*, iii, p. 360).

† *The Geographical Journal*, December, 1896.

himself is the first to refrain from hasty generalizations. True, that the great depths discovered by the *Fram* seem to indicate the existence of a deep sea round the Pole. But we must not forget that the 3000 fathoms' line passes within a hundred miles from Boston, and the 5000 fathoms' line in the North Pacific runs within thirty miles from the Kurile Islands. An immense expanse of the North-Polar basin, 1400 miles long and 1000 miles wide, in which Greenland could easily be lodged, still remains even less known than the surface of Mars. It even appears probable, from the shape of the curve followed by the *Jeannette* and the *Fram*, as also from the eastern drift along the northern coasts of America, that some land may exist between the two currents. It must not be forgotten either that immense flocks of various species of birds were seen flying northward, from the coasts of Siberia, not only at the mouth of the Lena, but also at the *Vega's* winter quarters, and that their destination could not be the small Wrangel Island, remarkably devoid of bird-life in the summer.*

As to the magnetical and meteorological observations which were made on board the *Fram* for three consecutive years, with the aid of the best self-registering instruments, and the meteorological readings made by Nansen and Johansen as they made their daring dash toward the Pole and afterward wintered in their fursack on Franz Joseph Land, they are simply invaluable. Mohn has truly remarked in his sketch of the scientific results of this expedition,† that for three years the *Fram* was a first-class observatory located in the far north. And the value of these observations was still more enhanced by the fact of another Arctic observatory being at work, during the later part of the same years, at Elmwood, the wintering-place of Jackson's expedition under the 80th degree of

latitude, and in East Spitzbergen, where Ekroll wintered. Suffice it to say, that our magnetic maps, and maps of normal barometric pressure, remain mere guessings over large areas, simply from want of observations in high latitudes.

IV.

So long as the polar basin has not been explored over its length and width, men will attempt to penetrate into its mysteries. The Pole itself may be reached, but if seventeen degrees of latitude remain untrodden on its American side, there will be no lack of scientific volunteers ready to undergo the greatest privations in search of unknown lands and seas. Arctic nature has so powerful an attraction for men endowed with poetical feeling, that he who has lived once amid that dreary nature, so full of its peculiar charms, will long to return to it. "Only to put my feet on that land—and to die," the old guide Yegheli said once to Baron Toll, as they were talking of that mysterious Sannikoff's land, which appears as a fairy vision amid the glittering ice on the north of the New Siberian Islands.* The methods of exploration of these wildernesses must, however, undergo a profound modification. The *Fram* expedition has proved that there is no land stretching as far as the North Pole, on our side of it, which would permit us slowly to progress along its coasts; and that between us and that spot flows the immense ice-current, 300 miles wide, as a floating girdle stretched round the Pole on more than one half of the circumference. Sverdrup and his ten companions, in order to reach Norway and to sail at once, if necessary, in search of Nansen and Johansen, have certainly accomplished the almost inconceivable feat of warping and forcing their way across that current for 150 miles. But this represents only one half, or even less, of the total width of the ice-girdle which protects the Pole from human intruders.

True, there is the resource of a bal-

* Captain Hovgaard, "The Kara Sea and the Route to the North Pole," in *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, January, 1890, vol. vi. p. 34.

† *Morgenbladet*, September 6, 1896; translated in *The Geographical Journal*, October, 1896, vol. viii. p. 389.

* "Baron Toll's Expedition to Arctic Siberia," in *Geographical Journal*, 1895, vol. v. p. 376.

loon. The Swedish *aéronaut*, S. Andrée, has proved that a balloon can be filled up with gas in Spitzbergen and be kept, in spite of the storms, ready to take its flight as soon as the wind blows from a proper quarter. But last summer, although the balloon was kept in readiness for a fortnight, the wind, except for a few hours, never ceased to blow during that time from the north.* And, after all, even under the best circumstances, a balloon flight would only be a reconnoitring excursion, which men would surely follow in ships, on sledges, or on snow-shoes.

It becomes, however, more and more evident that in order to carry on that sort of exploration—with no land to serve as a basis—men endowed with a special scientific training, and a special physical training, implying a more than Eskimo endurance, will be required. And such men cannot be produced at will. A whole atmosphere of Arctic research and taste has to be created before the necessary men will come to the front; an atmosphere such as was created in this country by the exploits of Parry, the two Rosses, and those intrepid men who went in search of Franklin and of the seas he had left undiscovered; or such as has lately been created in Sweden and Norway for the exploration of the eastern hemisphere. It is not a mere accident that Nordenskjöld, the discoverer of the Northeast Passage, and Nansen are Scandinavians; nor is it mere luck that made success, untinted by losses of comrades, crown the expeditions of these two explorers. Arctic explorations, put on a firm scientific basis, and carried on, year after year, for science's sake, had prepared their successes. For nearly forty consecutive years (since 1858), the Swedes have been sending out scientific expeditions to Spitzbergen and the adjoining seas, in order to carry on researches in all branches of science. Their museums are full of Arctic collections, their science of Arctic investigations, their literature of Arctic adventure. And

when Nansen tells us how his heart was beating when, a boy of twenty-two, he went out for his first Arctic trip and occasionally saw the *Vega* afloat in the Arctic Sea, he only tells what thousands of Scandinavian hearts have felt.

It was only natural that Norwegian seal-hunters and whalers should have felt the effect of that atmosphere of Arctic enterprise. At the end of the sixties they began, accordingly, to roam about the Barents's Sea, and, in rapid succession, they discovered new islands, circumnavigated Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya, discovered the house where Barents wintered, and which had not been visited by man for nearly 300 years. In 1870 they opened the Kara Sea for navigation, and mapped, sounded, and explored that sea from end to end, pushing eastward as far as the meridian of the Yenisei. Geographers wondered at these achievements of simple seal-hunters, who made discoveries and valuable measurements during their hunting expeditions. But these seal-hunters were backed by a great geographer, Mohn, the leader of the North Atlantic Norwegian expedition, who guided them, supplied them with instruments, pointed them out what was to be done.* The result of these discoveries was that, in 1871, Mr. Leigh Smith chartered one of these seal-hunters, Captain Ulve, and thus inaugurated his epoch-making series of scientific explorations in the Barents's Sea; and in 1875 Nordenskjöld chartered a small Norwegian sloop, the *Pröven*, with Captain Isaksen and a Norwegian crew, and made his first famous voyage to the Yenisei. The Northeastern Passage was thus opened, and next year Captain Wiggins followed, to continue thenceforth a series of regular journeys to the mouths of the Siberian rivers.

In 1878-79 Nordenskjöld, on board the *Vega*, accomplished a still greater feat, the circumnavigation of Asia, the aim of so many generations of Arctic

* See the meteorological diary published by S. Andrée, in his report (*Imer*, 1896, 3^e häft. p. 183); abridged note in *Geographical Journal*, November, 1896, vol. viii. p. 518.

* The story of these discoveries and their succession are one of the most suggestive Arctic readings. It was told by Nordenskjöld (*Voyage of the Vega*, 2 vols., London, 1881), and lately retold in *Fridtjof Nansen*, by W. C. Brögger and N. Rølsen, English translation by W. Archer (London, 1896).

explorers. Nay, the Austrian expedition of 1873-74, which resulted in the discovery of Franz Joseph Land, and the *Jeannette* expedition (to meet the *Vega*), were a direct outcome of the bold journeys of the Norwegian whalers, which journeys were themselves prepared by the Swedish scientific expeditions.

Besides, a new method of travelling on the ice, or rather an improvement upon Parry's method and Schwatka's method of living and journeying with Eskimos, was worked out by Nordenskjöld, Peary, and Nansen, in their explorations of the Greenland inland ice. A light equipment, light sledges dragged by dogs, and men on snowshoes, ready to live the Eskimo life or worse, was their method. Nordenskjöld inaugurated it in 1883, when his two Laps ran on snowshoes 100, or perhaps 150, miles over the inland ice. Two years later, Peary, equipped in the same light way, made his astounding journey across the same inland ice in North Greenland; and in 1888, Nansen and Sverdrup, with two more Norwegians and two Laps, accomplished the feat of crossing Greenland from east to west. During this journey and the subsequent wintering amid the

Eskimos, Nansen and Sverdrup must have learned a great deal, and must have realized the true conditions of success of every bold scheme: to work it out in all details, so far as prevision can go; and to rely, in their case, not upon a numerous "disciplined" crew, but on a small number of volunteers, all equally inspired with the same idea, and all equally ready to turn their hands to any work. And then—true heroes of our century—Nansen and Johansen have shown what two men, lost in the ice wilderness, can do to live in that immense solitude, to explore it, and to make scientific observations of the highest value, even when they spend the winter in a rough semblance of a hut made of stones and skins, relying upon their rifles for food, heat, and light. Modern science may be proud of being able to enrol such men in its service. The work of Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, and of all that glorious phalanx who have conquered every mile of the Arctic archipelagos and every league of the Arctic seas by their enthusiasm and energy, is not lost while it can inspire other men with like heroism.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THOMAS HOOD.

BETWEEN books of the hour that everybody *must* read, and books for all time, become classics, which, it is assumed, everybody *has* read, lies a class of books whose name is legion; appreciated on their appearance, well worth reading, yet, in the present generation, read by nobody.

How many, for instance, of those to whom Thomas Hood is known as the irrepressible punster of "Whims and Oddities," or who have read on his monument in Kensal Green the self-selected epitaph, "He sang the Song of the Shirt," have opened the "Memorials," written by his son and daughter, each of whom inherited what the latter used to call "a dash of ink in the blood"?* The "Memorials" were

followed by a collected edition of Hood's works, edited, with the minutest and most loving care, by his son. It may be questioned whether a selection would not have done more for the fame of one who wrote with such facility and industry as Hood. But the memoirs and the works, read side by side, afford a perfect portrait of the man, in whose temperament, as well as in whose writings, the springs of pathos and humor, of mischievous fun and tragic melancholy, were often inextricably blended.

Thomas Hood was born in 1799, in

Broderip, wrote a charming collection of verse and prose called "Wayside Fancies," and some very graceful stories for children. "Tom Hood the Younger," well known as the editor of *Fun*, also wrote musical verse and many novels.

* Frances Freeling Hood, afterward Mrs.

the Poultry, where his father, the author of some forgotten novels, carried on a successful business as a book-seller, and was "one of the very first, if not *the* first," to open the book trade with America. Mr. Hood died suddenly, while comparatively young, leaving a widow and six children scantily provided for. Thomas was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert Sands, the engraver, but the sedentary work was injurious to his weak constitution, and he was sent to Scotland to recruit. During the two years spent there, he first appeared in print in the *Dundee Advertiser*, then edited by Mr. Rintoul (a name afterward well known in connection with more important publications), and he was only twenty-one when he was placed on the staff of the *London Magazine*, which had become the property of some friends of Hood, in consequence of the death of its editor.* This appointment led to acquaintance, in many cases ripening into warm friendship, with Charles Lamb, John Hamilton Reynolds, Hartley Coleridge, Julius Hare, the clever but infamous Wainwright ("Janus Weathercock"),† and many other literary men. Keats and the Dilkes, Hood met at the house of the elder Reynolds, who was head writing-master at Christ's Hospital, and whose daughter, Jane, Hood subsequently married.

Many years later, in his "Literary Reminiscences," Hood dwelt lovingly on those old times, when writers he had long admired in the spirit were present to him in the flesh, when he had "the delight of listening to their wit and wisdom from their own lips, of gazing on their faces and grasping their hands." First on the list stood

"A figure remarkable at a glance, with a fine head on a small, spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs. He looked a literary modern antique, a new-old author, a living anachronism, contemporary at once with Burton the Elder and Colman the Younger."

His walk, Hood says, was "plantigrade," his smile one of "the blandest

and sweetest that ever brightened a manly countenance." Hood first met him at the office of the *London Magazine*, and on the editor saying, when inviting him to dinner, "We shall have a hare," the stammering reply, "And—and—and—many friends!" at once proclaimed Charles Lamb. Hood made several fruitless attempts to improve the acquaintance, and had "given up all hope, when, sitting sick and sad in my bedroom, racked with rheumatism, the well-known quaint figure in black walked in without any formality, and with a cheerful 'Well, boy, how are you?'" Thenceforward they were close friends, and at Colebrooke Cottage, where the Lambs were then living, Hood met Wordsworth and Coleridge. The conversation of the former disappointed him; that of the latter he calls

"glorious music, of the never-ending, still-beginning kind; and you did not wish it to end. It was rare flying, as in the Nassau Balloon, you knew not whither, nor did you care. Like his own bright-eyed mariner, Coleridge had a spell in his voice that would not let you go. To describe my own feeling afterward, I had been carried, spiralling, up to heaven by a whirlwind intertwisted with sunbeams, giddy and dazzled, but not displeased, and had then been rained down again with a shower of mundane stocks and stones, that battered out of me all recollection of what I had heard!"*

A fine contrast to Lamb in appearance was

"the full-bodied poet, with his waving white hair, and his face round, ruddy, and unfurrowed as a holy friar's. . . . What a model, methought, as I watched and admired 'the old man eloquent,' for a Christian bishop! but he was, perhaps, scarcely orthodox enough to be trusted with a mitre—at least, some of his voluntaries would have frightened an every-day congregation from their propriety. Among other matters of discourse, he spoke of the strange notions some literal-minded people form of the joys of Heaven; for instance, he said, 'there are persons who place the whole angelic beatitude in the possession of a pair of wings to flap about with, like a sort of celestial poultry.'"

Describing a *London Magazine* dinner, Hood says that on the right-hand of the editor sat Elia of the pleasant smile and quick eyes (Procter said "they looked as if they could pick up

* John Scott, who was killed in a duel.

† Believed to have poisoned more than one relation for the sake of insurances on their lives.

* "Hood's Own," edit. 1861, vol. i., p. 560.

pins and needles"), and next to him the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, Clare, "who, in his bright, grass-colored coat and yellow waistcoat (there were greenish stalks, too, under the table) looked a very cowslip." These neighbors became very friendly, and as they walked home arm-in-arm down the Strand there arose the frequent cry, "Look at Tom and Jerry! There go Tom and Jerry!" Clare in his green coat and Lamb in his black reminding the Cockney wits of Hawthorn and Logic in "Life in London." Allan Cunningham, Cary, and "the kindly Procter," are each recorded; and then follows the fragile, shadowy, ghost-like De Quincey, who "looks, thinks, writes, talks, walks, eats, and drinks philosophically — i.e., deliberately." The tide of his discourse "flows like Denham's river, 'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'" Into Hood's recollections step Sir Walter Scott and Mrs. Siddons, who meet and shake hands before Martin's "Nineveh," at the private view. Scott and Hood had some personal intercourse later, and, referring to the "Fair Maid of Perth," the latter said he had visited the Linn of Campsie, the scene of Conachar's catastrophe.

"Perhaps," he continues, "Scott divined what had really occurred—that the Linn, as a cataract, had greatly disappointed me; for he smiled and shook his head archly, and said he had since seen it himself, and was rather ashamed of it. 'But I fear, Mr. Hood, I have done worse than that before now, in finding a monastery where there was none to be found, though there was plenty'—here he smiled again—'of the *Carduus Benedictus*, or Holy Thistle.'"

In 1821 appeared a fine fragment, "The Sea of Death," beginning:

"Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space
And at her footprint, but a bygone pace,
The ocean Past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallowed her steps like a pursuing grave.
Sad were my thoughts, that anchored silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirred by any touch of living breath.
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged seabird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things,
That wore the thin gray surface like a veil
Over the calumness of their features pale."^{*}

* "Works of Thomas Hood," Moxon, 1862, vol. i., p. 64.

To this period also belongs that triumph of imaginative delineation, "Lycus the Centaur," which Hartley Coleridge characterized, in a letter to Hood, as "a work absolutely unique in its line, such as no man has writter, or could have written, but yourself." The horror of the half-man, half-brute, whose heart is yet wholly human, when the child he is caressing holds a handful of grass to his lips, recognizing in him only the animal, would be a fine subject for an imaginative painter.

May, 1824, saw Hood married to Jane Reynolds,

"a woman," writes her daughter, "of cultivated mind and literary tastes, well suited to him as a companion. He had such confidence in her judgment that he read, and re-read, and corrected with her every line that he wrote. Many of his articles were dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with references and quotations."

Mrs. Hood's first letter after her marriage was addressed to her husband's sisters, and in it she says prettily—

"I hope you will all think that I am your sister indeed, ever ready to show you the affection of one, and eager to be beloved by you all. The love I bear for one you all love, and the happiness that I experience in being his wife, will always make me look upon you with affection. . . . I am getting serious, but you will forgive me, I hope, for my heart is very full, and if I touch it the happiness will overflow."^{*}

The Reynolds family did not look cordially on the marriage because of the uncertain health and prospects of the bridegroom; but though few couples have ever been more sorely tried than the Hoods by suffering and anxiety, their home was made happy to the very end by the love in which the young bride rejoiced.

A book called "Pen and Pencil," by Mrs. Balmanno, gives an account of an evening spent with the Hoods in their early married life, when Charles and Mary Lamb, and Lamb's beloved Fanny Kelly, were also present.

"In outward appearance," we are told, "Hood conveyed the idea of a clergyman. His figure slight, and invariably dressed in black; his face pallid—the complexion delicate and features regular. His countenance bespeaking sympathy by its sweet expression of melancholy and suffering."

* "Memorials of Thomas Hood," edit. 1869, p. 31.

Miss Kelly having given an irresistibly amusing specimen of her last part—a lady's maid personating her mistress—

"Mrs. Hood's eyes sparkled with joy as she saw the effect it produced on her husband, whose pale face, like an illuminated mask, shone with fun and humor. Never was happier couple than the Hoods. . . . Mrs. Hood was a most amiable woman—of excellent manners, and full of sincerity and goodness. She perfectly adored her husband, tending him like a child, while he with unbounded affection delighted to yield himself to her guidance. Nevertheless, he loved to tease her with jokes and whimsical accusations, which were only responded to by, 'Hood, Hood, how can you run on so?' 'Perhaps you don't know,' said he, 'that Jane's besetting weakness is a desire to appear in print, and be thought a Blue?' His wife colored and gave her usual reply, then observed laughingly, 'Hood does not know one material from another. He thinks this dress is a blue cotton.' On looking at it I saw it was a very pretty blue silk."

Mrs. Balmanno adds that her young hostess had the art of arranging "picture suppers," so brightened with flowers and fruit that a Flemish artist would have exulted in painting them—and at a time when table decoration was undreamt of in most middle-class households. On this particular occasion Hood sang his own comic song, "If you go to France, be sure you learn the lingo," "with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face, and his mouth twitching with smiles, his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous."

Many of Hood's sweetest poems were inspired by his wife. To her, in the dawn of their affection, he addressed the charming song, "I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say," and the less known "Birthday Verses":

"Good-morrow to the golden morning,
Good-morrow to the world's delight—
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
Since it makes my own so bright."

To her, when many sorrows had only deepened their love and drawn them closer together, he wrote:

"Still glides the gentle streamlet on
With shifting current, new and strange.
The water that was here is gone,
But those green shadows never change.

* * * * *

"So, love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee."

Once, in his later poems, there is a cry of pain, wrung from a bleeding heart:

"Is there a bitter pang for love removed,
Oh God! The dead love doth not cost
more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and
fears!
Would I were laid under the shade
Of the calm grave, and the long grass of
years,—

"That love might die with sorrow. I am
sorrow,
And she who loves me tenderest doth
press
Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
Only new anguish from the old caress.
Oh, this world's grief hath no relief
In being wrung from a great happiness.

"Would I had never filled thine eyes with
love,
For love is only tears. Would I had never
Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we
prove.
Now, if Farewell could bless thee, I would
sever!
Would I were laid under the shade
Of the cold tomb and the long grass for-
ever."

But such despair was, with Hood's loving and heroically patient spirit, only a passing mood. One of the last songs he wrote reflects his wife's influence over him more faithfully:

"Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine—
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine.
Yet still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours—
That ripened all my joys, love,
And tinted all my flowers.

* * * * *

"That brow was smooth and fair, love,
That looks so shaded now—
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoilt a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,
Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before"

A community of tastes and pursuits closely united Hood and his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, and together they published, in 1825, "Odes and Addresses to Great People," of which Coleridge wrote to Lamb:

"My dear Charles, it was certainly by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious or assimila-

tive enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly. . . . The puns are nine in ten good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendant!* And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities and contemporaneities without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasantness on any man in his senses! . . . then moreover and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed?"†

That last question is charmingly characteristic.

The death of Hood's father had been followed at no long interval by that of his mother, and of the favorite sister of whom he wrote the exquisite lines:

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. . . .
Our very hopes belied our fears—
Our fears our hopes belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Hood's connection with the *London Magazine* did not last long, but it confirmed his conviction that his true vocation was literature, and henceforward his pen was never at rest. It is only possible here to point to a few of the more striking instances of his marvelous versatility. The first series of "Whims and Oddities" appeared in 1826, and contained, in startling contrast to such ballads as "Faithless Sally Brown," where nearly every line has its mad pun, the Heine-like grimness of "The Last Man," and "Death's Ramble." The second series followed in 1827, and was also a jumble of prose and verse, of breathless puns, and such touching and musical lines as those beginning:

"She's up and gone, the graceless girl,
And robbed my failing years;
My blood before was thin and cold,
But now 'tis turned to tears.

* "I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry,
I like your cookery in every way;
I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye,
I like your carriage and your silken
gray:
Your dove-like habits and your silent
preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching."

"A Friendly Epistle to Mrs. Fry in Newgate." "Works," vol. i., p. 161.

† "Memorials," edit. 1869, p. 27.

My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand—
She might have stayed a little yet,
And led me by the hand!"

The same year saw the publication of "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," appropriately dedicated to Lamb, who must have revelled in its quaint and graceful fancies, though the public (which had devoured the volume of "Oddities") received it so coldly, that Hood bought up the copies lingering on the booksellers' shelves, "to save them from the butter-shops." The poem embodies the pleadings of the fairies with Saturn, who is bent on mowing them down with his cruel scythe, which slays all sweet and joyous things; and then expresses their gratitude to "Time's famous rival till the final date"—Shakespeare—who intervenes between the elves and their foe, and promises them immortality. No extract can do justice to the lavish flow of charming images in which the fairies describe their daily tasks, cherishing the frail buds, teaching the birds their carols, "Training the young boughs airily to bend, And show blue snatches of the sky between"; but one delightful fancy we must find room for:

"Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek
skins
Delve with the timid mole that aptly delves
From our example. So the spider spins,
And eke the silkworm, patterned by ourselves.
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,
Watched of wise men, that know not we are
elves,
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,
And praise our human-like intelligence."*

The better-known "Hero and Leander," dedicated to Coleridge, and contained in the same volume, has many passages which would have done no discredit to Keats, such as the description of Leander:

* Miss Landon, writing to Jerdan, says of this volume: "I do not know when I have been so delighted as I have with Mr. Hood, full of deep and natural thoughts, expressed under the most poetical images." She foresees that the poem will not be popular, owing to "a want of human interest," but concludes—"Still, Mr. Hood is a darling, and his book a treasure."

"Steering as if to dim eternity—
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the
dawn,
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn."

In the "Ode to Melancholy," certainly set in the most solemn of keys, and sustaining it throughout, there is a curious instance of a wholly unconscious pun, which yet might rank among Hood's finest, from its blending of pathos and grim humor:

"Is't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet,
The roses bud and bloom again,
But Love may haunt the grave of Love,
And watch the mould in vain . . .
Forgive, if somewhere I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss,
As frightened Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at sight of Dis.
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid . . .
Even the sweet extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the *May*
Whose fragrance ends in *must*."

The italics, of course, are our own.

Puns always seemed to flow from Hood's pen as easily as the ink with which they were written; unlike most people who have to put their talents to commercial use, he punctuated his private letters with them. Writing to Mr. Balmanno from Brighton, where he was sent when crippled by rheumatic fever, he says:

"I hear the waves constantly, like the woodpeckers tapping the hollow beach. Jane says there is something solemn and religious in its music, and to be sure the sea is the psalter element. Hobbling along the beach to-day the surge gave me an extempore foamation of the feet and ankles," etc.

The then Duke of Devonshire, whose boundless generosity earned him the name of "the kindest hearted of the great," extended to Hood, unasked, the help that no literary man ever sought from him in vain. Hood supplied titles for the "sham books" which disguised a staircase door in the library at Chatsworth; some of them were absurdly ingenious, such as "Manfredi. Translated by Defoe;" "Lamb's Recollections of Suett;" "On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick;" "Pygmalion. By Bacon;"

"Mackintosh, McCulloch, and Macaulay on Almacks;" "John Knox on Death's Door;" "Peel on Bell's System;" "Johnson's Contradictionary;" "Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue;" "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" "McAdam's Views in Rhodes," and so on.

In 1832 Hood took "Lake House," Wanstead, a most picturesque, charming, and inconvenient residence.

"It had formerly been a sort of banqueting hall to Wanstead Park, and the rest of the house was sacrificed to the one great room, which had a chimney-piece carved in fruit and flowers by Gibbons, a painted ceiling, and quaint Watteau-like pictures of the seasons panelled in the walls. But it was all in a shocking state of repair, and in the twilight the rats used to come and peep out of the holes in the wainscot. There were two or three windows on each side, while a door in the middle opened on to a flight of steps leading into a pleasant wilderness of a garden infested with hundreds of rabbits from the warren close by. In the midst of the garden lay the lake from which the house took its name, surrounded by huge masses of rhododendrons."

It was an ideal home for a poet, but not for an invalid; Hood's health suffered—and all too soon cares and disappointments (culminating in the failure of a firm by whose collapse he was one of the greatest sufferers) gathered to a climax, from which he was urged to relieve himself by becoming a bankrupt. But, as he said, a sense of honor forbade such a course, and he "determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually with his pen as with the legal whitewash." He sold everything he possessed, handing the proceeds over to his creditors, and taking with him only a little advance on his future work, started for Coblenz, where Mrs. Hood and his two children were to join him as soon as her health would allow. Hood had a frightful passage to Rotterdam; at midnight he went on deck and found four men at the helm, who were presently torn away from it by a terrific sea which swept the deck. Eleven vessels were lost that night, but the *Lord Melville* escaped. "Steam, I think, saved us," writes Hood to his wife; "you ought to offer up a golden kettle somewhere." "Get yourselves strong," he continues—himself seldom free for a day from pain and weakness,

and now beginning life over again, in a strange land, of whose language he was struggling hard to acquire phrases enough to save him from pantomime—"there is still a happy future. Fix your eyes forward on our meeting, my best and dearest. We do not bid England a very long good-night. The less treasure I have elsewhere the more I feel the value of those I have within my heart." He then tells her which of the London fashions will be correct at Coblenz, and jokes about Mrs. Dilke's German. But when they were reunited at Cologne Mrs. Hood wrote to the wife of the good physician Dr. Elliot, whose skill and care did so much to make life possible to them, "I scarcely knew Hood, he looked so very ill;" and an illness followed, during which, between agony and the heroic treatment of German doctors, he nearly died. Yet in his letter to Dilke a day or two after the crisis the following passage occurs:

"Our servant knows a few words of English, and Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary. *Gradle*: Ja!—yees—*hünne*—hen. *Ja*! yes. *Jane* (a little through her nose): *Henn*—num—hem. Yes—*yaw*. Can you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to boil—bile—bowl for dinner? *Gradle*: Hot *wasser*? *Jane*: *Yaw* in pit, pat, pot, eh? *Gradle* (a little off the scent again): *Ja, nien—wasser*, pot, hot—*nein*. *Jane*: Yes, no—good to eat—chicken—cheeking—choking: bird—bard—beard—lays eggs—hüne, hein, hin. Broth—soup—poultry! *Gradle* (quite at fault): *Pfeltrigchth—nein*! *Jane* (in despair): What shall I do! And Hood won't help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England! (She casts her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) Here, *Gradle*, come here—*comb hair*. Look dare, you see things walking, henn, *wackling* about—things with feathers, fathers, feethers. *Gradle* (hitting it off again): Feathers—faders, aha! *fedders*, ja, ja, yees, *sie bringen fedders*. *Ja*! *Jane* echoes: *Fedders*—yes—yaw, yaw! Exit *Gradle*, and in three quarters of an hour returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationers' quills. This is a fact."

We may be quite sure the laugh compensated Hood for the loss of his chicken broth. Between attacks of pain which deprived him of breath and consciousness Hood was working with pen and pencil at the *Comic Annual*, and writing reviews, poems—anything

which could help him, as he wrote to the friend who was managing his finances—"to fight the good fight. I mean nothing short of payment in full—no composition!" One of the ballads is called "The Desert-born," and in it Lady Hester Stanhope, mystic, imperious, and imperative as in life, brings the gentle shrinking invalid an Arab steed—

"With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of legs—
Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!
His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of breath—
Nay, was it not a horse that bore the grisly shape of Death?"

In vain the poet pleads—

"I cannot ride; there's something in a horse
That I can always honor, but I never could endorse.
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight. . . .
Or if you please in artist terms, I never went a straddle
On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle!
The lady smiled, as hours smile adown from Turkish skies,
And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes.
'Stranger,' she cried, 'or rather say my nearest, dearest friend,
There's something in your eyes, your hair, and that high instep's bend
That tells me you're of Arab race, whatever spot of earth,
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honor of your birth!'"

The steed prances round Hood in fear-some friendliness—

"And oh! it is no fable, but at every look I cast,
Her restless legs seemed twice as long as when I saw them last.
When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once into the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,
And ere a muscle could be strung to try a strife forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like upon the Desert-born!
Allah il Allah! rose the shout, and starting with a bound,
The dreadful creature cleared at once a dozen yards of ground.
And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands
Away we flew, away, away, across the shifting sands!"

After an extremely powerful description of a wild ride by "the roaring Syrian Sea," a gray granite rock towers before the hapless rider :

"Nine strides and then a louder beat that warned me of her spring—
I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing.
But oh the crash! The hideous shock!
The million sparks around
Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious mound!
Wild shrieked the headlong Desert-born—or was it demons' mirth?
One second more, and man and steed rolled breathless on the earth!
For over me lay powerless and still as any stone,
The corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit of its own. . . .
With pain unspeakable I fetched the fragment of a breath—
Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh;
Yet even that I loathed because it would not let me die.
Oh slowly, slowly, slowly on, from feeble night till morn,
Time flapped along, with leaden wings, across that waste forlorn.
I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of strife—
A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—
But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his laboring breast?
Why—any who has had, like me, the *night-mare* on his chest!"

The "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.," who had persistently attacked Hood on the score of the "profaneness and ribaldry" of his writings, contains some noticeable instances of that union of force, fun, and harmonious fancy which gives the poet a place of his own in English literature. After the oft-quoted lines—

"I love my neighbor far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract,
That's turned by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough"—

comes the lovely passage :

"I have been 'where bells have knolled to church.'
Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes, faint, now as farewells—
And trembling all about the breezy dells

As fluttered by the wings of cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;
And, lost to sight, the ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love."

In the letters on "Copyright and Copywrong," contributed to the *Athenæum*, Hood pays a splendid tribute to the love of books, to which he owes—

"A debt so immense as not to be cancelled, like that of Nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift early in life upon the great waters, as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy afloat in the turtle shell—if I did not come to shipwreck it was that in default of paternal guidance I was rescued like the Ancient Mariner by guardian spirits, 'each one a lovely light,' who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health and a natural love of reading happily threw me into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages, to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors, from these mild monitors, I learnt something of the Divine and more of the Human religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of crude fancies, obscure impulses and bewildering doubts, when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness like a new creation, and gave it two great lights—Memory and Hope—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun."

Hood's "Up the Rhine," a tour described in letters home from the various members of the party—a *malade imaginaire*, a lady's maid, and so on—was extremely popular, the first edition being exhausted in a fortnight. But it is not a hundredth part so entertaining as his own letters to the Dilkes and Elliots. They brim over with fun, but are not satisfactory for quotation, as the genial nonsense flows on, gathering point as it goes, until page after page of print is filled. German medical treatment amused the Hoods greatly : when Mrs. Hood was suffering from inflammation of one eye—

"In rushes our maid, and, without any warning, suddenly envelops her head in a baker's meal-sack, hot out of the oven! prescribed as a sudorific, and the best thing in the world for an inflamed eye. What between the suddenness of the attack, and her strong sense of the fun of the thing, Jane lay helplessly laughing for awhile, and heard Gräde coax off the children with 'Coom schön babie! Coom schöne Fannischen! Mamma kranke!'"

The doctor attacked the same eye with leeches, afterward sending in this bill: "To his Lady, to put blood-suckers at your eye, six shillings."

Hood's most intimate friend and constant companion while at Coblenz* was a young German officer (English on the mother's side) named De Franck; the two men, accompanied by Mrs. Hood and Miss Von Biern, made an excursion to Lahnstein, the ladies exploring, while the others went fishing.

"All of a sudden I missed De Franck," writes Hood, "but spied him at last up to his neck between two rocks. When he came out he made the best lay figure for a River God imaginable, for German sporting jackets have an infinity of pockets, and there was a separate jet of water from every one, as well as from his sleeves, trousers, and each spout of his long drowned mustaches. He did not seem much improved when he returned from the inn wearing a suit of the landlord's, who, though twice as tall, was not half so stout. However, we did not care for appearances, for we thought nobody would notice him. But we were mistaken. The landlord's dogs sniffed a robbery, insisted on stripping his master's counterfeit, and had to be pulled off *vi et armis*. The landlord, much distressed, made a thousand apologies. He was a very obliging, honest fellow, and certainly deserved better than to be paid *with his own money, out of his own waistcoat pocket*, by De Franck, as we discovered afterward!"

While this riverside comedy was enacted the ladies very narrowly escaped tragedy. They visited the ruined castle of Lahneck, and had climbed to the topmost platform of the tower, when half a dozen of the highest steps crashed down to the base of the ruins, and Mrs. Hood and her friend were imprisoned for one hour, which they very naturally described as six. They were followed and rescued; but Hood turned the incident into an admirably told story, in which the victims perish, unmissed and undiscovered.

In the autumn of 1836, Hood was collecting material for a book on Germany, and, the regiment of his friend De Franck being ordered to Bromberg, it was arranged that Hood should march with the officers as a guest, passing near Berlin, and through Küstrin, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Breslau, Dres-

den, and Frankfort-on-the-Main. He had to buy a horse (no longer a night-mare), and the captain (who had translated the "Dream of Eugene Aram" into German) made him very welcome, and assigned him quarters with De Franck. A curious experience for a valetudinarian London author! The regiment marched about twenty English miles for three days, and then rested for one. "I rode so well," Hood proudly tells his wife, "as to pass muster for a trooper." At Nichel the friends were quartered on the burgomaster—

"whose civic robe was a sheepskin with the wool inward, the usual wintry dress in these bleak parts. I told my host I was an English burgomaster, so we kept up a great mutual respect and fellowship. . . . Every time I went to the window a whole group in sheepskins—like baa lambs on their hind legs—pointed me out to each other and took a good stare. At leaving, the burgomaster told me he had heard of Flanders, and wanted to know if it was money like *florins*? There was a Worship for you!"

The Duke of Cumberland heard of Hood's adventures, and asked De Franck "who that gentleman was who marched with his regiment?" On being informed, his son Prince George (afterward King of Hanover) spoke so cordially of Hood that he left his card on the prince. "It is a sad pity, but he is quite blind. A fine young man, and very amiable."

At the close of this most unusual tour Hood writes to his wife:

"I seem to have scarcely had an inconvenience, certainly not a hardship, and it will ever be a pleasant thing for me to remember. I like little troubles; I do not covet too flowery a path. By the by, I have some dried flowers for my flower-loving Fanny, gathered at odd, out-of-the-way places. I will show her where on the map, when I return."

He concludes, with the enthusiastic tenderness he always shows for her:

"Bless you, bless you again and again, my dear one, my only one, my one as good as a thousand to your old unitarian in love, T. H."

This was the last excursion on which Hood showed any semblance of health. He caught a severe cold during a night journey from Frankfort to Mayence in an open *coupé*, and the later letters record increasing illness, beginning with cough and hemorrhage immedi-

* His full address, Hood explains with great glee, was literally translated, "At Mr. Devil's, in the Old Grave."

ately on his return to Coblenz. Through it all he worked on, as he said, "Willy nilly, well or illy," always cheerily. When any special work like the *Comic Annual* was completed and sent to England, there was a festive supper for the husband and wife, at which they toasted absent friends in lemonade, or "Jane's ginger wine." And if the children were awake they were taken out of bed and allowed to join the party.

By this time Hood found the difficulties and delays occasioned by carrying on his work at such a distance from London increasingly irksome; he thought, too, that the climate did not suit him; and in 1837 he turned his face Englandward, making, however, a long delay at Ostend, with which he was at first delighted:

"It has been a great comfort to me, and gone somewhat toward a cure," he writes, "to have such posting and sending facilities. The receipt of the *Comic* cuts in three or four days actually enchanted me. Altogether, in spite of illness, I have done more this year. I feel I only want health to do *all*. I do not lose time when I am well, and am become, I think, much more a man of business than many would give me credit for."

Few things can be imagined more pathetic than the letters from husband and wife at this period—the alternations of alarming seizures, and indomitable hope and courage on the smallest symptom of improvement; the old flow of genial nonsense, mixed with such sad avowals as this: "You know how my days are divided. First I am very ill, then very busy to make up for lost time; and then, in consequence, very jaded and knocked up, which ends in my being very ill again." The mists and damp of Ostend began to tell on Hood, and having consulted Dr. Elliot, as he often did by letter, he says in his reply: "Whether the lungs be touched or not I shall follow your instructions as if they were, though I could hardly help smiling at a part of them, where I was to be 'Mum and very still,' it read so much like an exhortation from a *Friend* to turn *Quaker*." Every letter contains some affectionate reference to the children—their talents, their goodness, their affection. One day Hood tells his doctor he overheard a dispute be-

tween them as to what he was. "He's a literary man," said Fanny. "He's not," said Tom (aged five); "I know what he is—he's an invalid."

The summer of 1840 saw Hood settled in Camberwell, a little improved in health, under the care of Dr. Elliot, and an active contributor to Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* (of which, on the death of Theodore Hook, he was made editor), the inimitable "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg" appearing first in its pages. Remembering the pain and weakness of body and distress of mind—Hood was then involved in a long lawsuit for the proceeds of some of his earlier writings—in which this poem was written, its brilliance seems miraculous.

The editorial salary (£300 a year), in addition to what Hood received for his contributions to the *New Monthly*, and his other writings, smoothed out the financial tangle for a time, and brought in consequence more frequent intervals of physical ease. Hood had strength for little visiting, but he loved to gather friends round his own table, and his children remember many merry evenings, when the host's unfeigned jests made the guests "bend double" with laughter and threaten Hood with "committing unjustifiable comicide" unless he gave them an interval in which to breathe.

Much of the friendly correspondence for both was carried on by Jane Hood, and one of her husband's favorite tricks was to get hold of an unfinished letter of hers and make interpolations or alterations which turned it to arrant nonsense. In one of her letters to Lieutenant de Franck (whom Hood used to call "Johnny"), her husband wrote as follows, mimicking her natural and affectionate habit of referring to himself in every sentence:

"I am pretty well, much the same as Hood, but my wife is not over strong, neither is Jane, and Mrs. Hood seems to be no better than she is, but I hope she will mend, and so does Hood. As to Johnny, he is as well as can be expected, but Hood does not expect he shall ever be very strong again. So we must all make the best of it, the editor and all, who seems to sympathize in his ailments with me and Hood and Johnny. But he cannot expect to be better than we are, for he and we have the same complaint, a sort of monthly eruption which we think better out than in. My

wife, and Jane, and Mrs. Hood call it 'the magazine.' It is a sort of black and white literary rash of a periodical nature, chiefly affecting the head. As yet none of the children have caught it."

Somewhat mystified must the same correspondent have been at receiving a letter in which, after lamenting that De Franek is not likely to visit England until his friends are in their second childhood, Hood continues:

"At present we are only in a ripe middle age. Jane wears best, as you may suppose, when I tell you that, only this spring, we had a party at which she danced. And what is more, with the Sheriff of London for her partner (whose official duty it is, you know, to superintend all 'dancing on nothing'), and he said that she danced very lightly considering she was not hung."

In 1843 Hood paid his last visit to Scotland, taking his son with him and going by sea. While at dinner on board, a passenger, who had not been seen before, suddenly entered the cabin, crying, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are in imminent danger, the fires are out, the captain don't know where we are, the ship is sinking, and we shall be at the bottom in a few minutes!" Hood did his best to calm the panic which ensued. In a few moments the captain appeared, and explained that the prophet of evil was a lunatic who had escaped from his private cabin.

The expedition was so much enjoyed that Hood wrote to Dr. Elliot: "I think, if I could live in a monument on the Calton Hill, I should do well!" Unhappily, immediately after his return to London (he was then living in Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood), he was persuaded to embark in *Hood's Magazine*, a disastrous speculation, with a partner supposed to be financially responsible, but who turned out a not too scrupulous speculator. All the worry attendant on this affair helped to bring on one of the terrible attacks of illness which it seemed impossible that his weakened frame should struggle through. Dickens went cordially to support his friend, and, other capable hands giving help, the magazine was kept alive as long as its anxious editor.

To this period of Hood's work belong the best known of all his poems

—the weird "Haunted House," which with its lingering rhythm and measured accumulation of spectral images, full of repressed and suggestive horror, is akin to Nathaniel Hawthorne's prose; the "Bridge of Sighs," and the "Song of the Shirt," contributed to *Punch*, which attracted more attention than anything he ever wrote. "We hear of it everywhere," Mrs. Hood tells Dr. Elliot. The morning and evening papers quoted it, and well-known writers offered gratuitous contributions to the magazine "as a tribute of veneration" to its author. At this time, too, from his bed of sickness, Hood, who always had the most complete and tender sympathy with children, wrote the delightful letters to the little Elliots, then at Sandgate, printed in the "Memorials."

"By this time," he says to Dunnie, "you are become, instead of a landboy, a regular sea-urchin; and so amphibious that you can walk on the land as well as the water—or better. And don't you mean, when you grow up, to go to sea? Should you not like to be half a quartermaster, with a cocked hat, and a dirk, that will be a sword by the time you are a man? . . . But before you decide, remember the portholes, and that there are great guns in those battle-doors that will blow you into shuttlecocks, which is a worse game than whoop and hide—as to a good hiding!"

So early as 1840 Dr. Elliot had stated that absolute rest and tranquillity were needed to prevent the recurrence of attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs, sometimes lasting for weeks, and complicated by organic disease of the heart from which Hood suffered. After four harassing years, cessation from work had become a literal question of life or death; very influential friends exerted themselves to obtain a pension; and Sir Robert Peel, in cordial and highly eulogistic terms, announced that £100 a year had been conferred on Mrs. Hood, which not only lessened the immediate pressure on her husband, but relieved his keenest anxiety for the future. In Hood's acknowledgments to the Prime Minister, he expresses gratification that such a mark of favor had "fallen on a writer so totally unconnected with politics as myself, whose favorite theory of government is—an Angel from Heaven and a Despotism."

This was in November, 1844. Next

month Hood was still at work, determined to bring out yet another *Comic Annual*; one of its great features was "Mrs. Gardiner, a Horticultural Romance." His daughter says: "He sat up in bed, dictating it to my mother, interrupted by our bursts of irrepressible laughter, as joke after joke came from his lips, he all the while laughing as much as we did." But when printed it was many years before his children could look calmly at work soon to be associated with such heart-breaking memories.* The end was very near. "No words can describe his patience and resignation amid all the fierce suffering of his dying, as he himself said, inch by inch. 'It's a beautiful world,' he said to us. 'Not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out.'" "My deepest and holiest teachings," his daughter adds, "were given often in the dead of night when I was sitting, sometimes

alone, by my father's dying bed." "Oh Lord! say, arise, take up thy cross and follow me," were his last conscious words. He died in May, 1845, and Mrs. Hood was laid by his side in Kensal Green Cemetery eighteen months later. In his papers were discovered acknowledgments of help given when every shilling was bestowed at the cost of self-denial, and sympathy and advice afforded when bodily pain and mental worry would have concentrated most men's attention on themselves alone. His children must have found their best comfort in Hood's own words, addressed to a friend who had lost his wife: "We do not love in vain. So surely as we must live, having lived, so must we love, having loved. And after some term, longer or shorter, but a mere vibration of the great pendulum of eternity, we shall all be reunited."—*Temple Bar*.



PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF PARSON PARLETT.

BY R. PARDEPP.

January 8, 1667.—Forth to Brackminster, by appointment, to meet with the bishop, who hath given me the living of Sternax, newly vacated.

His lordship very courteous and did offer to lodge me that night. But I was anxious for Dorothy, she being all alone, and did think of it the more that 'tis now two years to that very day that her dear mother did leave me a widower, to my unceasing sorrow.

Yet the good bishop would have me, at the least, dine with him, and did hasten the meal for my greater expedition. A good dinner of roast pullet and sucking-pig, but I have drank better wine. I was not, I fear me, the good company I generally be.

* His last poem was the beautiful one beginning—

"Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night.
Colder, colder, colder still—
Upward steals a vapor chill—
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!"

In Sternax parish, as my lord bishop did privily inform me, there be a man of strange life and behavior, albeit of good substance and position, one Sir Ralph Brant, whom Mr. Thorp, the former parson, now dead of the jaundice, did ever regard as a thorn in his flesh.

On my asking wherein he did more particularly offend, "Nay, that," quoth the bishop, "I cannot precisely tell. But Mr. Thorp did ever complain of him as a pagan man who did set a bad example to the parish, nor would accept his pastor's guidance in the matter of almsgiving. Yet am I bound to say that my nephew, who did meet with this same Sir Ralph in foreign parts ere he came into his inheritance at Sternax, ever spake loudly in his praise, as a most excellent good young man and a valiant. And 'twixt you and me, Mr. Parlett, your predecessor, though a worthy man and a pious, was wanting in discernment."

I was a little downcast at the thought of so contrary a parishioner, which the

bishop perceiving did lay his hand kindly on my shoulder.

"Be of good cheer!" said he. "What though the man be an odd fish? 'Twill be for you to angle for him and draw him to land by virtue of your office!"

Thence, parting from the bishop with his blessing, to the White Hart Tavern, where I had bestowed my nag, and whence I did homeward wend me in company of Mr. Thrupton, of my parish, whom, being originally from Sternax way, I did cautiously sound as to Sir Ralph Brant.

"'Tis a man," quoth he, "I have never seen, but have heard strange things of would fill a book."

Whereupon he, being a merry man and of a pretty enough wit, did, to my great content, fall to beguile the way with talk of this Sir Ralph. I will briefly set down one or two things he did tell me.

Some three years ago, Sir Ralph being but newly come to Sternax, a couple of footpads, bold knaves, did stop several that journeyed that way, leaving them ever the poorer for the meeting. At length the rascals did wax so impudent as to strip a wealthy grazier to the skin and then truss him like a fowl to a stake passed under his bent thighs, and was found next morning under a hedge well-nigh perished with cold. Now Sir Ralph, when he heard it, did disguise him with a mock white beard, and bowing his shoulders did shape himself as an aged man, and leaning on a crutch did go that way of a moonlit night. Up to him the two ruffians and did jeer him, and were for treating him like the rest, when he out with a stout cudgel from under his cloak, and, being a marvellous strong man, did trounce them both and tie them back to back. And the end was they were lodged in Brackminster jail, where the grazier did swear to them, and were both hanged.

Here be another tale. Sir Ralph did chance to be passing through Sternax village one day, when he heard words between a widow woman and her grown son. The mother was entreating her son to turn the dung-heap aside from her cowhouse door lest she should soil her skirts going to milk.

"And think ye I be going to soil my hands with the dirty work?" cried the sulky lout.

Up steps Sir Ralph. "Yes, my man," quoth he quietly, "and not only so, but you'll wash the stones for a path for your mother when all is done."

Which the man did as meek as a lamb, under the shadow of Sir Ralph's sapling staff.

"And now for your pay," said Sir Ralph with a queer smile, "follow me."

And the rustic followed him, not knowing what to think, till they got out of sight and ken of all men into the heart of Sternax Common, where Sir Ralph did baste him right heartily with his oaken stick.

"And now be off and be a good son to your mother, or there'll be another pay-day."

And from that day no saint could keep the fifth commandment better than did Toby Sikes.

At which hearing it did seem strange to me if Sir Ralph were not the best beloved man of that country-side.

"Nay," quoth Mr. Thrupton, "'tis not so. For he hath a strange twist of temper and consorteth but little with his fellow-men. Nor will he brook intrusion on his privacy and detesteth to see a stranger on his domain. As to womankind, he doth so abhor it (despite his goodness to the village widow) as he will have all his household work done by men, nor will even have a female wash his clothes, but the gardener must do it; slovenly, no doubt, but of that his master reckoneth little. There be rumors that, being once crossed in love, it hath soured the man. However this may be, he is, though young and comely and of a most distinguished presence, of so grim and stern a mien that men fear more than they love him."

"And is he sound for Church and King?"

Mr. Thrupton laughed right merrily.

"Why, for aught I know, and so he may be! But he hath deserted Sternax Church since his quarrel with Parson Thorp a year ago last Martinmas. This was how it befell:

"There was little love betwixt the

two, and the parson had been reproaching him for laxity in churchgoing, being perchance secretly vexed that when he did come he ever fell asleep at the sermon. But one Lord's Day Sir Ralph did not slumber thereat, for the discourse was discharged full at his head. He heard himself likened to moody Saul vexed with an evil spirit, and hurling javelins of despite at the David of the pulpit who would fain have harped to him the soothing melody of true doctrine and sound advice. And all in so pointed a manner as to draw the stare of the congregation upon him. And Sir Ralph did sit on with folded arms like to a stone figure. But when the preacher went on to compare him with Nebuchadnezzar, driven for his sins to a lonely life far from the haunts of men and eating grass as oxen ('twas another craze of Sir Ralph's never to eat butcher's meat), up he got and was walking out of the church, holding himself mighty stiff and straight, when a fat and wheezy old dog of the parson's which was wont to lie on the steps of the pulpit did come to meet him, wagging its stump of a tail. The wrathful man did raise his foot in act to kick, but did of a sudden change his mind and did pat it on the back instead. Lord! how I should have loved to have seen it all!"

I could not help but join in Mr. Thrupton's merriment; yet was I inly grieved as well for Mr. Thorp as for Sir Ralph; good men both, yet blind to one another's virtues and seeing only one another's defects. That matter of the dog should have healed their feud.

January 9.—Did arrive home and found Dorothy, to my joy, in good health and of gay spirits, and did rally me on my good fare at the bishop's, which was better, she would have me note, than the Apostles'.

But I, too, was in pleasant mood, and made answer that they dined off fish fresh caught, which was a tit-bit Brackminster, being inland, knew nought of, whereat she did break into merry laughter, which was music to mine ears.

She be vastly handsome, my Dorothy, and light-hearted withal, as a thrush in the coppice on a summer's day.

April 10.—We are arrived at our

new home and find the house but a sorry one. Yet is the garden marvellous pretty, with yew-tree hedges cunningly trimmed and many sunny nooks wherein to sit—a thing to which my predecessor was more given than most of his coat, being a sickly man and ever of a great languor in hot weather.

Dorothy and I be already drawing plots of alterations in the house which, methinks, will be for the better and, doubtless, more to my daughter's liking, Mr. Thorp having been unmarried, so that less did content him.

Nor will Dorothy have me forget mine own comfort, but hath herself devised a room for my books and to compose my discourses, which pleaseth me vastly. And she hath moreover planned for me a bowling alley in the garden.

April 12.—I have to-day seen, but from a distance only, Stark Hall, the abode of Sir Ralph Brant, who, I find, owneth the bulk of this and other parishes hereabout: a fine house, but of an appearance most forbidding for the neglect it shows.

April 29.—"Tis strange how Sir Ralph comes not to church. It cannot be that he hath heard my sermons ill reported of, for the people, and notably the younger men, do flock to the church every Lord's Day. And Mr. Bullamy, the churchwarden, tells me 'twas but a thin congregation in Parson Thorp's time—the main old women and children, and for the most part sad and sorry sermons.

But Sir Ralph I have not yet seen, nor hath he made me welcome.

Now my Lord Trusfit, in my last parish, was ever careful to do everything for my content, and was wont to show me great civility—venison twice a year and a runlet of his best wine every Christmas—so that Sir Ralph's coldness irketh the more.

Yet would I not judge him hastily. Perchance he be warped of some trouble beyond the common.

May 3.—Dorothy, God bless her! be growing into much favor in the parish by reason of her kind heart and winning ways, and is already known and loved of all my poor people. And in sooth the maid be a passing sweet maid and the apple of mine eye.

May 15.—Am newly come from the village, where be tales that Sir Ralph is wont to set man-traps and such-like heathenish engines in his woods, which I be loath to credit and so be Dorothy.

June 15.—Since my last writing things so strange have befallen that, in the telling thereof, I deem them worthy of more fulness and precision than is my wont.

'Twas nine o'clock at night on May 19, when, after we had supped, a knock came at my door, that Farmer Thribble, of Hebbleston, was took of a sudden worse and would fain see me.

"Alack, poor soul!" cries Dorothy, "'tis he of whom I heard yesterday. Dame Powlett would have it he hath been ailing ever since his ague!"

And she did haste to fetch me my warm cloak for fear of the night air. The messenger, a raw country lad, did guide me to the farm, which, being on the uttermost border of the parish, I had not hitherto visited.

I found the farmer very sick of a dysentery, and after tarrying sometime with him—I would fain hope to his comforting—I turned me homeward, telling the lad that I could fare right well alone. For the youth was heavy-eyed by reason of the lateness of the hour.

I was gotten as far as a great oak, which I had noted in coming, when I sat me down on a bank to rest, for 'twas a tiring walk and I be not a robust man. And I bethought me that surely must be hereabout a shorter way home than the road, which did seem to bear away from the direction I would go. So musing, mine eye lit on an old stile, partly blocked by brambles in the hedge, and peering through I did descry the path making straight for my haven, or so it did appear.

And, in the dim light (for the moon was rising, but not yet free of the mists), a nightingale burst into his song in the underwood. This did decide me.

So I did push me a way over the stile, through the briars, and so along the path with a light step and heart. But anon the track did grow less distinct and did seem to fork out in different directions, to my great puzzlement, so that I did lose me in the wood.

I was bethinking me how Dorothy would be alarmed at my delay, when something did close on my right foot, above the ankle, with a cruel grip. The pain was such as I could scarce endure. At first I thought 'twas some wild animal had bit me, but 'twas a steel trap that did close with a spring. Do what I would I could not rid me of the hellish thing, though I made shift to undo my buckle for the easing of my foot.

And it came as a flash to me, that here was Sir Ralph's wood and I caught in one of his traps!—a sorry plight truly for a parson of a parish; and my silk stocking too all rent and bloody, for I had not changed into my woollen, because of the haste to start.

For a space mine anger was hot against the man who had devised such deviltries. But I bethought me, the engine was not there of set purpose to catch me of all men, and that in sooth I was where no business called me. What would the bishop say should it come to his ears?

By this the late moon was risen, and had I been otherwise placed, I had enjoyed the gentle beauty of the night. And, despite my disorder of mind and body, I could not but mark the delicate tracery wrought by the shadows of the young foliage. Moreover, the song of Philomel that had lured me thither was now grown into a chorus.

One thing I was plain set on, and that to keep off, an 'twere possible, the faintness which did begin to creep on me. For I knew that, if haply I were to fall in a swoond, 'twould be the breaking of my leg.

So I did chant me the Litany, what I could remember (and was ashamed how little I could without book), and did sing some hymns to beguile my mind.

I was drawing me a breath at the end of a verse when a voice, mighty deep and stern, spake out of the bushes hard by.

"Thou psalm-singing, crop-eared cur! I'll teach thee sing another tune—" There was a pause as of one amazed, and a tall man did forth of the covert.

"God save my wits!" quoth he, "whom have we here?"

I essayed to draw me up with somewhat of dignity, though it did sore hurt my foot to do so, and made answer to the ranger, as I thought him.

"'Tis I, Timothy Parlett, Master of Arts, charged with the spiritual cure of this parish, and am caught in a snare, thinking to have reached home the sooner—"

But he had already stooped to release me.

"Gad, sir," said he, "you adorn the position! Were I in your case, small stomach, troth, were mine for singing."

And I did perceive, by the quaking of his broad shoulders, that he was deeply moved by pity of my plight.

Anon he had got the iron fangs open and I was free. But hereupon Nature did seize her opportunity of requital for the pain and loss of blood, and I had fallen had he not caught me in his arms. And I felt myself being swiftly carried homeward.

The motion did so sooth me as I fell on a kind of trance, wherefrom I did awake to find me in mine own bed, but very weak.

And I did hear as in a dream my dear daughter's voice, saying, in hushed tones—

"I fear me the limb be sorely injured."

And the deep voice of him that did rescue me made gentle answer—

"Nay, young mistress, comfort thee. 'Twill soon heal. There be no injury to the bone of any moment."

Again my Dorothy spake, and her great love for me did tremble in the words—

"Was it a savage dog, think you, sir, that did set on him?"

"'Tis no dog's bite."

"What then, good sir?"

A space did follow of silence so deep as I did hear plain the faint patter of the ivy on the lattice. And I did lie idly waiting for the answer as though 'twere a thing I had heard long ago.

"'Twas one of Sir Ralph Brant's man-traps."

And I saw the shadow of my Dorothy on the wall as she did rise to her feet in a blaze of wrath.

"Were the coward here," cried my girl, "I would box him his ears!"

"Coward or no," quoth the other, "here he be, and submitteth him to thy just punishment."

And I could see his shadow kneeling at her feet.

But for all answer Dorothy did sink on her chair in a storm of weeping, and "Cruel! cruel!" she did murmur 'mid her tears.

Whereupon my weakness did again overcome me, and I knew no more till the sun was high in heaven.

Neither my daughter nor I said aught to other living creature of the events of the night, and made some excuse for my keeping my bed, even to our old serving-woman, Deb, who had been long abed when I was brought home.

The next Lord's Day, my kind neighbor, Doctor Shelton, of Threllick, did undertake my duties at the church, having by good hap a visitor in his house, to wit, Mr. Ford, of Cambridge, who did undertake his.

Doctor Shelton be an excellent, worthy man, but an indifferent preacher (Mr. Bullamy says the drowsiest, save Parson Thorp, he did ever know), so that I marvelled the more that Sir Ralph should go to hear him. Yet so it was—the first time for many months, in brave attire, Dame Powlett tells me, and did look like a Prince of the Blood.

Now Dorothy had told me nought of this, nor could I gather that she had observed it. However, the second Lord's Day after my accident I got to church by help of a stick and Dorothy's arm, and did note that the cobwebs were brushed out of Sir Ralph's pew and new cushions, and anon himself did arrive mighty fine, and hath a very distinguished air.

As I was robing me for the service, Mr. Bullamy came to me.

"A wonder hath happened," quoth he, his face red and eyes round; "'tis come to my knowledge that last evening he" (there was but one "he" in Sternax) "hath took up all his man-traps and buried them in a big hole in Thorlop Bottom, and the paths through his woods be now free for the villagers to use as they list!"

I did mark how Sir Ralph did attend closely to the sermon, and did join in the singing bravely and with much

skill of music. But my Dorothy, that was ever wont to sing like a lark, was to-day mum as any mouse, which did a little vex me.

And in sooth my girl be grown very silent these days, and her old sprightliness doth seem to have left her. I pray she have not taken my hurt over-much to heart. That were folly, seeing I be, save for a limp, well-nigh healed, though a scar there will always be.

I had thought to thank Sir Ralph privily after the service, but he was gone. 'Tis almost as though he did avoid us of set purpose. Perchance he may have took offence at Dorothy's words of that night. But I have said nought of this to her, nor knoweth she that I did chance to hear them.

We were wending us homeward slowly (for my lameness) when we heard the sound of horsemen riding toward us, and anon two mounted gallants came to view.

We had withdrawn into a grassy nook at one side of the road to give them the freer passage by a duck-pond on the other, when they did check their horses, and much to my disquiet I did perceive that they purposed some rudeness. (For the times be unruly from the license of the Court, which setteth a pestilent example. This I say that be a loyal King's man to the core, and ever have been.) They were both bravely dressed young bloods, and did ride very good cattle.

"How now, Father Winter?" quoth one; "how comest thou in company with Spring?"

"Mount up hither, fair maid," quoth the other, "and ride with us. 'Twill be the merrier."

"Gentlemen," said I earnestly, "will it please you go your way and let us take ours?"

"Softly, sir," cries the elder and more evil-looking of the two (to my mind). "I would fain first taste that lady's lips. For, Gad, sir, they tempt a man devilishly."

And he dismounted, and tossing his bridle to his friend came toward us. My daughter screamed, and I did put myself in front of her with sore misgiving, for he was a strong man and taller than I. But just as he was lay-

ing his hand on my cloak I did hear Dorothy say very softly, "Thank God!" and who should step out of a gap in the hedge behind us but Sir Ralph Brant. In two strides he had got one hand on the collar and the other on the belt of him who was molesting us, and had swung him off his feet into the deepest part of the duck-pond. The other gallant waited not to see more, but spurred away like the wind, taking his companion's horse with him.

Sir Ralph took a pistol from his girdle and was for aiming at him, but Dorothy put her hand on his arm. He turned his head toward her, and I saw a marvellous tender look soften the stern face as their eyes did meet.

"So be it," quoth he, lowering the weapon. "yet did he richly deserve it, were it but for deserting his friend yonder."

And he pointed to the further side of the pond, where our fine gentleman was now crawling out covered with slime and duckweed, wigless, and his gay feathers drenched and bedraggled with the muddy water like to a wet gamecock. 'Twas a sight none of us could forbear to laugh at, so sorry a figure did he cut.

We did leave the fellow to find him his trusty friend, and so on to my house, where I did persuade Sir Ralph to dine with us, and were right merry over good but simple fare, to wit, boiled chicken and gammon of bacon, with bread and fruit; and our guest did much praise Dorothy's conserves.

After dinner Sir Ralph and I sat on a bench in the garden under a fine spreading beech-tree. 'Twas sweet summer weather, and we had our wine on a small table, Dorothy being seated on a low stool at my feet sewing.

And I, knowing Sir Ralph to be a man better travelled than most, did draw from him some account of his journeyings.

So he did fall to talk of them—mighty good discourse, and 'tis plain to see he be a man of great understanding and observation.

And I did note, when he was telling of a most terrible storm that did burst on the ship he was in off the African coast, and of his danger and being like

to be lost, how my Dorothy's cheeks did pale as she did bend over her work.

But what followed did mightily divert me, more than they guessed.

It befell thus.

Sir Ralph was discoursing of a certain slave-merchant in Algiers, and how he did ill-treat his slaves and did lash one—a young girl naked to the waist—with a knotted cord. And I saw Dorothy's work fall out of her hands, and her eyes did flash and her bosom heave, and anon up she springs, and did knock her stool over in the act.

"The evil brute!" cried she, "I could—"

"Box him his ears?" asked Sir Ralph demurely, whereupon they did both burst into hearty laughter, Dorothy with a heightened color which did vastly become her.

"'Twas the very thing I did," said he, "and did relish the doing, though

it did well-nigh get me in trouble with his countrymen. But you did promise. Mistress Dorothy, to show me your garden. Will it please you to do so now?"

They were soon lost to my sight behind the yew-tree hedges, and being a thought drowsy after the labors of the day, I did fall into a light slumber.

The next I remember was Dorothy's arms round my neck and her soft lips on my cheek. I did rouse me, and saw her sweet face full of a great happiness, so that her eyes did shine like stars.

"I have told your daughter, Mr. Parlett," said Sir Ralph, "the story of my life. 'Twas a woman that clouded it, and a woman may restore its sunshine. Will you give Dorothy to me, if she be willing to try, as I think she be?"

And for the great love I bare her I could not say him nay.—*Longman's Magazine*.

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FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE late Robert Louis Stevenson, Professor Henry Drummond, and Ian Maclaren were classmates at the University of Edinburgh. "Low stand" men at our colleges will be pleased to learn that not one of this famous trio won distinction as a student.

A WRITER in *The Philistine* has been inquiring into the statistics of births and deaths in fiction. He finds the proportion of annual births to deaths is as 1 to 796. At this rate, he says, the story-tellers will depopulate the earth in eleven years, figured out mathematically. Dickens, he continues, is the only author that ever lived who tried to hold the balance true. For every undertaker that he brings on the scene he introduces a midwife. Mr. Lang should note this point, if he has not already done so, for the "Gadshill" edition!

COPENHAGEN is just now being entertained by a quarrel raging between Ibsen and Björnson. Although Ibsen's son is married to Björnson's daughter, the relations between the two fathers have long been strained, and the publication of "John Gabriel Borkman" has brought the difference to a head. Björnson, it seems, believes the play to contain

covertly a series of attacks upon himself, and he has publicly accused Ibsen of the same. There are passages in his life known, he affirms, probably only to Ibsen, which have been reproduced. A man does not often fit a cap upon himself with such pains. Björnson, it is expected, will reply in kind before long.

MEANWHILE, the Scandinavia Press Bureau has sent the following emphatic message to this country: "We are authorized by Dr. Ibsen most positively to contradict the statement that he has aimed at Björnson in the play of 'John Gabriel Borkman.' Dr. Ibsen further says that he never aims at real personages in his plays."

IN a recent letter William E. Gladstone says: "I have been a purchaser in my time of about 35,000 books. A book collector ought to possess six qualifications—an appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance. Of these I have only the two first, and the last is restricted, as my visual power seriously disables me. Speaking generally, I have retired from the list of purchasers, and I am gradually transferring the bulk of my library to an institution, St. Deniol's Hawarden. The book longest in my possession is

'Sacred Bramas,' presented to me by the authoress, Hannah More, inscribed: "As you have just come into the world and I am just going out of it, allow me," etc."

THE novelists and poets of to day are laboring under a heavy handicap. Modern scholarship is adding many rivals to contemporary writers. Professor Mahaffy is preparing for publication a fragment of a Greek novel which he has found on a papyrus of the first century in the Fayyum. The British Museum has obtained an important papyrus manuscript of the first century B.C. It was found in Egypt and contains lost odes of the lyric poet Bacchylides, the contemporary of Pindar. The manuscript is finely written, but is much mutilated, only fifteen to twenty poems being intact.

A CORRESPONDENT draws attention to a curious anomaly in publishing. While an English firm of publishers offers a uniform English edition of the works of George Sand, there is in France no library set to be obtained. If one wants George Sand's novels in the original, one must put up with badly printed paper covered copies.

As an indication of the continued progress of the Finnish language as a literary vehicle, we note that the number of periodicals written in Finnish and published in 1896 was 111, of which 100 appeared in Finland and 11 abroad. In Finland were also published 72 periodicals in Swedish, and 4 in both Finnish and Swedish.

THE decease is announced of the veteran Sir Isaac Pitman, who probably had a greater influence on journalism than any other man of his time.

CONTINENTAL papers announce that the unveiling of the statue which Venosa (the ancient Venusia) in Apulia has erected to the memory of Horace will take place next September, on which occasion a grand popular festival will be held which is to extend over several days.

FOR the edition of Carlyle's "Past and Present," which will be included in the "Nineteenth Century Classics," Mr. Frederic Harrison has written an introduction.

ANOTHER of the very extensive band of old ladies who once sate on Sir Walter Scott's knee has just been discovered in a home in Philadelphia. There have been so many ap-

plicants for this position that one almost wonders when Sir Walter found time to write at all.

To return for a moment to the drama, a number of Frenchmen of eminence have been composing wishes for the New Year at the instigation of the European correspondent of the *New York World*. M. Sardou's is as follows, and seems to have some reference to the blight as he sees it: "May the year 1897 bring sunshine to dramatic art, and dissipate the Norwegian mists which obscure and sadden it. That is the wish of a Frenchman, Latin to the heart, convinced that in all the arts, as well as in nature, blight does not come from the North, but from the South."

MISCELLANY.

A CHINESE ORDINATION.—The large beautifully situated monastery was already full when I arrived, and my friend, who had transmitted the abbot's invitation, and had been there two days, reported his the only bed with one man in it. "They sleep head and feet," he said, as if this added to the comfort of it. "I can't think where they will put you. They are very, very full; they are playing cards or smoking opium all the time in my room. But they are very polite, some one is always keeping me company. I cannot read a word." Indeed, he wore the dazed air of having been too much kept company with. At the head of a flight of steps, at the entrance to the women's quarter, a dark den with two beds was, however, found for me, and though several ladies most obligingly offered to occupy the other bed, and keep me company all night, I retained undisturbed possession of the two, whenever the door was barred. When it was not people *kept me company* (*pei*), ladies, priests, young men, friends, and young men who were not yet friends, all crowding in together with some young monks whose behavior somewhat surprised me.

Attending meals of an abundant, yet meagre, description with the other ladies, and returning the ladies' calls, I was again and again surprised by the easy behavior of these young monks, who were apparently especially taken by my gloves and would feel my hand gloved and feel my hand ungloved, and generally *hang around*. One seemed very well brought up, and began every sentence with *omito!* generally finishing it in that way, too, and

accompanying every remark by a set little bow. We thought perhaps he was a lad—a child—and my friend positively screamed when on being asked his age he answered twenty-six. "Did you ever see a young man of twenty-six with such an innocent countenance?" he asked. "Well, I don't know," I said evasively, "I suppose it is all right, but I may as well tell you that never in all my life have I had my hand so squeezed as since I came into this monastery. They all do it, every one of them, so I suppose it means nothing." I hastened to add, "But they are in all the ladies' rooms, too." "What! in the Chinese ladies', too?" "Yes!" I persisted. "Oh well, well," we resigned ourselves to the fact. It was not till two days later the truth dawned upon us, that this innocent-faced young man, and some others, who were older and could hardly be described in that way, were nuns, guests like ourselves, and that there were, besides, sixteen young women going to be made nuns together with the fifty-two young men, who were going to be made priests. We were so glad we found out.

All the day through there were invitations to tea and sugarplums with the abbot and past abbots—each only rules for three years and seems to retire into a picturesque little suite of rooms and garden to himself—and all the while again and again sounds of gongs and drums and chanting, and peeps at strange novices with young people with shaven heads, clad in "Liberty-tinted" gowns—dull red, waxen brown, old gold, cream—kneeling, or prostrating themselves quite flat, or winding in and out with paces, and slow and quick movements. On the morning of the day, after many services in the night and dawning, there was the final shaving. Then each knelt in turn, and had his head felt all over the front and with great care by a seated priest with immovable countenance of Indian type, and long taper, talon-like fingers. If a hair could be felt, back to the barber! If quite smooth, little circles were traced with Indian ink upon the polled pate—this was done by the eye, and often one had to be effaced, and retraced—then a tiny packet was handed to the kneeling one.

The abbot, in dull cream with oval gown of rich red satin, like the others all made of tiny little bits sewn together to simulate rags and poverty, passed under the right arm and clasped over the left breast, black-hooded and

bearing in lifted hand before his face a golden *jui* or sceptre, entered the large principal temple and sat down upon the altar, a large scourge borne behind him draped with red silk being placed to his left, and what looked like a censer to his right. And the four priests with many kneelings and flat prostrations stood before the altar, seven of the novices following in like fashion, and joining the long line, seven at either end. Each carried a long piece of cloth to spread upon the floor on which to lie prostrate, and, as the two lines stood facing each other before the altar, the two in the centre raised the kneeling cloth to their eyes, and with it solemnly *tsai-ed* to each other, then each turning quickly to the right went through the same ceremony with the man he now found himself confronted with, and so all along the line, only the reverence growing less and less, till the last man hardly got the cloth up as high as his shoulders, for they had to be very quick.

The woollen gong was being beaten faster and faster, and now the priests led off, and each set of nine keeping to its own side of the Temple went through the quickest "woven paces" I have yet seen, curving in and round upon one another and round the huge stone monoliths that support the vast graceful temple roof, whose erection still remains a mystery. It was like quickest possible follow-my-leader, so that the end of the tail came up always smiling all over and breathlessly trying to get through the figure. Meanwhile, at the side, towards the back, another dignitary sat in state and two novices knelt, and went flat, and came forward, and practised taking incense sticks from the altar with fingers wide disspread after a fashion that does not look easy, and does look mystic. But what was the meaning of it, or the dance, none seemed able to say.

No amount of inquiries, not even a direct letter and special messenger to the monastery, had been able to elicit even the day of the great ceremony, much less the hour, but since the evening before we had heard of two o'clock, and at two o'clock precisely in they came. We ladies were crowding on to the few seats in one corner, the male guests silken-clad, fur-lined, were swelling it about at the sides of the temple, the centre of which seemed already quite filled up by the priests of the monastery, and other priests and men guests who were all greeting one another, going about standing in groups and generally

wearing a pleased, excited appearance. Meanwhile, the populace in serried mass were looking in through all the many half doors on all sides, the top of each door being thrown wide open. There was music. Was it the wooden gong or the drum? It was quick, near. It seemed to throb with the intense excitement pervading the building. And in twenty minutes all was over. Every one had come in, abbot clad as before, all the novices in over gowns clasped over left shoulder—both over and under gowns of what we call art colors. All had spread out their cloths and knelt and prostrated themselves, before a priest stood behind each holding his head *quite* steady between both hands, fingers wide dispread so as especially to shield the eyes, all of course closed. Some adhesive mixture was applied to the Indian ink circles; then a priest standing in front of each novice took out of the packet previously given him nice little cones of charred sandalwood and saltpetre, and stuck them on in the places indicated; and some one else set them alight, and there were sixty-eight young men and women, all kneeling, with their eyes closed, their faces turned up to heaven, with nine little charcoal cones smouldering on their bare pates while they prayed, one and all, as it seemed with all their hearts. For, if the heart is pure you do not suffer, is the saying.

My friend says he kept his eyes fixed on the three nearest him, and never saw them wince, or blanch, or utter sound, or move a muscle. But my place was by the nuns, and one moved so that one of the smouldering cones fell off and into her bosom, and had to be replaced, and another did not cry out, but roared—roared like a child. Yet such was the excited buzz and noise of the drum, that when I stepped but two off from her I could not hear a sound from her, so there may have been many others crying out. I saw one nun press a cloth again and again to her eyes, and take it away apparently soaking, but her face was steady and upturned and her expression was that of very earnest prayer. Meanwhile, the cones smouldered down till they just charred those marks with which we are familiar on priests' heads; then they went out, though all that day and on into the next several had little lumps of unburnt charcoal still adhering.—*North China Herald*.

THE DANGERS OF USHANT.—“Have I ever been wrecked off that there beast of a rock?

Yes, sir, once. Why, there's more boats gets within a log line of Ooshant than most owners of steamships dreams of, and, of course, them bearin's ain't put down in the log, ye know, sir. But consarnin' wrecks. 'Bout two years ago I was tradin' atween Klampenborg and Algiers, with timber, and in this case, mind ye, the old man was a first-class navigator, although she *was* just a 'tramp,' and from Archangel to Odessa he knew every inch of the coast. 'Owsomever, we gets down Channel, and puts her nose straight from St. Katie's Point to Ooshant. In getting across the Chops there wasn't much of a sea on, but there was a heavy swell from the west'ard and it was raining a bit—not that a sailor minds rain, you knows, for that keeps the sea down. We was due off the Light at eight bells, and as it was my trick at the wheel from ten to twelve, o' course I knows wot I'm talkin' about. By the course we was steerin' we reckoned to be a good ten mile away, the cap'n bein' a werry keenful son of a Welsh parson—Nonco'formist. Well, a bit after four bells the devil's own darkness sets in—by which I mean a kind of fog, mark you. The skipper, who'd bin dozin' in the chart-room, comes on the bridge alongside me and the mate. Of course the old man thought it was best to keep a smart look-out, knowin' that the Cape is the dangerousest place in all Yoo-rope—*barrin'* Dover, 'cos not only does all ships from the south'ard make for the Cape, but vessels from all South American ports strikes the Portoguese coast first, and then comes on the same tack, so that what wi' hundreds o' ships comin' down Chann'l and meetin' them from the south, it's a reg'lar Mansion House Square wiv its 'buses and kebses. It's undercurrents wot does it, devil a bit wot anybody says, but barrin' a passin' liner or two, on this 'ticular occasion ev'ry-thing was all plain sailin' for *hus*. It was close on one bell, and we was all anxious to see the flash light—which we was expectin' on the port beam, thereby denotin' we was safe into the Bay—when the skipper, mate, and chaps on the look-out were slung flat on their backs like ninepins. *Jeehoshaphat*—the devil! She'd done it, sir! Up tumbles the skipper, jumps to the telegraph, and wires full speed astern. 'All hands on deck!' the mate sings out, but he needn't 'ave said that, fur the firemen an' sailors was already clamberin' up the deck-load o' timber we had aboard. 'Stan' by the boats, men!' shrieks

the old man, while the mate an' bo'sun takes the soundin's. 'Five foot in Number One, sir!' yells the mate, and all this time, mind you, she was goin' full speed astern. Then the skipper stops her, and puts her dead slow. In five minutes, sir, there was seventeen foot o' water in the foreholds, and her nose was almost under, an' the on'y reason that she didn't heel over—like the H.M.S. Victoria did, ye mind—was acause she was chock an' blockfull o' wood fore an' aft.

"Now I'll iksplain how that accident come about, as ye seems to wanter know. As I said afore, the old man reckoned he was ten miles off the coast, *but*, as the Board of Trade found out afterward for him, he was on'y two mile away, his compass bearin's not bein' correct. Well, thinks you, two miles is quite enough. On any other coast it might be, but wi' a heavy westerly swell runnin' up Channel, and across the Bay, it simply meant that he missed the Light in the fog and run 'er ashore, an' *b'lieve me*, when wrecks does occur off Ooshant, it's acause cap'ns don't allow sufficient room for carryin' their boats clear o' the land. An' bein' so confident of always seein' that powerful light—which can be twiggid in good weather twenty-five mile away—when there's a bit o' rain or fog an' they don't see it, they thinks they're farther away than ever. Consequently they reckons they're a good thirty mile away when they're really within a bisuit throw of the breakers. Now, in my case, though we was ripped up considerable, there was no rock to be seen, that bein' acause there's so many submerged rocks about. Cap'ns knows this, o' course, and allows for the belawsted things. Our ship, bein' laden wi' timber, she didn't go down altogether, and by goin' half speed all next day we reached Falmouth. *Don't call that a wreck?* Why, you ain't never satisfied. I shu'd just like you to have seen our ship in the dry dock at Falmouth—thick iron plates torn like paper, like you might slit a cabbage wi' a knife. And it was when the boat was in the dry dock that we saw why it was she didn't fill up so quick as she had ought to 'ave done. When the water rushed in a mass of seaweed come with it, and the ship being loaded wi' wood, the seaweed kinder calked up the holes in 'er side.

"So you see, sir, if this sort of thing is constant sinkin' steamships, how's a bark or a brig goin' to come on, in a son'west gale wi'out any propellers to go full speed astern

wi'? When a ship strikes the rocks along the coast of the Bay there's very seldom any lives saved, on account of the heavy swell and sea there is runnin'. *You're s'prised as how there wasn't more'n three picked up the other night?* Askin' yore pard'n, 'ave you ever seen a wreck? At a distance? Well, I've bin in 'em, and can tell you that when a ship sinks the suction's like a maelstrom, and carries everything an' every one down wi' it. It's just by a fluke if you gets saved. *You think it's sudden that a liner should sink in three minutes?* Well, it is, but I've seen a big boat cut in two and disappear in almost the same time. It was a large steamer, carryin' fruit to New York, and we was both roundin' Cape de Gate together. All of a suddink she, huggin' the land a bit too much, gets cut clean in two on a sharp rock. The forepart went one way, the afterpart another, and afore we could put about to render any assistance every man Jack had disappeared. Ah! but that was quick, if you like."—*An Ancient Mariner, in the Pall Mall Gazette.*

A CHILD'S VOCABULARY.—In reading Dr. Sully's delightful "Studies of Childhood" a month or two ago, I came across a passage which suggested the possibility of obtaining some authentic information in regard to the limits of a child's vocabulary at a certain age. I had at my disposal a small kinswoman of my own who was close upon the completion of her sixth year, and it seemed to me that two months' careful attention to her ordinary talk would enable me to jot down pretty nearly all the words that she had acquired. The interval was short, but its very brevity had this advantage, that the list would represent, so far as it went, her actual linguistic equipment; for it is with words as it is with flowers, the small hands drop many of the earlier collection in order to grasp the fresh spoils. Dr. Sully, too, had confined the statistics he furnished to the first two years, when, for the most part, a child's vocables are merely provisional and only serve for a temporary use. In the case of my little kinswoman, however, the list was confined to "dictionary English."

Notwithstanding the assistance given by her mother, the compilation of this "bright lexicon" of a six-year-old involved an almost inconceivable amount of trouble; and extensive as it seems to me to be, there is, to my mind, nothing more remarkable than its in-

completeness. The commonest words have been the most difficult to capture, and in glancing over the pages of a dictionary I see that dozens of them have escaped. I have no note, for example, of *fib*, *golf*, *dust*, *loose*, *loop*, *shrub*, *shove*, *swallow*, *swift*, *martin*, *plough* (*to*) *wag*, *plenty*, *very*, *verse*, *vest*, *round*, *roof*, *rose*, *thrush* and *til*, all of which she knows and frequently uses. Even in the vocabulary I have collected, I have not entered any word in more than a single sense; *cross*, a crucifix, *cross*, out of temper, *cross*, to go from one side to the other, score only once instead of thrice; so, too, all moods, tenses, etc., of a verb count as a single entry. Names of people and places are not included at all; and French words are omitted, though she has acquired a fair number of these. Allowing for these accidental and deliberate omissions, I find that the vocabulary of a child of six, of average intelligence, may be reasonably, if somewhat roughly, estimated at 2000-2500 words; without any allowance my small kinswoman's stands actually at 1764.

If one considers only the latter figure, one cannot but regard with extreme suspicion the statement of a country clergyman, quoted by Professor Max Müller, "that some of the laborers in his parish had not three hundred words in their vocabulary." It seems incredible that three hundred words should suffice to express all that even a "man of the furrow" finds to say in the course of his uneventful life; and if thought and language be inseparable, in what worlds unrealized, in what dusky wastes of intelligence, must the spirit of such a being go painfully groping. But surely the four hundred and thirty vocabularies of the German two year-old cited by Dr. Sully are sufficient evidence that this estimate of an English rustic's range of speech requires revision. On the other hand, a comparatively small selection from our dictionary speech appears to be amply sufficient, not only for our daily requirements, but for our achievements in eloquence and art. A well-educated university man, according to Professor Max Müller, seldom uses more than three or four thousand words; "the Hebrew Testament says all that it has to say in 5642; Milton's works are built up with 8000"—only four times the vocabulary of a six year-old!—eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000, and Shakespeare, with his unequalled variety of expression, "produced all his plays with about 15,000."

However tentative and unscientific this estimate of a child's vocabulary may be, it shows at least not only how needless, but how unwise it is to "talk down" to the intelligence of a four or five-year old. Dr. Sully tells of a mother who feared her boy of six could not understand a poem she was reading to him. "Oh, yes, I can very well," was the answer, "if only you wouldn't explain." And it is marvellous how very well they do manage to get at the sense of words which in many cases have never been explained to them. There are few tasks more difficult than to define the signification of a word on the spur of the moment. In making my vocabulary, I endeavored to test how far sense had been acquired as well as sound; and in reply to my questions, my kinswoman, who has been going to school for a year, informed me that *punctual* means "just the time;" *dead*, "when you have left off breathing;" "and your heart stops beating too," she added as an afterthought; *messenger*, "anybody who goes and fetches things;" then as a bee flew past, "a bee is a messenger; he leaves parcels of flower-dust on the sticky things that stand up in a flower." "The pistils?" "Oh, yes, pistils and stamens, I remember those old words." Which words came, alas! too late for the vocabulary. Flame, she explained, is "the power of the match." What did she mean by "power"? "Oh, well, we have a power of talking;" so that flame is a match's way of expressing itself, I gather. What was a *hero*? "Perseus was one; a very brave man who could kill a Gorgon." "Brain is what you think with in your head; and"—physiological afterthought!—"the more you think the more crinkles there are." And *sensible*? "The opposite to silly." And *opposite*? "One at the top," pointing to the table, "and one at the bottom; they would be opposite." *Lady*? "A woman." But a woman is not always a lady. "If she was *kind* I'd know she was a lady;" which is quite as good as the definition of the Galway Celt who considers a gentleman to be "a man who has a grandfather." *Poetry*? "Words that rhyme." Is that all? That she thought *was* all; "Tiddly wink, take a drink," seemed excellent poetry; evidently she has caught the *fin-de-siècle* craze for form, and is prepared to let sense and thought take care of themselves. *Noble*? "Stately; a great person; father's the noble of the office, you know." One would like to know what the "office" thinks

on that point. — *William Canton, in Good Words.*

GRETCHEN AT HOME.—The German girl has a halo of poetry and romance around her. Love has been made to her a thousand times in music. She is blue-eyed. She is golden-haired. If she be only a miller's daughter, she is, like Schubert's "*schöne Müllerin*," seen and instantly beloved with rapture, and the poet cries out that so exultant a passion shall be carved on every tree, and told to every brook: "Thine is my heart—my heart is thine forever!"

O blissful poet—the same adorable maiden had been killing a fowl that very morning and plucking it! Of course there is no harm in that. If we are to have chickens for dinner, we cannot have them alive; somebody has to kill them. Still, one is troubled by a sense of incongruity; these occupations are not those of a sylph surrounded by poetry. One thinks of Charlotte cutting bread and butter, when she had seen the last of poor Werther. We are all human, and the necessities of life make unromantic work behind the scenes. The great difference between girl life in Germany and in England lies in the doing of this domestic work. In Germany every girl has to take her share in it, from the young baroness (the daughter of the elder baroness, you know) down to the aforesaid miller's daughter—whom we were so shocked just now to find killing the fowl just at the moment when the poet was singing "My heart is thine forever!"

Opinions differ as to what work is unfit for a sensitive nature and a refined pair of hands. Nor do we all think alike as to the necessity or wisdom of kitchen occupation for the daughters of the house. One titled lady, the wife of a Scottish earl, has given her children a small cottage in the grounds to play with, which cottage is kept in apple-pie order with the greatest delight; her ladyship's little daughter keeping the fireplace polished, the boy kindling the fire, and both getting tea with milk from their own cow, when the elders are expected to call at this life-size dolls' house on a summer afternoon. But that is play. With Gretchen in the Vaterland it is otherwise. She sets to work with the system and thoroughness of her nation. She may be destined to be the life companion of an intellectual man, but what is most impressed upon her is that genius must have a dinner. The

poetry which surrounded her blond head as a halo vanishes on nearer approach, and the ideal side of life with it. What should we think of the fairy tale, if the Prince awoke the Sleeping Beauty, not with a kiss, but with a hesitating question as to whether she knew how to cook?

There can be no question of Gretchen's marriage unless she is already a good housewife. As soon as schoolroom days are over, her mother places her in another household—perhaps with the Baroness von Somebody-or-other, for a year, paying about a hundred pounds. Meanwhile, another girl, from somewhere else, comes to the first household, to replace the daughter and to cover the expense by learning housekeeping and paying a similar premium. At this point, of course, every one asks, Why does not Gretchen's mother teach her own daughter instead? It seems strange; but Gretchen is supposed to accept the routine of housework more willingly among strangers, and also it is hoped that she may learn new style, improvements on the old ways at home. During the year, the baroness has not only to teach Gretchen, but to bring her out in society. There are to be dances and dinner parties, and the pupil *débutante* is to help in preparing the house for the dance, or decorating the table for the dinner. Dinner is in the middle of the day; dances are seldom prolonged into the night; so the next morning our young friend has to forget at once her partners and all the pretty things they said, and to go out early to market to cheapen sausage and cabbage for saurkraut. She will see also to the linen and the washing. If it be a house where there are no sheets, but only as we foreigners think, one feather-bed on top of another, bed-making will not take very long, and will develop the maiden's round arms. Then she has to trot about in the three kitchens, to help with the cooking. One kitchen is for rough work; another contains the stove; the third, which our little friend likes best, is a bright and well-appointed pantry for making sweets and dainties.

If it be a country-house, the dinner is served in the hall—a primitive arrangement reminding one of the use of the larger baronial hall in the castle. The door from the garden opens into this panelled apartment, where the pavement is simply flagged, and a few family portraits look down from the walls. The principal woman-servant in many house-

holds takes her place at the table—perhaps a remnant from the times when all the retainers were seated beyond the salt-cellar.

The girl's chief recreations are her Kränzchen ("Little Garland") and her share in pleasure parties. The wreath or garland idea is one which our girls at home would enjoy. Gretchen and five friends of the same age meet once a week for tea and cake, and talk and sewing, at the house of each in turn. What is said in the wreath is said verily "sub rosa." If anything is repeated outside, the young gossip is turned out of the "Wreath" forever, nor will any other little circle of six admit the expelled member who could not keep confidence. At every meeting the six friends give a copper coin each; and the money kept to the end of the year furnishes a day's pleasure for all together.

The financial side of these girl circles is essentially German. The same idea of practical economy is carried out in the country parties which take place in the summer. All the young folks club to pay their shares strictly afterward, and then they sally forth to some riverside inn, surrounded perhaps by the woods, and within hearing of a waterfall. They have already dined. Instead of afternoon tea, they take lager beer at little tables in the garden. Early in the evening the musician comes, and the big room with its rough boarded floor is given over to them for dancing. Dressing for a dance is no difficulty to the German girl. All her summer dresses have full sleeves only to the elbow, and the neck is cut slightly out in a square, back and front. So she has put on the pink, or white, or blue dress, which happens to be freshest, and is quite ready any time for an impromptu whirl, with a little thin beer instead of an ice for refreshment. For the last dance, the girls are expected to choose their partners; and it is still early when they all pay their share, both man and maid, in a practical and unromantic manner. And then they go home through the woods, perhaps singing part-songs about those very pine-forests which have inspired so much German poetry. The next morning, the round of marketing and cheapening, and cooking and eating, begins again, just as if nothing had happened. And one of those days, when Gretchen, with the consent of her parents, is engaged, it is not a quiet

happiness, a secret whispered with private congratulations, and happy blushes. Cards are sent at once to all the friends and acquaintances making the great announcement, and the betrothed pair are presented to everybody at a ceremonious reception. Gretchen is a good housekeeper, and Fritz has money. Let us congratulate them and offer flowers.—*Chambers's Journal.*

MIXED METAPHORS.—A German author has made a collection of mixed metaphors, some of which are worth quoting, if only as a warning to high-flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether. "We will," cried an inspired democrat, "burn all our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!" Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Minister Hye, who, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." A Pan-Germanist mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany—such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye." We have heard of the mouth having an eye-tooth, but never before of the mouth's eye. But there are even literary men who cannot open their mouth "without putting their foot in it." Professor Johannes Scherr is an example of such. In a criticism on Lenau's lyrics he writes, "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." The German Parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but one may suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of it. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock." But none of these pearls of thought and expression surpasses the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life!"